

# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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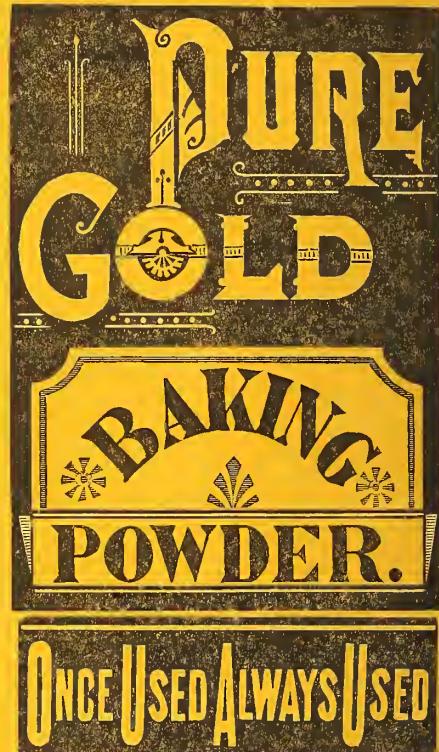
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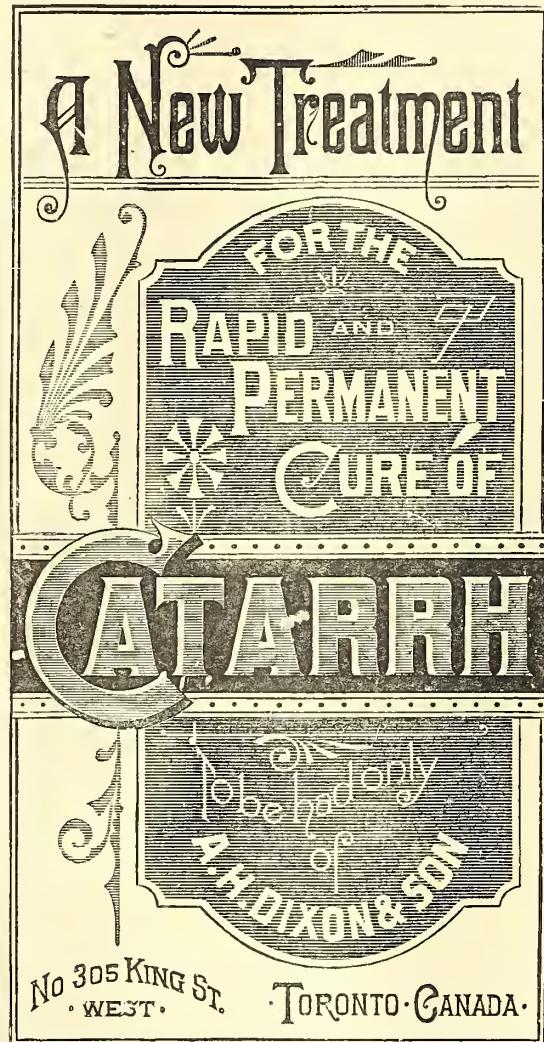
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THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper," by F. W. Burton.)

# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

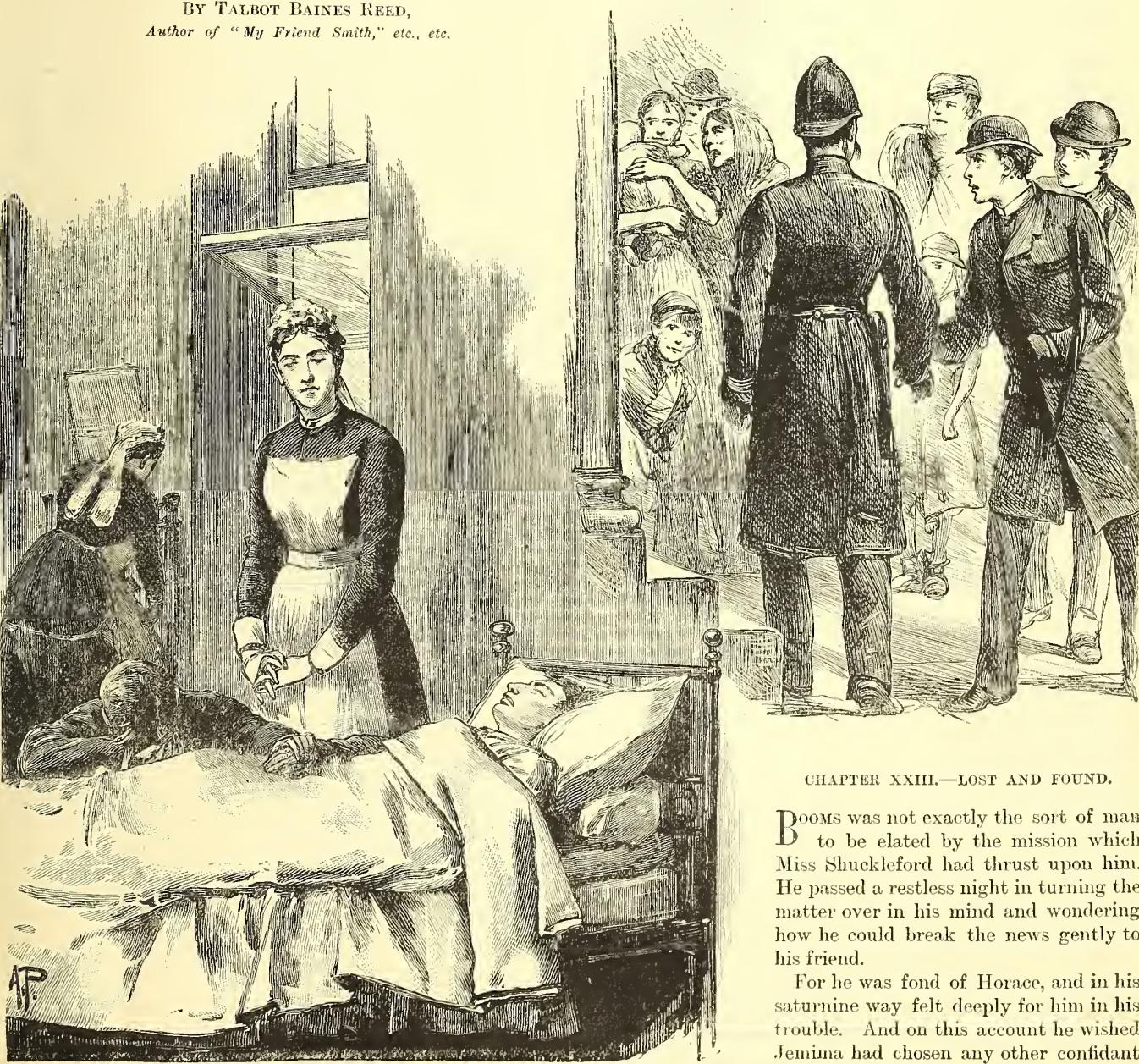
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## REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,  
*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*



"Horace was kneeling at the bedside."

### CHAPTER XXIII.—LOST AND FOUND.

BOOMS was not exactly the sort of man to be elated by the mission which Miss Shuckleford had thrust upon him. He passed a restless night in turning the matter over in his mind and wondering how he could break the news gently to his friend.

For he was fond of Horace, and in his saturnine way felt deeply for him in his trouble. And on this account he wished Jemima had chosen any other confidant to discharge the unpleasant task.

He hung about outside Mrs. Cruden's house for an hour early that morning in the hope of being able to entrap Miss Crisp and get her to take the duty off his hands. But Miss Crisp had been sitting up all night with the patient and did not appear.

He knocked at the door and asked the servant-girl how Mrs. Cruden was. She was a little better, but very weak and not able to speak to anybody.

"Any news from Liverpool?" inquired Booms. This had become a daily question among those who inquired at No. 6, Dull Street.

"No, no news," said the girl, with a guilty blush. She knew the reason why. Reginald's last letter, written just before his arrest, was at that moment in her pocket.

"Has Mr. Horace started to the office?"

"No, he's a-going to wait and see the doctor, and he says I was to ask you to tell the gentleman so."

"Can I see him?"

"No, he's asleep just now," said the girl.

So Booms had to go down alone to the "Rocket," as far as ever from getting the burden of Jemima's secret off his mind.

He had a good mind to pass it on to Waterford, and might have done so had not that young gentleman been engaged all the morning on special duty, which kept him in Mr. Granville's room.

Booms grew more and more dispirited and nervous. Every footstep that came to the door made him tremble for fear it should be the signal for the unhappy disclosure. He tried hard to persuade himself it would be kinder after all to say nothing about it. What good could it do now?

Booms, as the reader knows, had not a very large mind. But what there was of it was honest, and it told him, try how he would, there was no getting out of a promise. So he busied himself with concocting imaginary phrases and letters by way of experiment as to the neatest way of breaking his bad news.

Still he dreaded his friend's arrival more and more; and when at last a brisk footstep halted at the door, he started and turned pale like a guilty thing, and wished Jemima at the bottom of the sea!

But the footstep was not Horace's. Whoever the arrival was, he tapped at the door before entering, and then, without waiting for a reply, walked in.

It was a youth of about seventeen or eighteen, with a bright honest face and cheery smile.

"Is Horace Cruden here?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Oh no," said Booms, in his most doleful accents.

"Isn't this where he works?"

"It is indeed."

"Well, then, is anything wrong? Is he ill?"

"No. He is not ill," said Booms, emphasising the pronoun.

"Is Reginald ill, then, or their mother?"

A ray of hope crossed Booms's mind. This stranger was evidently a friend of the family. He called the boys by their Christian names, and knew their mother. Would he take charge of the dismal secret?

"His mother is ill," said he. "Do you know them?"

"Rather. I was Horace's chum at Wilderham, you know, and used to spend

my holidays regularly at Garden Vale. Is she very ill?"

"Very," said Booms; "and the worst of it is, Reginald is not at home."

"Where is he? Horrors told me he had gone to the country."

Booms would tell him. For the visitor called his friend Horrors, a pet name none but his own family were ever known to use.

"They don't know where he is. But I do," said Booms, with a tragic gesture.

"Where? Where? What's wrong, I say? Tell me, there's a good fellow."

"He's in prison," said Booms, throwing himself back in his chair, and panting with the effort the disclosure had cost him.

"In prison! and Horace doesn't know it! What do you mean? Tell me all you know."

Booms did tell him, and very little it was. All he knew was from Jemima's secondhand report, and the magnitude of the news had quite prevented him from inquiring as to particulars.

"When did you hear this?" said Harker; for the reader will have guessed by this time that the visitor was no other than Horace's old Wilderham ally.

"Yesterday."

"And he doesn't know yet?"

"How could I tell him? Of course I'm to get all the blame. I expected it."

"Who's blaming you?" said Harker, whom the news had suddenly brought on terms of familiarity with his friend's friend. "When will he be here?"

"Very soon, I suppose."

"And then you'll tell him?"

"You will, please," said Booms, quite eagerly for him.

"Somebody must, poor fellow!" said Harker. "We don't know what we may be losing by the delay."

"Of course it's my fault for not waking him up in the middle of the night and telling him," said Booms, dismally.

"Is there anything about it in the papers?" said Harker, taking up a "Times."

"I've seen nothing."

"You say it was a day or two ago. Have you got the 'Times' for the last few days?"

"Yes; it's there."

Harker hastily turned over the file, and eagerly searched the police and country intelligence. In a minute or two he looked up and said,

"Had Cruden senior changed his name?"

"How do I know?" said Booms, with a bewildered look.

"I mean, had he dropped his surname? Look here."

And he showed Booms the paragraph which appeared in the London papers the morning after Reginald's arrest.

"That looks very much as if it was meant for Cruden," said Harker—"all except the name. If it is, that was Tuesday he was remanded, and to-day is the day he is to be brought up again. Oh, why didn't we know this before?"

"Yes. I knew I was to blame. I knew it all along," said Booms, taking every expression of regret as a personal castigation.

"It will be all over before any one can do a thing," said Harker, getting up and pacing the room in his agitation. "Why doesn't Horace come?"

As if in answer to the appeal, Horace at that moment opened the door.

"Why, Harker, old man!" he exclaimed, with delight in his face and voice as he sprang towards his friend.

"Horrors, my poor dear boy," said Harker, "don't be glad to see me. I've bad news, and there's no time to break it gently. It's about Reginald. He's in trouble—in prison. I'll come with you to Liverpool this morning; there is a train in twenty minutes."

Horace said nothing. He turned deadly pale and gazed for a moment half scared, half appealing, at his friend. Booms remembered something he had to do in another room, and went to the door.

"Do you mind getting a hansom?" said Harker.

The words roused Horace from his stupor.

"Mother," he gasped, "she's ill."

"We shall be home again to-night most likely," said Harker.

"I must tell Granville," said Horace.

"Your chief? Well, be quick, the cab will be here directly."

Horace went to the inner room and in a minute returned, his face still white but with a burning spot on either cheek.

"All right?" inquired Harker.

Horace nodded and followed him to the door.

In a quarter of an hour they were at Euston in the booking office.

"I have no money," said Horace.

"I have, plenty for us both. Go and get some papers, especially Liverpool ones, at the bookstall while I get the tickets."

It was a long memorable journey. The papers were soon exhausted. They contained little or no additional news respecting the obscure suspect in Liverpool, and beyond that they had no interest for either traveller.

"We shall get down at three," said Harker; "there's a chance of being in time."

"In time for what? what can we do?"

"Try and get another remand, if only for a couple of days. I can't believe it of Reg. There must be some mistake."

"Of course there must," said Horace, with a touch of scorn in his voice, "but how are we to prove it?"

"It's no use trying just now. All we can do is to get a remand."

The train seemed to drag forward with cruel slowness, and the precious moments sped by with no less cruel haste. It was five minutes past three when they found themselves on the platform of Liverpool station.

"It's touch and go if we're in time, old boy," said Harker, as they took their seats in a hansom and ordered the man to drive hard for the police-court; "but you mustn't give up hope even if we're late. We'll pull poor old Reg through somehow."

His cheery words and the brotherly grip on his arm were like life and hope to Horace.

"Oh yes," he replied. "What would I have done if you hadn't turned up like an angel of help, Harker, old man?"

As they neared the police-court the cabman pulled up to allow a police van to turn in the road. The two friends shuddered. It was like an evil omen to daunt them.

Was he in that van—so near them, yet so hopelessly beyond their reach?

"For goodness' sake drive on!" shouted Harker to the cabman.

It seemed ages before the lumbering

obstruction had completed its revolution and drawn to one side sufficiently to allow them to pass.

In another minute the cab dashed to the door of the court.

It was open, and the knot of idlers on the pavement showed them that some case of interest was at that moment going on.

They made their way to the policeman who stood on duty.

"Court's full—stand back, please. Can't go in," said that official.

"What case is it?"

"Stand back, please—can't go in," repeated the stolid functionary.

"Please tell us—"

"Stand back, there," once more shouted the sentinel, growing rather more peremptory.

It was clearly no use mincing matters. At this very moment Reginald might be standing defenceless within, with his last chance of liberty slipping from under his feet.

Harker drew a shilling from his pocket and slipped it into the hand of the law.

"Tell us the name of the case, there's a good fellow," said he, coaxingly.

"Bilcher—wife murder. Stand back, please—court's full."

Bilcher! Wife murder! It was for this the crowd had gathered, it was for the result of this that that knot of idlers were waiting so patiently outside.

Bilcher was the hero of this day's gathering. Who was likely to care a rush about such a lesser light as a secretary charged with a commonplace fraud?

"Has the case of Cruden come on yet?" asked Horace, anxiously.

The policeman answered him with a vacant stare.

"No," said Harker, "the name would be Reginald, you know. I say," added he to the policeman, "when does Reginald's case come on?"

"Stand back there—Reginald—he was last but one before this—don't crowd, please."

"We're too late, then. What was what did he get?"

Now the policeman considered he had answered quite enough for his shilling. If he went on people would think he was an easy fish to catch. So he affected deafness, and looking straight past his eager questioners again repeated his stentorian request to the public generally.

"Oh, pray tell us what he got," said Harker, in tones of genuine entreaty; "this is his brother, and we've only just heard of it."

The policeman for a moment turned a curious eye on Horace, as if to convince himself of the truth of the story. Then, apparently satisfied, and weary of the whole business, he said,

"Let off. Will you keep back, please? Stand back. Court's full."

Let off! Horace's heart gave a bound of triumph as he heard the words. Of course he was! Who could even suspect him of such a thing as fraud? Unjustly accused he might be, but Reg's character was proof against that any day.

Harker shared his friend's feelings of relief and thankfulness at the good news, but his face was still not without anxiety.

"We had better try to find him," said he.

"Oh, of course. He'll probably be back at Shy Street."

But no one was at Shy Street. The

dingy office was deserted and locked, and a little street urchin on the doorstep glowered at them as they peered up the staircase and read the name on the plate.

"Had we better ask in the shop? they may know," said Horace.

But the chemist looked black when Reginald's name was mentioned, and hoped he should never see him again. He'd got into trouble and loss enough with him as it was—a hypocritical young—

"Look here," said Horace; "you're speaking of my brother, and you'd better be careful. He's no more a hypocrite than you. He's an honest man, and he's been acquitted of the charge brought against him."

"I didn't know you were his brother," said the chemist, rather sheepishly, "but for all that I don't want to see him again, and I don't expect I shall either. He won't come near here in a hurry, unless I'm mistaken."

"The fellow's right, I'm afraid," said Harker, as they left the shop. "He's had enough of this place, from what you tell me. It strikes me the best thing is to go and inquire at the police-station. They may know something there."

To the police-station accordingly they went, and chanced to light on one no less important than Mr. Sniff himself.

"We are interested in Reginald Cruden, who was before the magistrate to-day," said Harker. "In fact this is his brother, and I am an old schoolfellow. We hear the charge against him was dismissed, and we should be much obliged if you could tell us where to find him."

Mr. Sniff regarded the two boys with interest, and not without a slight trace of uneasiness. He had never really suspected Reginald, but it had appeared necessary to arrest him on suspicion, not only to satisfy the victims of the Corporation, but on the off chance of his knowing rather more than he seemed to know about the doings of that virtuous association. It had been a relief to Mr. Sniff to find his first impressions as to the lad's innocence confirmed, and to be able to withdraw the charge against him. But the manner in which the magistrate had dismissed the case had roused even his phlegmatic mind to indignation, and had set his conscience troubling him a little as to his own conduct of the affair. This was why he now felt and looked not quite happy in the presence of Reginald's brother and friend.

"Afraid I can't tell you," said he. "He left the court as soon as the case was over, and of course we've no more to do with him."

"He is not back at his old office," said Horace, "and I don't know of any other place in Liverpool he would be likely to go to."

"It struck me from the looks of him," said Mr. Sniff, quite despising himself for being so unprofessionally communicative—"it struck me he didn't very much care where he went. Very down in the mouth he was."

"Why, but he was acquitted; his character was cleared. Whatever should he be down in the mouth about?" said Horace.

Mr. Sniff smiled pityingly.

"He was let off with a caution," he said; "that's rather a different thing from having your character cleared, especially when our friend Fogey's on

the bench. I was sorry for the lad, so I was."

This was a great deal to come from the lips of a cast-iron individual like Mr. Sniff, and it explained the state of the case forcibly enough to his two hearers. Horace knew his brother's nature well enough to imagine the effect upon him of such a reprimand, and his spirits sank within him.

"Who can tell us now where we are to look for him?" said he to Harker. "Anything like injustice drives him desperate. He may have gone off, as the detective says, not caring where. And then Liverpool is a fearfully big place."

"We won't give it up till we have found him," said Harker; "and if you can't stay, old man, I will."

"I can't go," said Horace, with a groan. "Poor Reg!"

"Well, let us call round at the post-office and see if Waterford has remembered to telegraph about your mother."

They went to the post-office and found a telegram from Miss Crisp: "Good day. Better, decidedly. Knows you are in Liverpool, but nothing more. Any news? Do not telegraph unless all right."

"It's pretty evident," said Horace, handing the message to his friend, "we can't telegraph to-day. I'll write to Waterford and get him to tell the others. But what is the next thing to be done?"

"We can only be patient," said Harker. "We are bound to come across him or hear of him in time."

"He's not likely to have gone home?" suggested Horace.

"How could he with no money?"

"Or to try to get on an American ship? We might try that."

"Oh yes, we shall have to try all that sort of thing."

"Well, let's begin at once," said Horace, impatiently, "every minute may be of consequence."

But for a week they sought in vain—among the busy streets by day and in the empty courts by night, among the shipping, in the railway stations, in the workhouses, at the printing offices.

Mr. Sniff did them more than one friendly turn, and armed them with the talisman of his name to get them admittance where no other key would pass them. They inquired at public-houses, coffee-houses, lodging-houses, but all in vain. No one had seen a youth answering their description, or if they had it was only for a moment, and he had passed from their sight and memory.

False scents there were in plenty—some which seemed to lead up hopefully to the very last and then end in nothing, others too vague even to attempt to follow.

Once they heard that a body of a youth had been found floating in the Mersey—and with terrible forebodings they rushed to the place and demanded to see it. But he was not there. The dead upturned face they looked on was not his, and they turned away, feeling more than ever discouraged in their quest.

At length at the end of a week a man who kept an early coffee-stall in one of the main streets told them that a week ago a ragged little urchin had come to him with a pitiful tale about a gentleman who was starving, and had begged for a can of coffee and a slice of bread to take to him, offering in proof of his good faith his own coat as payment. It was a

bitterly cold morning, and the man trusted him. He had never seen the gentleman, but the boy brought back the empty can in a few minutes. The coffee man had kept the jacket, as it was about the size of a little chap of his own. But he had noticed the boy before parting with it take two ragged little books out of its pockets and transfer them to the bosom of his shirt. That was all he remembered, and the gentlemen might take it for what it was worth.

It was worth something, for it pointed to the possibility of Reginald not being alone in his wanderings. And putting one thing and another together they somehow connected this little urchin with the boy they saw crouching on the doorstep of No. 13, Shy Street the day of their arrival, and with the office-boy whom Mr. Sniff described as having been

Reginald's companion during his last days at the office.

They would neither of them believe Reginald was not still in Liverpool, and cheered by the very feeble light of this discovery they resumed their search with unabated vigour and even greater thoroughness.

Happily the news from home continued favourable, and, equally important, the officials at the "Rocket" made no demur to Horace's prolonged stay. As for Harker, his hopefulness and pocket-money vied with one another in sustaining the seekers and keeping alive within them the certainty of a reward, sooner or later, for their patience.

Ten days had passed and no fresh clue. Once or twice they had heard of the pale young gentleman and the little boy, but always vaguely, as a fleeting vision

which had been seen about a fortnight ago.

On this day they called in while passing to see Mr. Sniff, and were met by that gentleman with a smile which told them he had some news of consequence to impart.

"I heard to-day," said he, "that a patient—a young man—was removed very ill from a low lodging-house near the river—to the smallpox hospital yesterday. His name is supposed to be Cruden (a common name in this county), but he was too ill to give any account of himself. It may be worth your while following it up."

In less than half an hour they were at the hospital, and Horace was kneeling at the bedside of his long-lost brother.

(To be continued.)

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

*Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.*

CHAPTER XXII.—BACK IN THE OLD THEODORA—SAILORS ON SHORE—FIGHTING INLAND—HAND-TO-HAND WITH SAVAGES.

"**T**HERE is going to be some fun." "There is going to be some fighting." "There is going to be a row."

These are not the expressions I myself care to listen to on the eve of what may turn out to be a very severe engagement. They are nevertheless very common ones among our blue-jackets on such occasions, and I am bound to paint the service as I have found it. The British navy sailor or soldier is the least cruel in heart of all warriors on the face of the earth. As a rule he would not wantonly harm a fly; but let him only know that the cause for which he is about to fight is a just and a good one and no one will sharpen cutlass or sword with greater zest than he will.

Yes, there was going to be a row, and it was going to take place on the Gold Coast.

The *casus belli* was simple in the extreme. Things of this kind usually are. Two missionaries from England, accompanied by a French traveller, had conceived the bold design of starting from the coast near Addah and penetrating into the land of Dahomey. It was their intention to visit the king of that dark land and endeavour if possible to persuade him to abolish the awful human sacrifices that usually took place on every one of his high days and holidays, or whenever the king needed a little excitement.

The idea was good, and in theory the plan seemed feasible enough. They were to go as men of peace; they would carry no arms, do nothing to provoke a quarrel, and trust entirely to the justice of the cause they meant to plead. These gentlemen succeeded in getting Commodore O'Connell to lend them a few Kroomen—excellent fellows and faithful—to act as guides and help them through the bush.

So good a scheme ought to have been crowned with success. But, alas! it was not. Dahomey happened to be at war just then with a neighbouring tribe who owned territory that had once been a section of his own country.

By this tribe the travellers were made prisoners, and thrown into a dungeon to await their release if ransomed, their death if not.

Dahomey, when he heard of it, was naturally indignant. He did not love white men any more than the chief of the Poonasees, but these prisoners were to have been guests of his, and if the right of putting them to death or parting with them for a ransom belonged to any one, it belonged to him.

So he increased his forces, gazetted more officers than usual—female officers of course—to his regiments of viragos, consulted his priests, sacrificed a lot of sheep and fowls and ducks, and, sad to say, a few human beings as well, and prepared to demolish the Poonasees.

The Poonasees in their turn resolved to defend themselves. They did more—they even carried war into the camp of their enemy, defeated the viragos in two pitched battles, and threatened Abomey. The King of Dahomey had not been quick enough.

Meanwhile one of the imprisoned Kroomen was executed as a beginning; another escaped, and making his way to the coast, related all, and an expedition for the release of the two Englishmen was determined upon forthwith.

A council of war was held on shore, and no time was lost. Compared to the hordes they would have to encounter our men were a mere handful. But they had skill, they had push, and—and they were British!

It was the evening before the march. All was in readiness, and nothing was talked about either fore or aft in the Theodora or in the Aurora except the coming brush with the savages.

It was about one bell in the first night watch, Quentin and Benbow were walking the quarterdeck, Benbow as merry as ever; nothing ever disconcerted this bold little gentleman. There was nothing doing on board the Theodora. Silence reigned everywhere, when suddenly the signalman reported the lights of a ship

coming in. The lights were very low down and very near each other. She could not be large; nor was she. It was only the Foremast, a tiny despatch vessel, and in half an hour she was snugly at anchor astern of the Theodora.

Wonders will never cease. They never do cease at sea, at all events. And shortly after the Foremast had anchored and gone to sleep to all appearances on the smooth breast of the gently heaving sea, a boat was heard coming rapidly towards the Theodora.

Clunk - click — clunk - click — clunk-click—went the sound of the oars.

Presently the sentry hailed "Boat ahoy!"

"Ay, ay!" was the cheery response. And in a few moments more she was alongside the starboard ladder, and Colin himself was running up.

Quentin and Benbow caught each a hand of our long-lost hero and pulled him towards the light.

As fast as he could talk he told them his adventures. There was no time to dwell on them, for his first duty was to report himself to Lieutenant Mildmay and Captain Blunderbore. But he found time to rattle out a sentence or two.

"Horrid times of it in the Whitterit. Sick—very ill—nearly dead—ashore at Lima for nearly six months—Whitterit wrecked—myself and four more all the saved—nearly dead on an island—taken off at last by a pleasure yacht—landed at the Cape—came up here in the Foremast—going to be tried by court-martial for losing my ship."

"Of course you will," said Benbow, in a bantering tone of voice, "and you'll very likely be shot, and serve you right too. But trot below, old man, and report yourself."

Both Captain Blunderbore and Mildmay were unfeignedly glad to see Colin. And it was fully an hour before he got up on deck again. There was so much to tell.

"I dare say," said the good-natured captain, "I ought to put you under

arrest pending your court of inquiry anent the loss of the Whitterit, but I'm not going to do anything of the kind. You won't desert, I suppose, so you'd better go to duty, and we'll want you to-morrow on shore."

"When you've had a good long gossip with your messmates on deck," said Mildmay, putting his hand on Colin's shoulder and leading him out, "come to my cabin."

'rouse' will sound before we know where we are."

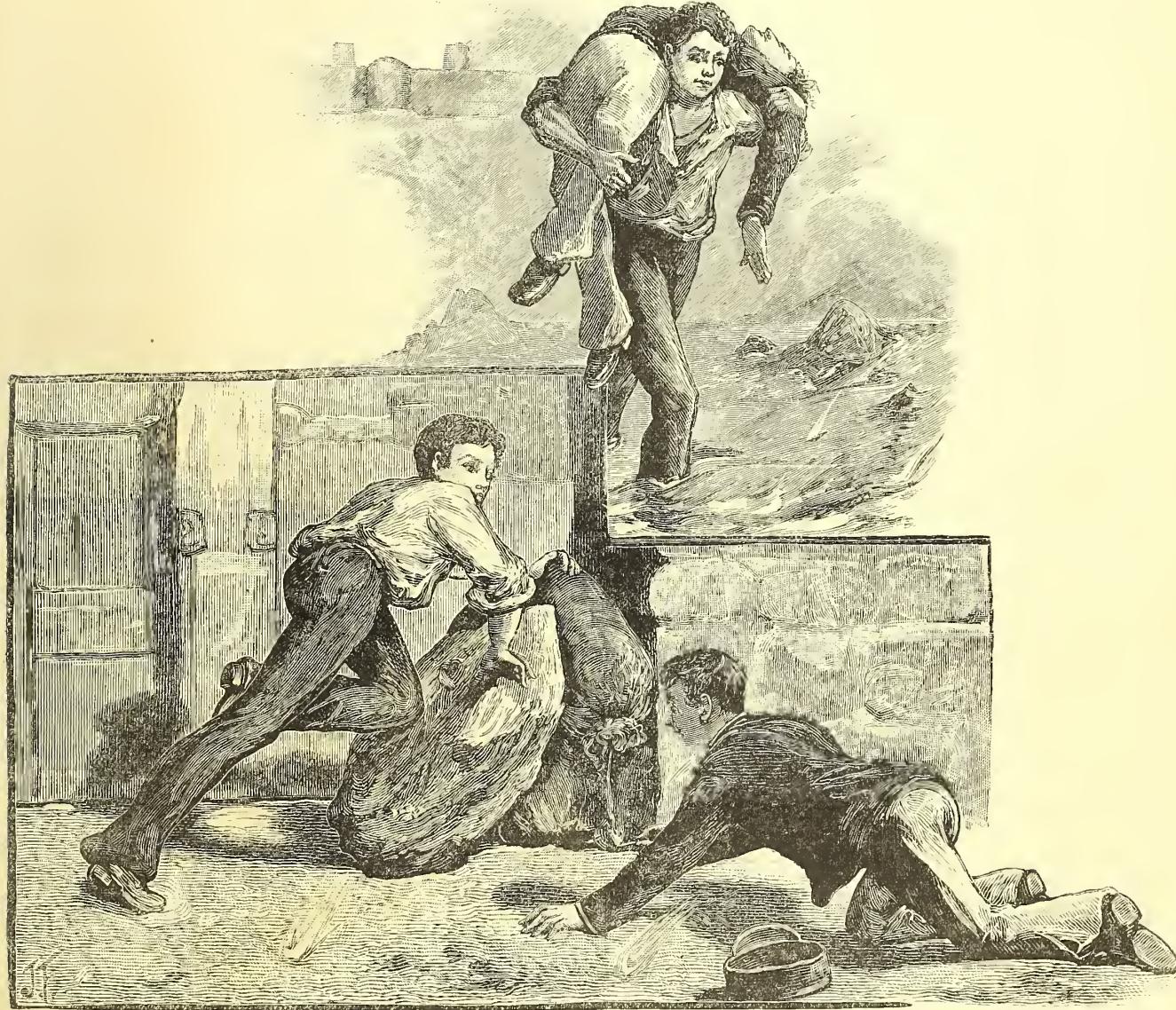
Then Colin found his way to Mildmay's cabin.

"Oh!" he cried, as soon as he got inside the curtain, "I have such good news for you!"

"Sit down, sit down," replied Mildmay; "don't say a word till you are seated. I know what is coming. God has heard my prayer. But begin at the

It was clear starlight above, but the hills and woods were covered with a snow-white mist. The soldiers were drawn up near the shore. They challenged the boats—more for fashion's sake than anything else—and were duly and ceremoniously answered. Long before sunrise the little army was in full march up country.

The few Kroomen they had brought with them, including the man who had



A very Critical Moment

So up went Colin again, and his messmates, including Brown and D'Austin, gathered round him to hear a more detailed account of his adventures. When he had finished,

"And what has the Theodora been doing all the time?" he asked.

"Been to Australia," said Quentin, "and we also had some fighting with the Maories down south."

"Oh, yes!" cried Benbow, "and you wouldn't believe it, but Stupid-numerary Brown here has made quite a hero of his little self. We all thought that there was nothing in him but 'the bones' till we saw him charge the Maories. But come, boys, I'm going to turn in. The

very beginning; don't forget anything. Work gradually up to the best part of your story. I'm not going to let you go for an hour yet. As for myself, I shall not turn in to-night. We're going to have a bit of tough fighting, and I always write before I fight. Here is tea. Have some. Don't say a word till you've done."

Then Mildmay threw himself into his rocking-chair and set himself to listen.

I leave the reader to judge whether Colin's story pleased him or not.

\*       \*       \*       \*

The "rouse" sounded about six bells in the middle watch. Then the men breakfasted, and before four of the clock the boats had shoved off.

escaped from the Poonasees and Benbow's blameless Ethiopean Othello—the little rascal had come on shore without leave—were in charge of the interpreter Golava.

Golava's knowledge of bush life had been of the utmost service to our man-o'-war ships many and many a time on the coast, and was invaluable now.

He managed his Kroomen and some native guides in a wonderful way. He formed them into a kind of advanced guard, but well spread out. Golava himself was the centre and director of their movements, and everything was reported to him. There was little fear, therefore, of our fellows finding themselves in the

midst of a morass, exposed to the attacks of an unseen enemy, or even in wood or jungle that there was no way out of.

For two days never an enemy was visible. On the morning of the third natives were seen for a moment. They fled; but when natives appear and fly suddenly they have those behind them who mean fighting.

This little expedition was under the command of Mildmay, and carefully and well he handled his men.

He made no extra hurry. He was not going to incur the mistake of fatiguing his men before the right time. They halted regularly for meals and rest and sleep.

He was not too proud to consult with McGee about the most wholesome place for the camp at night, for Death roams through these jungles and glens in the shape of miasmata, and claims more victims than the muskets, pikes, or knives of the natives. And it so happened that the present was the most unhealthy time of the year for campaigning.

It was about noon on the fourth day, and the little army was passing through a forest that stretched upwards on a hill with a deep morass beneath, which it would have been perilous in the extreme, if not impossible, to cross. It was about noon, and terribly hot; in under the trees there was shade enough, but not a breath of wind; the very birds were gasping for air as they crouched open-mouthed in the cotton-trees. The men were panting and tired, and no one was sorry when in a clearing a halt was called and dinner served out.

The trees in this forest jungle were very high, and dark and bushy, while underneath was an intricate mass of creeping and climbing plants. Sometimes it was impossible for a man to see his comrades if twenty feet ahead or to one side of him. It was an ugly spot for a fight to take place in, certainly not the situation Mildmay would have chosen of his own free will. But he was the victim of circumstances, for by making their way through this jungle a distance of fully fifteen miles was saved on the march towards the stronghold where the prisoners were confined.

The men had finished their meagre meal, and were lounging on the ground, when suddenly without the slightest warning, without warlike shout or beat of tom-tom, a perfect shower of bullets was poured into their midst.

For a moment it was startling in the extreme. The pickets had given no warning. Neither Golava nor any of his Kroomen had been driven in.

It was soon discovered that the savages were lodged in the trees. Golava had passed them without noticing their presence.

It was difficult to dislodge them, but it was done at last, and none too soon. Golava had rushed back to report the enemy coming through the jungle in millions—so Golava's figurative language described it.

Mildmay lost no time in extending his forces in battle array and advancing. Luckily the jungle was less dense now, but it was thick enough to impede the progress of our men, while the savages, with whom they soon got to close quarters, seemed perfectly at home in the place.

The fight was a desperate one. The enemy was in clouds, and it appeared

after a time as if annihilation itself to our troops would be the terrible result. There was no time to lose. The foe must be outflanked. Gayly on the right and Benbow on the left were thrown out, each with a brave band of blue-jackets.

In less than twenty minutes rattling volleys were heard in the rear, and the enemy fell back. The forest now ended on a bare plateau, and here taken on all sides, with our men free to act, the Poonasees were in a few minutes utterly routed and demoralised, and our fellows paused to rest.

Mildmay complimented them on the gallant way they had behaved, and well they deserved it, each and all of them.

West had fought to-day with all his customary nonchalance. To him a battle was simply a problem to be solved, and he rather prided himself in being able to solve problems of this kind. Several times within the first quarter of an hour he had managed to win points of vantage, and to bring succour at critical moments to places where men were hand-to-hand and nearly overpowered.

Benbow, who fought rather heedlessly, would have died to-day had it not been for West's timely aid. The former with three daring blue-jackets had "rushed" a rock held by about fifty of the enemy, and been beaten in consequence. Benbow was on the ground with a triangular spear at his neck, when West "went in" with ten marines, among whom was gallant Duncan Robb, and turned the tide of battle. A short time after this West and his chosen handful had put thrice their number to the rout and succoured Mildmay himself.

Hours were spent in attending to the wounded and preparing to continue the advance.

The road led over an open plain now towards more forest, and here there was evidence enough that the enemy was concealed.

When they had arrived within about five hundred yards of the forest our men halted, and an entrenched position was at once thrown up.

Afterwards skirmishers were thrown out, but they could not tempt the enemy from the woods.

A consultation was now held, at which Golava and the Krooman who had escaped from the Poonasees were present, and a little *ruse de guerre* was forthwith determined on.

Ten miles from their present position—the road leading through the forest—was the river, and on it the stronghold of the Poonasees, while here in front of them was the chief portion of our *corps d'armée*, the army itself in full strength being at another of the dominions fighting against Dahomey. Mildmay determined to leave Gayly and Quentin with sufficient men, and no more, to protect the newly-made camp, while he himself—guided by Golava and his Krooman—should make a forced march with the bulk of his troops in a different direction, and if possible capture the fort by *coup de main*.

Accordingly, soon after nightfall, when pickets had been stationed outside the ramparts, Mildmay and his fellows stole silently away and commenced the detour, and long before daylight were concealed in a wood, with the river near them, and beyond it on the top of a stiff hill the stronghold they were about to storm.

It was far stronger than they had had

any idea of. With the axes they carried they could not have forced the gate without great loss of life, and they had no artillery worth the name.

"Blow in the gate," said Colin.

"Bravo!" said Benbow, "you had the word before me."

"Who will volunteer to fire a bomb?" said Mildmay.

There was something akin to a shout in answer to the lieutenant's question.

"Hush! hush!" he cried.

It was now daylight, and the enemy's savage sentinels could be seen consulting together and gazing intently towards the wood where our men were concealed.

Extra precautions were necessary, extra quietness must be maintained, so Mildmay drew off his men from the river; they walked on tiptoe across the turf, careful not to snap even a branchlet or twig.

Having gained a good offing, a bomb was quickly prepared, a good old-fashioned one, it must be confessed, merely a large bag of gunpowder with a piece of fuse so fixed as to be easily fired, but impossible to pull out without tearing the sack.

While this was being done Colin walked boldly up to his commander and touched his hat.

How handsome he looked as he did so! His whole attitude and bearing, the bright sparkle in his eye, and the flush upon his face, gave evidence of manly daring. "I think, sir," he said, "as I was the first to suggest this plan of action, I ought to be allowed to volunteer to carry it out."

Kindly old Lieutenant Mildmay, "gallant and good," gazed at the boy for a moment in undisguised admiration ere he made reply. The thought that was then uppermost in his mind was verbally as follows:

"I promised by letter to this lad's mother to be a father to him. Can I let him lead this forlorn hope? I promised his uncle I would help him in every bold enterprise. Can I refuse his present request? No; the boy shall go."

"And so," he said, aloud, "you are to be the David that is to go out against this Goliath?"

"No, sir," replied Colin, laughing, "I'm going to take Goliath with me to carry the powder-bag." He motioned towards the marines and up stepped brawny young Duncan Robb.

"Scotland has it," said Duncan; "I'm ready, sir."

"Strip," cried Colin, "and let us be off."

In a minute more, what Artemus Ward called "extra garments" were thrown on the grass, the great bag was shouldered, and with brave hearts Colin and his foster-brother set out on their perilous task.

"Man! Coffin, lad," Duncan found time to say as soon as they had started, "I'm gladder than if I had been made king o' the Comoro Islands. My heart's in my mouth, Colin. It's down stream you're going," he continued, "and not straight up the brae, is it? Straight up the brae would mean certain death, would it? Oh, I see; but, man! how proud your auld uncle would be to see you now! How proud your father will be o' his sailor son!"

"Hush! dear Duncan. We may never return."

They soon reached the part of the

stream where Colin found it would be safest to cross, and happily for them they effected the transit without drawing the fire of the sentinels. The rocks at the other side were terribly steep, with never a bush to hold on by.

"They'll never do it," cried Benbow, ex-citedly. "They can't climb that rock."

"They are both Highlanders," said Mildmay, quietly.

"And one is a marine," added West.

"Look! they are up!" said Benbow.

They were up. But now they had to creep close by the foot of the wall for fully a hundred yards ere they reached the gate. It was a minute or two of intense excitement for those who watched them from the wood.

But Colin was cool. Both had stopped to breathe when they reached the cliff-top. Then—

"I have the matches ready," said Colin.

"The bag is safe," replied undaunted Duncan Robb.

"Then we'll make a run for the gate. But hold secure; don't let it be a race; a run only. Haste might spoil all. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then here's for off!"

"Look! look!" cried Benbow. "The sentinels see them—they fire. Colin's down. He is up again and runs on—"

"Now for us to show," cried Mildmay, drawing his sword. "Rake the top of the wall with your rifles, Mr. West."

Just as Colin and Duncan reached the gate and placed their bomb, West and his men showed out at the river's bank, drawing the fire of those on the wall and themselves firing whenever they saw a chance.

And Colin and Duncan were kneeling close to the gate. Duncan weighted the bag against it with a great stone. Colin lighted a match, or tried to do so.

Did ever any one yet do anything well in a hurry. The first match went out, the second missed fire, the bullets were pattering on the wall near them; but the sentinels were also in a hurry, they took no aim. Poor Colin's fingers felt like great thumbs as he dived them a third time into the box, but he took more time. Hurrah! the fuse is alight. It spits fire.

"Run!" cried Colin. "Down hill we go."

Alas! this was the only mistake made. Had they gone back as they came they would have been safe.

Helter-skelter down the brae they rushed, longer-legged Duncan first.

He soon paused. His foster-brother had fallen, wounded and bleeding. The bomb would explode in a moment or two, but brave Duncan rushed back and seized and bore his comrade off amid a hailstorm of bullets.

*Fortuna fave fortibus.* Duncan reached the river in safety with his precious burden just as an explosion took place that made the very boulders rattle in the river, and came roaring back in a hundred-tongued echo from the hills and rocks. Not only was the gate blown to pieces, but a large tower on the north side of it had fallen.

"Charge, men, charge," shouted Mildmay.

Duncan met the wild rush of armed determined men in mid-stream. They took no notice now of either him or the burden he bore, but made straight for the foe.

Duncan crossed and laid his foster-brother on the grass at the foot of the tree where Surgeon McGee had placed those terrible instruments of operation that are more dreaded by our bravest soldiers and sailors than bullet or bayonet of a fighting foe.

Colin's shirt was red with blood, his face was pale and his eyes were closed.

Duncan bent over him, and big tears chased each other down his face.

Then he drew his bare brown arm and hand across his eyes, and starting up, seized his rifle and bayonet, and rushed off to join the mêlée, but his cheeks weren't dry before he was in the very midst of the battle.

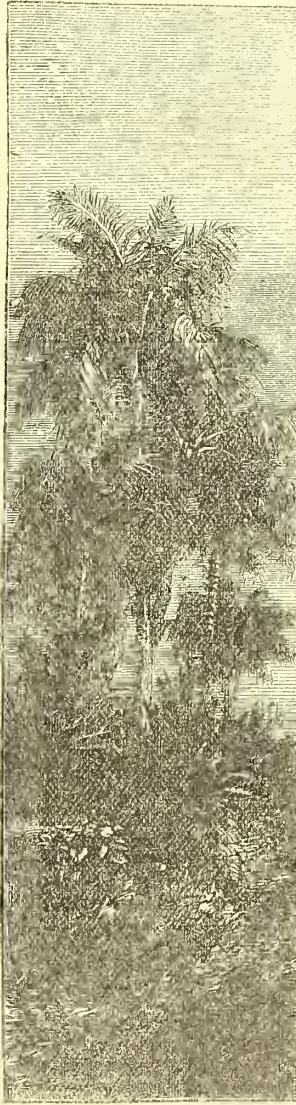
(To be concluded.)

## COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

BY E. W. THOMSON,

*Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.*

### CHAPTER III.



BRYAN PELLINORE could not get to sleep that night. He lay with wide-open eyes, thinking of his Cousin Agravaine's escapades, of his uncle's sorrows and his goodness, of the obstacle which want of money presented to his own career, of the colonel's strange expressions, of the corporal's talk concerning his master's desperate need, of the guineas in the magazine.

In the next room he could hear Marhaus snoring steadily. Throughout the big bare house was otherwise all stillness, except for the rattling of doors and

windows in a high and rising wind. No sound came from the distant kitchen, where the corporal always slept, and where on this night the soldiers had like him stretched themselves on bear and wolf skins.

Suddenly Bryan sat up in his bed thinking he heard a creaking of the stairs as though some one were stepping downward very cautiously. He listened intently till, as the step reached the flagged hall-floor, he became convinced that the moving person was the colonel. A faint sound of clearing his throat habitual to the old man set the matter at rest.

Bryan heard his uncle enter the room called the "colonel's office," because there he sat once or twice a year in his capacity as magistrate over a vast district, and there too he wrote his occasional letters.

Soon the old man's step shuffled cautiously out along the hall to the front door, which he very slowly opened, yet not slowly enough to obviate a scarcely noticeable creak of hinges. As the door opened Bryan heard plainly the alarmed growl of the mastiff's on guard. Then the door closed, and again no sound save the snoring of Marhaus and the rattling of doors and windows could be heard.

It was very strange, Bryan thought. The colonel had certainly moved as if afraid of waking anybody; he had seemed to skulk downstairs, to sneak through his own door. The young fellow tried in vain to account for it. What could his uncle be about? With the horrible suggestions that came from all the occurrences of the day his heart beat heavily and his brain seemed on fire.

Listening intently, the boy heard a murmur of his uncle's voice outside ordering the dogs down; the tone was suppressed; he reflected that he had never before known the colonel to fear having his voice heard. For some moments after this there was silence. Silence was worse than sounds giving some hints as to what was being done. The more Bryan listened the more his anxiety and curiosity grew. He made up his mind to go down, and then remained for some minutes sitting on his bedside debating whether his purposed descent would not be a mean sneaking and spying after his uncle. Soon he heard the house door softly opened again, there was a rush of cold wind, he heard the colonel place a block against the door to keep it open, then the old man went out and immediately re-entered

with a heavy step. He stopped, apparently setting down a great weight, then cautiously moved away the block from the door and closed it.

"This beats all," said Bryan, but still made no move. Then there was a strange slow sound that he could not at all make out the meaning of, a very cautious creaking movement of some weighty thing across the flagged floor. Sometimes a loose stone rattled, then the movement would stop for a little. What could the colonel be doing?

The apparent furtiveness of his uncle's proceedings made Bryan's curiosity intolerable at last, and he determined to clear up the mystery. He thought he would go boldly downstairs and explain that he had been amazed by strange sounds, but he went very silently and fearfully on his bare feet. At the stair-head he stopped aghast. There was his uncle stooping over a keg which he was rolling slowly and cautiously. It was an oaken keg of exactly the shape that Lieutenant Marhaus always brought his coin in.

The boy remembered his uncle's words of the afternoon : "The gold that Marhaus brings!" But still he could not fully believe the horrible tale that seemed revealed to him. He stood still trying to find some possible explanation of the strange scene. The colonel continued to roll the keg around the stair-foot. He crossed the hall with it to his office. Then he closed and slowly double-locked the door. Bryan could hear the stealthy slowness of the closing bolts.

The boy went back on tiptoe to his room to think it all over. What could the colonel be doing with the paymaster's keg? Perhaps moving it to safety? But there was no need for that, no thieves in all the district round except wolves and wild cats! Moreover the mastiffs could perfectly guard the treasure.

"I may, I must be mistaken," then thought Bryan. "Perhaps it was not *that* keg." He perceived that the colonel's conduct would be no less inexplicable, even if this were true. Still the possibility tended to relief from the worst imputations forming in his mind. If it

were not *that* keg, then the mystery might involve no wrong. He determined to go to the magazine and see.

Bryan dressed, crept quietly downstairs, took from a nail the huge bunch of keys, opened the front door, and went out. The mastiffs growled, then came forward squirming with their delighted hind-quarters and wagging their stumpy tails. Bryan went down the steps and stood for a moment patting the dogs' heads.

Brilliant and cold was the night, with stars and moon and whistling icy wind. From the hill he could see the shadows of drifts on the wide river and every log in the clearing stretching to its bank. Close to the farther shore he thought he made out for an instant two moving figures on a path that led to an Indian trapper's wigwam recently established in the woods inland. On that shore the forest stretched interminably away on gradually rising land. To the west a long rapid murmured in its night-shroud of mist. The stillness and the stars seemed to rebuke him as he paused looking on the scene. Turning he saw a light through the cracks of the shutters of the colonel's office, and with that reminder he walked straight to the door of the magazine.

Unlocking the door he looked in. All was dark except near the door, through which the moon threw a square of light. Entering, he struck flint and steel on tinder and blew thereon till the flame seized the "dip" that he carried. Then he looked around. There was nothing whatever on the floor. The keg of gold was gone!

Bryan, standing in the middle of the floor, looked around, and to the walls and to the ceiling again and again, as though expecting the keg to appear. Then, shuddering, he went out, locked the door mechanically, and walked to the house. There was still an explanation—there must be one, he thought. Some theory he tried to find which would leave him his faith in his uncle. He told himself that the old man's remark about the gold of Marhaus could not have had *this* dreadful and insane intention in view. But his heart was cold with dread.

Now he had again ascended the verandah. The office window was but a few steps away, and through its shutter the light still streamed. He went over and peered in. There sat the colonel, with the keg before him! Its top hoop was off, and the cover had been prised out. On the table beside him the colonel had a number of pieces of cloth, torn in squares of about a foot each. One by one he filled them with yellow guineas, and, tying each with a thong of shaganippi, placed it in a hole before the fireplace, from which he had removed the widest stone of the hearth. As the colonel replaced the stone, and carefully smoothed over the sand above its joints, the boy softly entered the house, and, hanging the keys on their peg, went up to his room. He was shivering with sorrow and wonder and distress.

Soon he heard his uncle come upstairs and go to bed. In a quarter of an hour the old man's heavy breathing convinced him he was asleep. Marhaus snored as steadily as before. Bryan found inaction unendurable. He dressed himself in his warmest, took down from their pegs his father's holsters and long straight sword, and crept again downstairs. Looking cautiously into the kitchen, where the corporal was sleeping with Sergeant Bors and his men, Bryan whispered, unheard, "Good-bye, dear corporal!" His heart felt like to break as he left the house, there was a big lump in his throat nearly choking him, and he had much ado to keep back his tears. Going to the stable, he harnessed the fast bay mare to a carriage and sped away towards the settlements with his young brain on fire.

He could not accuse his uncle, he could not look into that venerable face and tell what he thought he knew; he could not imagine how the colonel could escape the consequences of his act; a faint belief that if he himself were away his uncle would not want to keep the guineas agitated him. It was all a horrible, maddening tangle; this he felt most deeply. There was nothing for him to do but get away; he could not stay to hear the colonel accused—worse yet, to hear him deny!

(To be continued.)

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

### THE RAMMING OF THE NORTHFLEET.

A SQUALLY night off Dungeness ; a fleet of outward-bounders waiting for a change of wind ; one of them, a large three-master, anchored opposite the coastguard station in the safest berth of all, with her head towards the lighthouse, the red beam from whose lantern shines full upon her as it marks the anchorage. Her own riding light burning brightly, her watch awake on deck, the ship trim alow and aloft, and every precaution taken to ensure her safety. She is the Northfleet, on her way out to Hobart, with a cargo of railway material, and with it she is taking a number of navvies to lay the new line. Counting navvies, wives, children, and crew, there are three hundred and seventy nine in all on board as she rides to her anchor in Dungeness roads on that squally January night.

She has been here all day waiting in vain for the south-westerly wind to shift a point or two and allow her to get down Channel. In like ease with her are many others ; the

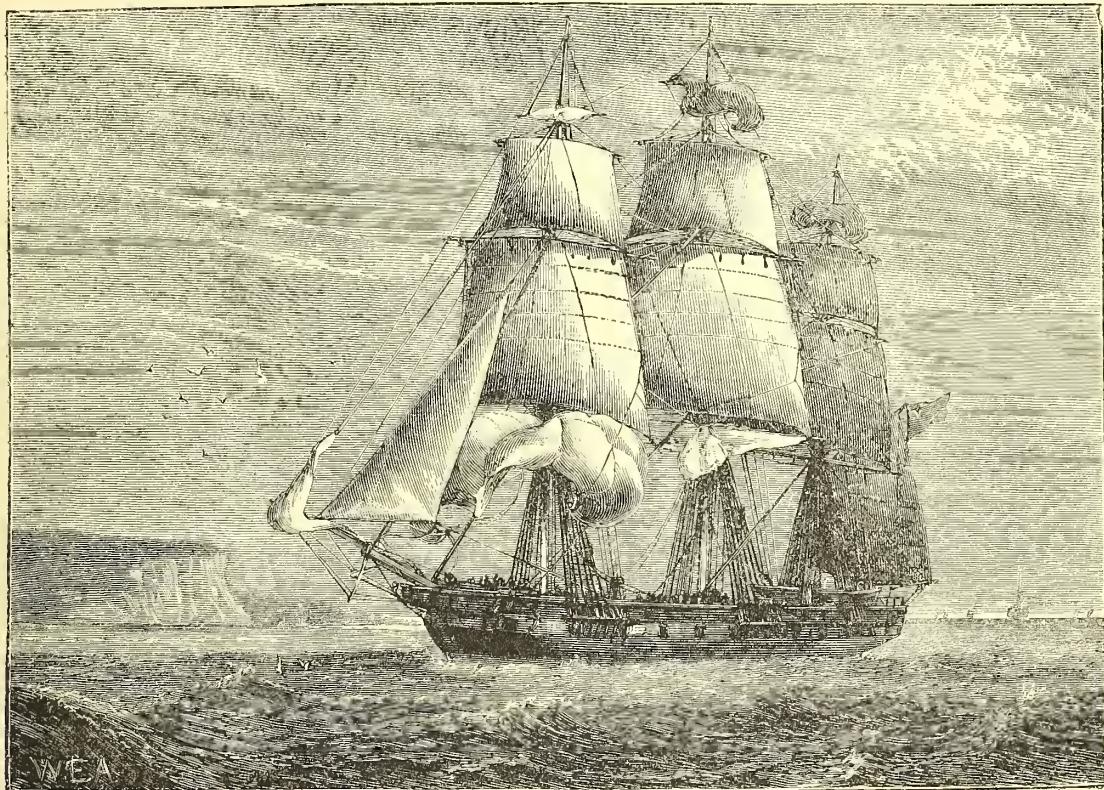
bay is crowded with wind-bound craft, large and small. Her nearest neighbour is the Corona, an Australian clipper, and she is but three hundred yards away.

The Northfleet is a 940-ton ship. At one time she belonged to Mr. Duncan Dunbar, the owner of that ill-fated Dunbar—of whose wreck at Sydney Gap we told the story in our last volume—whose place in his fleet he filled with that Duncan Dunbar which soon afterwards perished in the flames off the coast of Brazil. The captain of the Northfleet had been stopped as she was leaving the Thames owing to his being required as a witness in the notorious Tichborne trial, and her present commander is her late first mate, who was married but a month ago and has his wife with him. He took his ship out of dock on the 17th January, and owing to the stormy weather has only reached these roads this Wednesday morning, in this year 1873. The Northfleet is a good ship, well found, well commanded, and well manned ; and

here she rides at anchor in eleven fathoms, while the waves race by her and the clouds chase each other across the sky, unveiling every now and then a bright patch of stars to make the darkness more visible. The lights of the lighthouse burn with their wonted brilliancy, the lights of all the shipping shine brightly, and her light is conspicuous by its brightness. All promises well ; no fault seems to have been committed by which her safety is imperilled—and none was committed.

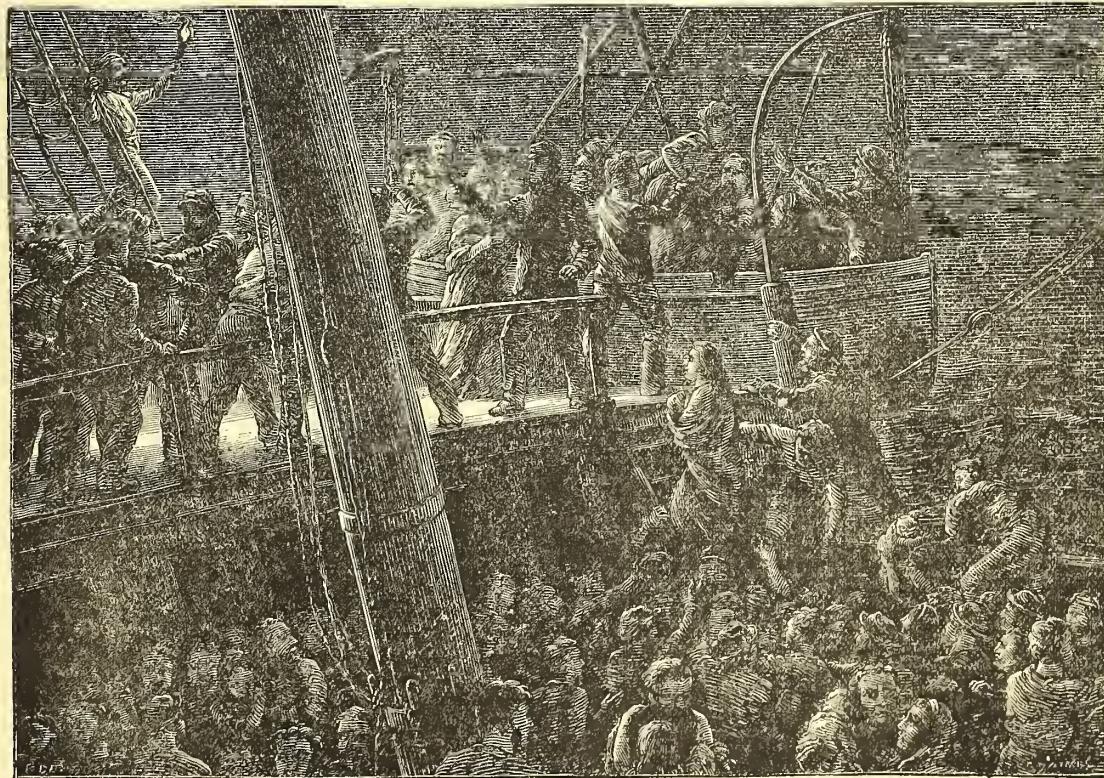
She is, however, a doomed ship, and in less than an hour she will have gone to her last home by the clumsiest and most dastardly performance that ever took place in the English Channel. A few minutes after half-past ten a large two-masted screw steamer comes down from Dover, bearing straight on to her. In vain the watch hail the steamer, in vain they shout and whistle and ring. On comes the steamer, straight and swift, as if singling out the Northfleet to ram her. She comes

straight at her side, strikes her amidships, | ships? No. To hang a tarpaulin over her | founder. In vain the mate of the Northfleet | crashes on into her, and even cuts into the | name so that she shall not be recognised! | roars out, "Ship ahoy! Stop and save us!"



The Northfleet off Margate.

bunks where the men are lying. At the | And then she backs, and clumsily sidles | There are nearly four hundred emigrants on noise the stranger's sleepy crew wake up and | round with much jabbering, confusion, and | board!" Her only manœuvre is that best



"Stand back, or I will put a bullet through you!"

come rushing along her deck. To help? No. | abuse, and, hurriedly clearing herself, shoots | calculated to keep her anonymous, and away To do any kind action? No. To clear the | off down Channel, leaving her victim to | she scuttles as fast as her screw can drive her.

Who is this mysterious stranger that does such ruin and runs off? The legal mind of Spain knows not to this moment. But a few days after the wreck a telegram goes off to Cadiz to watch for the Murillo on her voyage thither from Antwerp. She comes in direct to avoid being questioned by the custom-house officers. She has her cutwater damaged, and has had it fresh painted. Her captain is put on his trial for having run down the Northfleet, and the verdict is that he had been at the place stated, on the night stated, at the time stated, and had run down a ship in the manner stated; but that, although no other ship was run down at the time, there was no proof that the ship that he ran down was the Northfleet!

The scene of horror that the collision gave rise to was terrible. At the crash the captain rushed on deck, and the passengers, following, came streaming up the hatchways. The ship's side was doubled in, and the water poured into the hold like a river. The pumps were manned and a vigorous effort made to keep the torrent down, but all was in vain. The captain sent rocket after rocket up in signal of distress, and burnt his blue lights. And by the ghastly glare of the lights the men of a pilot-cutter hurrying to the rescue saw the pallid faces of the passengers as they swarmed on the deck. The neighbouring ships and the men on shore mistook the rockets and the lights for pilot signals, and

took no steps to help, and such at first was the impression of the pilot men until the unusual quantity alarmed them, and brought them hurrying up, too late to be of much service. Before the boat could get to the rescue the Northfleet had sunk, and the light on her forestay had been quenched in the waves, and all was dark.

On board the navvies lost all self-control and tried to crowd the boats as they were being launched. In vain Captain Knowles ordered them back until the women and children could be saved. One of the passengers handed him a revolver, and he threatened to shoot the men unless they kept back. The officers and sailors did all they could, but the confusion was so great, and the calamity was so sudden, that but little could be done.

The captain tied a lifebelt round his young wife, and, bidding her farewell, helped her into a boat with some of the other women, in charge of the boatswain. Into this boat some of the navvies tried to climb. "Stand back," shouted the captain, "or I will put a bullet through you!" "Might as well be shot as drowned, mister!" quoth the men, still crowding up. One of them jumped into the boat, and the captain fired and shot him in the leg. The man, who was one of the saved, and whose name it would be doing him an injustice to mention, seems to have gloried in his wound, and to have looked

upon himself as quite the hero of the occasion!

And like this wretched man were hundreds of others, thinking only of themselves, and strangling round the boats, ruining their own chance and that of all their fellows. The boatswain threatened to chop off the hands of those that held the boats, but the threat had no effect.

As the ship sank the captain and his officers were still at work trying to reduce the disorderly mob to order, and not an officer of the Northfleet was saved. She settled down in such shallow water that her masts remained above the waves, and to the rigging many of her people clung. The Princess, the pilot cutter, picked up many in her boat; the City of London steam tug fell in with the boatswain's boat and saved all that were therein; and the Mary, a Kingsdown lugger, saved several more; but out of the three hundred and seventy-nine that left the Thames, two hundred and ninety-three were drowned.

Whatever comfort can be gained from this disaster off Dungeness is due entirely to Captain Knowles and his men, who did their best, and died doing their duty. But the less said the better about the performances of the owners and crew of the Murillo, the apathy and stupidity of the look-outs on the neighbouring ships, and the unmanly selfishness of the panic-stricken navvies, whose conduct was quite unworthy of their race.

## BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

BY CAPTAIN H., LATE R.N.

### VIII.—SALE AT THE MAST.

**T**HIS was one of the old-fashioned customs of the navy, and one but seldom seen in the present day.

The regulation in the "Admiralty Instructions" runs as follows:

**"SALE OF DEAD OR RUN MEN'S EFFECTS.**—Upon the death or desertion of any officer, petty officer, seaman, marine, or other person belonging to any of her Majesty's ships the captain is to cause . . . an inventory . . . such inventory to be approved by the captain and retained by the paymaster. But in the case of the death of an officer the captain may if he think fit . . . direct that his effects or any part of them be preserved . . . instead of having them sold by auction at the mast. In exercising this discretion the captain will be governed by a consideration of the circumstances. . . . Private books and papers . . . to be sealed up in the presence of witnesses and if possible forwarded to relatives or executors."

In the last edition of the "Admiralty Instructions" this regulation has been slightly altered, but the spirit of it remains the same.

When the inventory has been made the goods are handed over to the master-at-arms, who acts as auctioneer, and who takes his stand at the mainmast.

The affair then proceeds in a similar manner to an auction sale ashore.

Sometimes, if the deceased was a popular man, many of the things will be run up to fancy prices, in consequence of his friends desiring to obtain keepsakes in remembrance of him. We have seen a sixpenny tobacco-box fetch as much as five shillings under these circumstances.

It is a strange and touching sight sometimes to witness a sale of this description. The master-at-arms, for instance, will hold out a cap. "The next article is a cap in thorough repair. How much for this?"

"Ah! that were his best cap, that were," one of his messmates will probably remark. "Poor Tom! he were always fond of that 'ere cap. I'll say a shilling."

Or perhaps the article will be a chain or other piece of jewellery, when the remark

will be, "Ay, he only bought that the last time he was ashore; I were with him. He don't want it now, poor bo, though he were pleased with it at the time."

A very remarkable circumstance occurred within our own knowledge, owing to a purchase made at a sale at the mast, which, as it may interest our readers and point a moral as well, we shall take the liberty of relating, merely altering the names in order not to hurt the feelings of any of the parties concerned.

Some years ago we were serving in a small ship named the H—, on the East Indian station. We were only a youngster at the time, and the senior midshipman of our watch was a good-hearted, high-spirited, generous, and foolish young Irishman named Conrad Kingsale. He was a great favourite, for it was impossible to avoid liking him, and many a kindness the present writer still feels grateful to him for. Finally, he was a good seaman, and in a month or two his time would have been up and he would have obtained his sub-lieutenant's commission, for he could have easily passed the examination. But it was not to be. We entered Trincomalee Harbour, in the island of Ceylon, after a lengthy cruise in the Indian Ocean, and there, to our great delight, we found a mail from home awaiting our arrival.

Among Kingsale's letters was one from his father informing him that by the death of a distant relative he had come into a large estate and a considerable fortune, and enclosing a note or order to pay twenty-five pounds.

Wild with delight, he soon changed the money order, and that twenty-five pounds proved his ruin. He obtained leave to go on shore, and on returning on board managed to smuggle three cases of spirits into the ship. He gave one to his boat's crew, another he presented to his messmates, and the third he unfortunately retained for his own use. It is a sad tale, and we will hurry over it. Suffice it to say that he gave way to the degrading and disgusting vice of drunkenness. For

three days and nights he was not sober, his friends carefully concealing the fact from the superior officers. It was during our first watch (between eight o'clock p.m. and midnight) that the climax was arrived at.

Conrad Kingsale was lying in a stupor in the gangway, covered with a rug—we may remark, in passing, that in a very hot climate it is usually the custom for the junior officers to sleep on deck in preference to sweltering in their hammocks in the stifling atmosphere of the cockpit or lower deck—when the captain came on deck and, approaching the lieutenant of the watch, inquired,

"Who is the midshipman of the watch?"

"Mr. Kingsale, sir," was the reply.

"Tell him I want him," said the captain.

"Mr. H—," exclaimed the lieutenant, "where is Mr. Kingsale?"

We were hesitating, when the quartermaster remarked,

"I saw him in the gangway just now, sir."

This was a malicious observation on the quartermaster's part, but it appeared that he had a spite against Kingsale for reprimanding him for some dereliction of duty.

"Mr. Kingsale!" exclaimed the lieutenant, walking forward. "Mr. Kingsale! Pass the word for Mr. Kingsale!" And he stopped just opposite the sleeping midshipman.

The captain, becoming impatient, now came forward and called out,

"Where is Mr. Kingsale?" The youth, hearing his name called, rolled over, and answered, half-asleep,

"Here I am. Who wants me?"

"How disgraceful!" cried the captain.

"What is the meaning of this?"

In an instant Kingsale's humour seemed to change; he sprang up, wide awake, his eyes starting out of his head, seized an iron belaying-pin (a thick bar of iron about two feet in length), and rushed wildly at the captain.

On the following day, when the effect of the drink had passed away and he was told what he had said and done, his repentance was as sincere as it was useless. He had

broken one of the chief articles of war, and was liable to a long term of imprisonment as well as being dismissed from the service with disgrace.

But Captain P—— was one of the kindest-hearted men that ever lived, and the offender's evident contrition prompted him to be merciful. Still it was necessary that something deterrent should be done, and, while hesitating, Conrad Kingsale settled the matter by deserting. We heard afterwards that he had succeeded in reaching Colombo, on the other side of the island, where he shipped on board a merchant craft.

Two days later his things were sold at the mast, and as a souvenir we purchased his silver watch. It had been dropped from aloft, the face was cracked, the bow broken off, and of course inside it was very much muddled and mixed.

Three years later we returned to England, and took the opportunity of having the watch repaired and done up. One evening shortly after we happened to be at an evening party,

and were introduced to a lady named Nevinson, who chanced to inquire the time.

We pulled out the watch, and directly she saw it she turned very pale, exclaiming,

"Would you mind my examining that for a minute?"

Of course we handed her the watch, and, turning it over, she observed the initials C. K. engraved inside a ribbon.

"I thought so," she exclaimed, sadly. "This was poor Conrad's watch. May I inquire how you became its possessor?"

I replied that I had been a shipmate of Conrad's, and had purchased it, refraining for obvious reasons from adding under what circumstances.

"Was his not a sad death?" she continued.

"Is he dead?" we inquired. "When did he die?"

"In November, 1868," she replied. "He fell off a yard in a gale of wind and was drowned."

Now, as Kingsale did not desert from the

H—— until January, 1869, we knew that this information was incorrect, and immediately informed Miss Nevinson of the fact.

"Oh, if you are certain," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "how we shall all bless you! His father is dead, and he is heir to twelve thousand a year and a peerage in prospective."

We thought it would be better under the circumstances to make a clean breast of it, and did so accordingly, much to the joy of the young lady, who forgot the disgrace in the happiness of knowing that her cousin might be still alive.

We heard some months later that inquiries had been started in various parts of the world that had ultimately succeeded in discovering the young man, who was working in a small coasting schooner in Australasia.

We have never met, but we understand that he has taken his lesson to heart, and, abstaining from strong drink, has become the old honourable, good-hearted Conrad Kingsale that he was when we first knew him.

### WORTH NOTING.

GUARD well your tongue; how easily there slips  
An angry word between ill-guarded lips;  
And one sharp word, as surely as a blow,  
May alter love to hate, a friend to foe.

How hard it is that friendship to renew  
Which one brief word of causeless anger  
slew;  
And harder still to stifle your regret,  
And yet more hard the quarrel to forget.

Remember, then, he has the right to boast  
Who bears—not he who seeks revenge—the  
most;  
Remember, words of hate as well as love  
Are registered indelibly above.

### HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

#### PART II.

worked together down the river to the Sacramento, where Ogden's men left for the Columbia.

Close to their camp was the Mission of San Rafael. In the employment of the missionaries were many Indian converts. One night some of these broke into mutiny, and after committing the usual atrocities made off to their tribe to take to their old ways. The missionaries sent out a party to demand that the fugitives should be handed over for trial, but the tribe took up their cause and drove back the messengers with serious loss. In fear lest the success of the Indians should bring them on to San Rafael, the missionaries applied to the trappers for help, and eleven volunteers, under Kit Carson, started off to compel the surrender of the criminals. The village was captured, a third of the warriors were slain, and the men who had committed the outrage were handed over and marched back to the mission.

Soon afterwards the Indians stole the trappers' horses during the night and fled with them to the mountains. Carson went off in pursuit, following the track through the snow. For more than a hundred miles he followed them, and then he caught them encamped. They had killed and eaten six of the horses, and were resting after their meal, when the rifles of Kit and his companions each brought down its victim. The Indians fled, and the horses were recovered.

On his way back to Santa Fé Colonel Young halted on the bank of the Colorado, and here another adventure befell the young trapper. He had been left in charge of the camp with half a dozen men, and had fortified it in the usual way, the bundles of furs being built up around it, while the horses and mules were turned out to graze. Suddenly a band of five hundred Indians were descried. They halted a short distance from the camp and sent off a strong body of warriors, who made friendly signs and were ad-

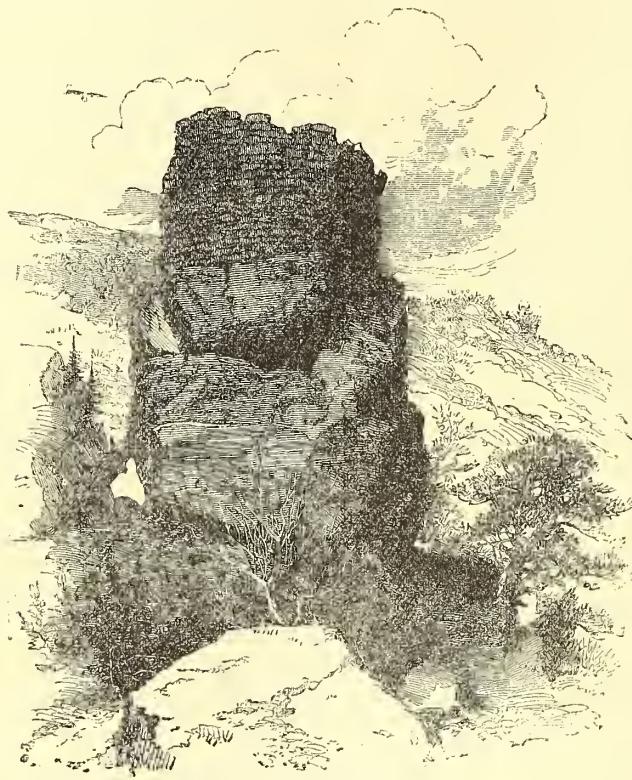
mitted within the ring. They were followed by others, and Kit discovered that each man had a weapon concealed about him. In the quietest and most ordinary tone he suddenly told the six trappers each to mark his man, and raising his own rifle, aimed straight at the head of the leader of the party, who was hardly six feet away from him. Very coolly and decidedly he told him that unless he left the camp immediately he and his men would be shot. The redskins grasped the situation at a glance and leapt off for their lives. They might easily have overpowered the trappers, but Indians will seldom attack when they feel certain that some of their prominent leaders will be killed.

In 1830 Kit was out trapping under Fitzpatrick up the streams and valleys of the Rockies. In the following January the horses were stolen by the Crow Indians, and there was another pursuit for forty miles or so, ending in the usual battle with the usual success. On this occasion the trail had been almost wiped out owing to a herd of several thousand buffaloes having crossed it in the night. Soon afterwards when out with four of his companions Kit came suddenly on four Indians evidently on the war-path, to whom they gave chase. The Indians led them into an ambush, and they had to cut their way through and ride for their lives. Often the yelling crowd was within a few feet of their horses, but the arrows and bullets whistled harmlessly past owing to the speed of the chase. Towards the end, as the camp was reached, two of the men were wounded, but not seriously.

In October, 1832, Kit joined Captain Lee as a fur trader, and with him went over the Old Spanish Trail, the single-file path between New Mexico and California. On the Windy River they were overtaken by the winter, and took up their quarters in the camp of a Mr. Robidoux, in whose employ was a gigantic Indian of much strength and dex-

terity. One night this Indian, in whom much confidence was placed, walked off with six of the best horses and five loads of furs. Kit was asked to go in pursuit, and with an Indian companion he started.

time to stop, as the runaway, with his choice of mounts, could keep on without a pause. Suddenly, as he rounded a small hill in the prairie, Kit caught sight of the thief riding along leisurely not two hundred yards ahead



A Watch-Tower on the Prairies.

For a hundred miles and more they raced together down the valley of the Green River until the Indian's horse gave out, and then

of him. The Indian saw him at the same moment, and, jumping to the ground, rushed for the shelter of a few trees that grew close

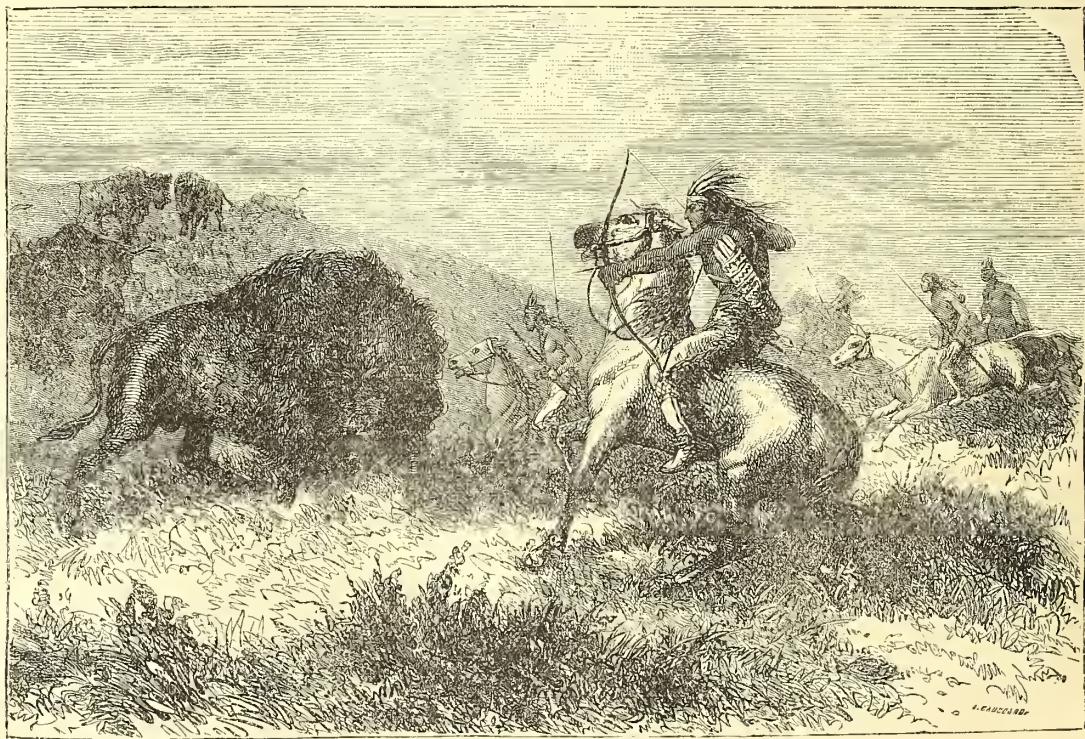
rifle went up, and the redskin fell with the bullet through his heart while he was in the very act of lifting his cocked rifle at his pursuer.

Kit collected the six horses, and quietly returned to camp, where his reception may be imagined.

Not long afterwards Kit was out trapping on the Laramie. He and his two companions had been toiling for hours through a dreary ravine, and when the camp was pitched, just before sunset, he went off into the woods in search of something for supper. About a mile from the camp he came upon fresh tracks of elk, and, following the trail, soon discovered a herd grazing on the hill-side. Setting down for a stalk, he managed to get round the trees behind them, and, creeping into range, picked out the fattest and dropped him at his first shot. Kit was congratulating himself on his good fortune, and was rising from his place of concealment, when a terrific roar made him turn sharply round, and but a few yards away there were a couple of huge grizzly bears coming down upon him at full speed.

There was no time for him to load, and a grizzly is so tough a customer that a single shot is seldom enough. There was nothing for it but to run, and the speed of a grizzly is terrific for short distances. Dropping his rifle, he made a desperate rush for a tree close by, and, springing to the lower branch, just caught it, and dragged himself up into safety as the bears, growling and gnashing their teeth below, struck at him with their claws.

A grizzly is as good a climber as a man. And after a moment's hesitation one of them began to swarm up the trunk. But in the meanwhile Kit had hacked off a stout cudgel with his knife, and as the bear came within range, showing his white teeth in anger and certainty of his prey, down came such a whack on his nose as drove him nearly mad with pain; for a bear's nose is his tenderest part—and, indeed, the only part in which a blow can hurt him. Drawing back for a moment to consider, he again made for Carson, who again and again struck him down



The Buffalo at Bay.

Kit went on alone. Thirty miles farther he went, frequently leaping off his horse to rest him and running by his side. There was no

by. Carson was riding at full speed, and saw that if his foe could but reach the cover he could get the first shot. Instantly the

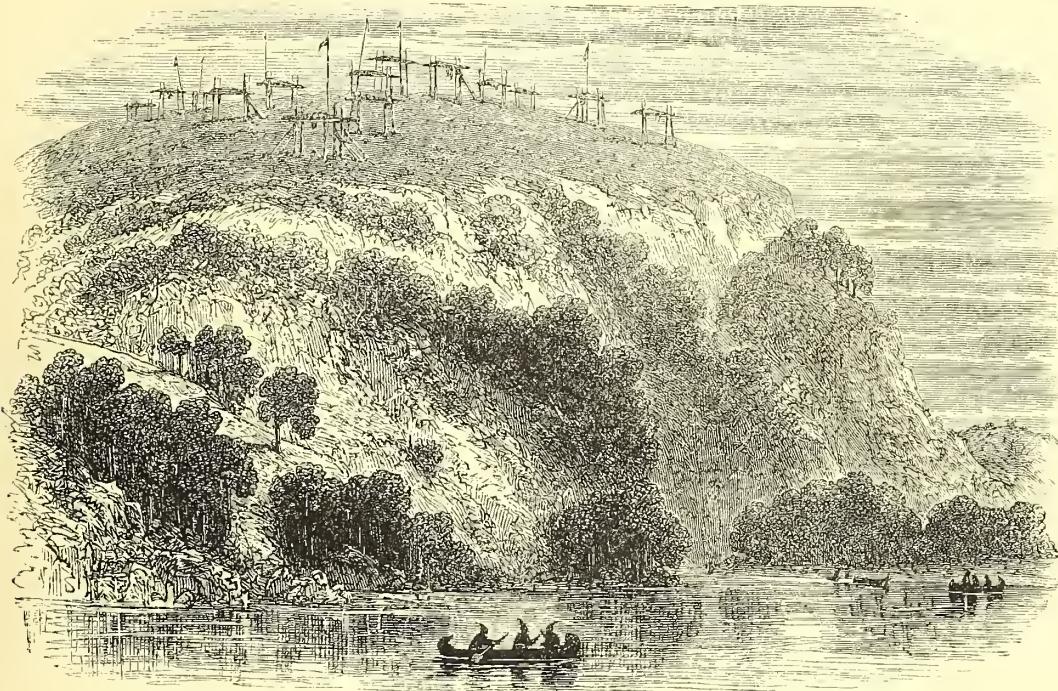
with the cudgel, until he dropped howling to the ground.

The other grizzly, doubtless feeling some

contempt for his friend at his failure, then scrambled up the tree and artfully endeavoured to dodge the blows with which he was assailed.

then they would return to the tree, start to climb it, and give up the attempt in despair as they caught sight of the cudgel above.

been eaten by the wolves, went back to camp, where he had to content himself with a breakfast of beaver meat.



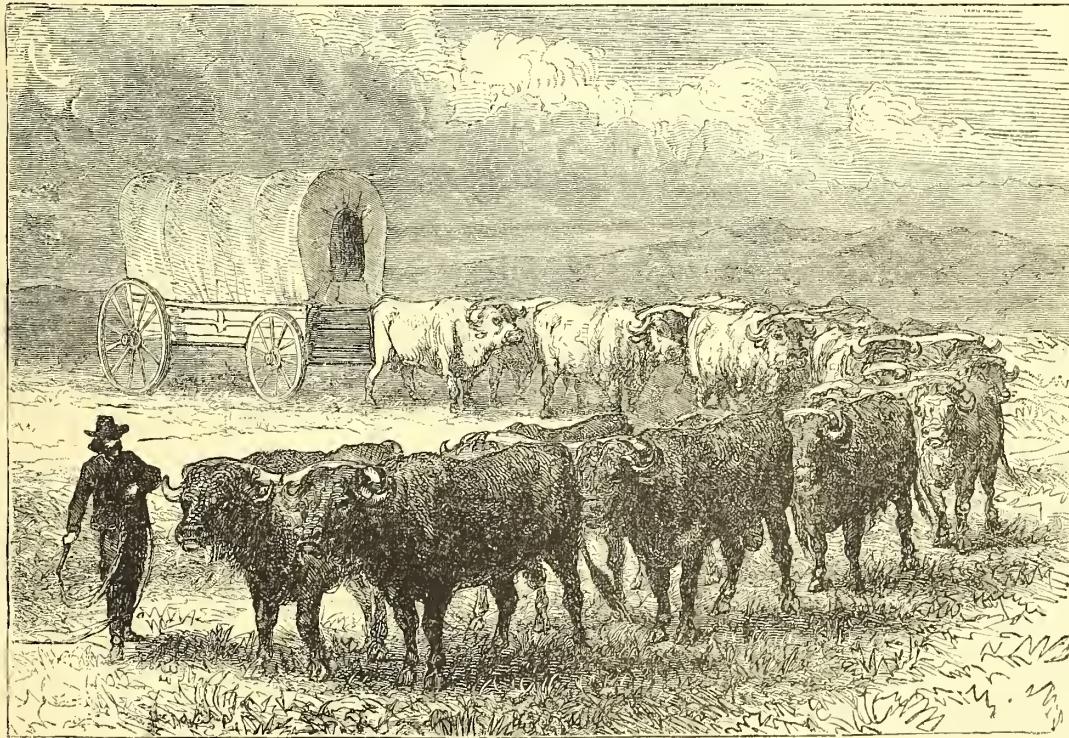
An Indian Graveyard.

His efforts were in vain ; the thuds rained down so fiercely on his snout that in drawing back he slipped, and with a tremendous bang he was knocked flying off the bough. Howling with pain and roaring with rage, the

At last they came under the branch, and gnashing their teeth at Kit, gave him a good-bye roar, and retired slowly and sadly into the woods.

The trapper waited for some time in the

In a fortnight Carson and his companions joined company with Fitzpatrick's men, and with them journeyed off to the Trappers' Fair, which in that year took place on the Green River. Here the furs were disposed



Across the Prairie.

bears filled the forest with their noise for hours. Now and then they would bury their snouts in the ground to ease their pain, and

tree to make sure that they had gone, and at dawn he descended, recovered his rifle, and, finding that the deer he had killed had

of and stores and ammunition laid in for the coming season. A strange scene was one of these fairs in the wilderness ! Traders and

trappers of all nationalities here met, and for a mouth and more joined in a barbarous round of business and amusement. The site was a green meadow on the banks of a mountain stream, which was soon covered with the huge camp of two or three hundred men, with their five or six hundred horses and mules, and as each party came in to the rendezvous they were cheered by the earlier arrivals.

"On one of the gorgeous days of the Indian summer the encampment presented a spectacle of beauty which even to these rude men

was enchanting. There was the distant encircling outline of the Rocky Mountains, many of the snow-capped peaks piercing the clouds. Scattered through the groves, which were free from underbrush, and whose surface was carpeted with the tufted grass, were seen the huts of the mountaineers in every variety of the picturesque, and even of the grotesque. Some were formed of the well-tanned robes of the buffalo; some of boughs, twigs, and bark; some of massive logs. Before all these huts fires were burning at all times of the day, and food was

being cooked and devoured by these ever-hungry men. Haunches of venison, prairie chickens, and trout from the stream were emitting their savoury odours as they were turned on their spits before the glowing embers. The cattle, not even tethered, were grazing over the fertile plain."

When the fair broke up Carson and fifty others went off to the upper branches of the Missouri, and after a two hundred mile tramp encamped on the banks of the Big Snake, where they were attacked by the Blackfeet.

(To be continued.)

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### FIRE BRIGADE DOGS.

DOGS have proved themselves useful in rescuing people not only from watery but from fiery graves. An instance was narrated only a short time ago of a noble Newfoundland dog at New York, who rescued several persons from a burning hotel, and at last himself perished in the flames; and more than one case is on record of dogs who have proved themselves good members of the fire brigade.

One of these dogs, named "Chance," first formed his acquaintance with the London Fire Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling Street. Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up-hill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the fireman beside the hearth, when a "call" came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out the poor brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt.

Another dog, called "Bill," belonged to Samuel Wood, a brave man who had charge of a fire-escape at Whitechapel. Wood saved nearly one hundred men, women, and children from the flames, but much of his success was due to his wonderful dog, of which the following interesting account has been given.

Bill, like his master, had to be very wakeful and at his post of duty all night, and therefore he slept during the day close to his master's bed, and if Wood was at all likely to be late through sleeping too long Bill was sure to wake him. When the fire-escape was wheeled out of the Whitechapel Churchyard at nine o'clock the dog was promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire was heard Bill, who at other times was very quiet, began to bark most furiously. Wood had no occasion to sound his rattle, for the policemen all around knew Bill's bark so well that they at once came up to render their valuable help. If the alarm of fire took place when but few people were in the streets Bill ran round to the coffee-houses near, and, pushing open the doors, gave his well-known bark, which those who heard it knew at once to mean, "Come and help, men! come and help!" In the dark nights the lantern had to be lit, when Bill at once seized it, and, like a "herald," ran on before his master. When the ladder was erected, Bill was at the top before his active

master had reached half way. He jumped into the rooms, and, amid thick smoke and the approaching flames, ran from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates. On one occasion the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so dense, that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared their death was certain. Bill seemed at once to comprehend the danger in which his kind master was placed, and the faithful creature began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his companion knew this to be the signal "Follow me," and they at once crawled after Bill, and in a few moments they were providentially led to the widow and their lives were saved. On another occasion a poor little kitten was found on the stairs of a house that was on fire. Bill immediately drove the kitten down from stair to stair until it reached the door, where it was picked up and cared for by a kind-hearted policeman. Poor Bill, like human beings, had his trials and sufferings as well as his honours. At one fire he fell through a hole burnt in the floor into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he had the misfortune to be run over, but with careful doctoring he was soon able to resume his duty. Whilst on duty at a fire, however, he again received a serious injury, and notwithstanding all his master's care and good nursing he died. In token of his valuable services during the nine years that he filled the important post of "Fire-escape Dog" the parishioners of Whitechapel had, some time before his death, placed round his neck a silver collar, which bore this inscription:

"I am the fire-escape man's dog—my name is Bill;  
When 'fire' is called I am never still.  
I bark for my master; all danger I brave,  
To bring the 'escape,' human life to save."

### POISON IN PRINT.

Few persons have any conception of the vast amount of literature of a most unwholesome character which is circulated, or the fearful extent to which it is the source of vice and crime. Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder of London, states:

"No country in the world has such rivers of literature flowing in different directions and of every kind; no country has so much that is filling the minds of the population with wrong thoughts and desires, and the results are shown month after month in our criminal courts. There is not a boy or young lad tried at our Courts of Justice whose position there is not more or less due to the effect of this unwholesome literature upon his mind."

The late chaplain of Newgate, the Rev. F. Lloyd Jones, repeatedly referred to the same thing in his prison reports. In one of these he states:—"By repeated interviews and conversations I discovered that all these boys,

without exception, had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals which are now published for the alleged instruction and amusement of both sexes, and that they learned from them to commit crimes which brought them to prison."

### LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

ON Monday, July 13th, Mr. W. Renshaw once again proved himself *facile princeps* in the lawn tennis world, and carried off the honours of the championship for the fifth year in succession. Mr. Lawford, who defeated Mr. E. Renshaw on the previous Thursday in the final tie of the All Comers' Single, met the champion the same afternoon. Mr. Lawford played with great pluck and perseverance; but from start to finish it was evident that he was overmatched. Eventually Mr. Renshaw won by three sets to one. Each championship meeting seems to mark a new phase in the evolution of the game. At one time all the play was from the back of the courts. Then the volleying game came into fashion, and the brothers Renshaw invented their smash. Now the volleying game has to a great extent been abandoned, the smash is only attempted on rare occasions, and the old-fashioned long rallies seem to be becoming the order of the day. Mr. W. Renshaw, however, appears to be able to adapt himself to any style of play, and there seems every probability of his retaining the championship for some years to come.

### VESSELS CRUSHED BY ICE.

Four men belonging to the Norwegian barque Bayard, who were landed at Liverpool the second week in July, gave particulars of the loss of their vessel, which was crushed by ice, and their subsequent severe sufferings during four days and nights. The Bayard, Captain Andersen, was bound to Quebec, and when off the Canadian coast immense icebergs gradually closed round the vessel, so that she could not move in any direction, and at last literally crushed her, and she sank. The crew had nothing left for it but to take to the ice, and for their own safety took with them one of the ship's boats. Day after day they traversed the ice and dragged their boat after them, but saw nothing to give them hope of a rescue. The men suffered very much from the intense cold and from exhaustion. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but vast fields of ice, here and there studded with large icebergs. On the fourth day they sighted an English steamer. She too appeared fast in the ice. She proved to be the Marie Louise. The shipwrecked crew were received on board, but they had only been there about half an hour when they had to leave along with the steamer's crew, as the ice also crushed this vessel and caused her to founder. Fortunately on the same day the Norwegian barque Brillante was fallen in with, and she rescued both crews, landing them at Quebec.

## HOW A TRAVELLER WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE BOYS OF BOKHARA.

THERE are very few English travellers who have yet visited Bokhara. Until very recently it was a dangerous place for strangers, as even Vambéry in disguise found. In a book of travels in "Russian Central Asia, including Kuldja, Bokhara, Khiva, and Merv" (published by Sampson Low), Dr. Lansdell tells more than has hitherto been known about Bokhara. In one chapter he tells in how curious a manner the Emir of Bokhara entertained his guest on the first evening of his stay at Kital.

He says: "At dusk the scene was lighted up with twenty-five lamps, and we were up under a spreading vine that formed a rustic balcony at the back of the house, and from thence to see the fun. Three men, with tambourines, sat near a charcoal fire in a brazier, over which, from time to time, they held their instruments to tighten the parchment. Presently four boys, or *batchas*, arrived, and were presented to us as the *artistes* of the evening; and whilst they were drinking tea and eating fruit, the tambourines, increased to five, began to sound and the men to sing. The batchas were dressed in red flowing robes, with loose wide trousers, but had their feet uncovered, their most striking peculiarity being their long hair, like that of girls. In the first dance the boys walked leisurely round and round, keeping time with clappers. In the next they danced faster, clapped their hands, and sang in unison—love, on the part of the supposed girl, being the burden of their song. In

the third dance the lover answered this ditty, and in the fourth the dance was interspersed with somersaults and other antics.

"Whilst the batchas were dancing and putting themselves through various movements intended to be graceful, two men carried candles, dodging about to hold them close to the dancers, that their good looks might be admired, the candle-bearers themselves contorting their faces and disporting themselves like clowns. One of their nonsensical feats, when there was a lull in the dance, was to sit opposite each other and make grimaces, or move the muscles and skin of the face like a rabbit. They brought on next a Persian song and dance with whistles, the batchas snapping their fingers in time, and then striking together a pair of wands.

"As the entertainment proceeded, a large crowd, attracted by the sound of the music, pressed into the courtyard and garden, delighted to witness the performance. Their appreciation of the batchas was intense. They offered them tea and fruit, and when the boys sat they could hardly have been made more of had they been the first stars of a London season. They seated themselves apart from 'the vulgar crowd,' near to us, whereupon lights were placed before them, that all might gaze and admire. He thinks himself a happy man to whom a batcha descends to offer a bowl of tea, and receives it with expressions of great respect. So, again, if a man offers tea to a batcha, it is counted an honour if it is taken and the cup

returned, after tasting, to the owner, but a great indignity if the remainder be handed to another. I gave the boys refreshments, and sent round to the crowd some of our boxes of sugar-candy, which was readily accepted.

"We were next entertained with some acrobatic feats, the men bending backwards till their heads touched the ground, and performing several other fantastic exercises.

"After this a man gave us a Hindu dance, and preparations were made for some rude comic acting, in which were represented various scenes from native life. First a quarrel and lawsuit about a scarf; presently a high priest, or some dignitary, amply covered with cotton wool to represent white hair and beard, was carried in on a sort of sedan-chair. Whether he was intended to represent the Emir or the Grand Lama I am uncertain, but he was waited upon with great obsequiousness, whilst the musicians kept up vociferous singing and loud beating of tambourines. Presently a supposed dead man was brought in, upon whom the mullah sprinkled water in such abundance as to make the corpse wince, and he then proceeded to count the dead man's debts, supplying himself with a substitute for ink with a nastiness that will not allow of description. At length, by accident or by design, one of the candles set fire to the cotton wool of the judge's hair, and he was about to be enveloped in flames, but which fortunately they were able to put out, and this touch of reality brought the proceedings to an unceremonious close."

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

## IV.—Music Competition.

BY reference to page 15 of this volume it will be seen that we wrote as follows:—

"Our last Music Competition was very successful, and we see no reason why this one should not be even more so. We offer, then, Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively, for the best musical setting, with organ or piano-forte accompaniment, of any of the verses appearing in our last volume (Vol. VI.). There will be two classes—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24."

We have now much pleasure in publishing our Award. There are not, perhaps, on the whole quite so many really good songs this year as there were last, though the two first compositions, by competitors who ran each other very close for the same places last year, show, we are glad to see, a distinct advance.

Our Award is as follows:—

## JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

[This year, as last, the Juniors carry off the laurels for Music; and as the two competitors at the head of the list approach each other very closely in point of merit, we give an additional prize over and above that offered.]

## First Prize—Two Guineas.

EDWARD CUTBERT NUNN (aged 17), Oakbrooke, Lower Edmonton, N.

## Extra Prize—One Guinea and a Half.

COLIN MCALPIN (aged 14), 4, Portland Terrace, Leicester.

## CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in the order of merit.]

HAROLD H. WYATT, 26, Seymour Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

SYDNEY H. THOMSON, 28, Blantyre Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

HERBERT GREEN, 8, Alexandra Cottages, Penge, Surrey.

HAROLD B. OSMOND, 33, Cassland Crescent, South Hackney, E.

WM. R. THURNHAM, 13, Fisher Street, Carlisle.

JOHN T. McCALLUM, 18, Emorville Avenue, South Circular Road, Dublin.

ARTHUR WADSWORTH, Hartington Street, Cotton Tree, near Coine, Lancashire.

M. MAYSON, 4, Lidlington Place, Oakley Square, N.W.

JOHN MARTIN, 5, Tenant Street, Leith.

ALFRED B. NUTTER, Caldwell Priory, Bedford.

JOSEPH C. WINSER, 7, Cloudesley Street, Barnsbury, N.

HARRY SHEPLEY, 29, St. James's Road, Halifax.

W. G. CHANDLER, 3, Norfolk Terrace, Arundel, Sussex.

GEORGE HARE, 73, Bousfield Road, Nunhead, S.E.

JOHN W. WESTON, 13, Blackshaw Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

FREDK. A. KENE, 17, Marmion Road, Lavender Hill, Battersea, S.W.

LUCIEN F. L. SAVOURNIN, Grosvenor House, 160, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, 404, Stockport Road, Longsight.

ARNOLD B. STOCK, Fern Lodge, Millfield Lane, Highgate, N.

JOHN W. BEARDER, 180, Derby Road, Nottingham.

HARRY STANBROOK, Cambria Villa, Adelaide Road, Windsor.

JOHN W. PARKER, Bridge Street, Buckingham.

HARRY T. BROWN, Cambridge Crescent, Edgbaston, near Birmingham.

WM. H. BAKER, 31, Wilson Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

J. F. LOVE, 82, Welbourne Road, High Cross, Tottenham.

B. W. HENDERSON, 34, Highbury Hill, N.

W. H. CURTIS, 35, Faroe Road, Hammersmith.

QUENTIN S. MCPHAIL, F. C. Manse, Kilmuir, Uig, Isle of Skye.

ALLEN HUSSELL, 27, High Street, Ilfracombe.

F. B. ANDREWS, Avondale, Selley Park, Birmingham.

F. W. ALLSOP, 46, Birmingham Street, Oldbury.

HERBERT ELDRIDGE, 16, Grove House Road, Hornsey.

H. F. SIMPSON, The Vineyard, Abingdon, Berks.

WALTER ASTON, 63, Wellington Road, Dudley, Worcestershire.

THOMAS KEIGHLEY, 105, High Street, Stalybridge.

A. F. BENNIE, Garfield Villa, Ballard's Lane, Finchley.

HERBERT L. HART, The Grammar School, Cartmel, Cumbforth.

EDGAR M. CLARKE, 161, Stratford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

FRANK PARKER, 4, Bedford Place, Southampton.

JOHN KEEN, 31, Abinger Road West, New Cross, S.E.

FREDK. DAVISON, 2, Mill Lane, Canterbury.

THOMAS THRELFAUL, 31, Hope Street, Southport, Lancashire.

W. J. GARDNER, 34, Clayton Street, Caledonian Road, N.

C. H. A. BOND, 67, The Grove, Hammersmith.

W. D. WALKER, Park Road, Dewsbury.

G. A. HEWITT, 5, Lincoln Street, Leicester.

OWEN RAMSEY, Lochgilphead, Argyleshire.

CHARLES JEFFERIES, 6, Bell Lane, The Plain, Waudsworth, S.W.

HARRY JONES, 104, Bury New Road, Bolton.

A. W. PARKER, 41, Bedford Place, Southampton.

E. C. ROBIN, Zynca House, Manor Park, Essex.

CHAS. A. H. THOMSON, 138, Orange Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

## SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

## Second Prize—One Guinea.

GRANVILLE ERNEST HUMPHREYS (aged 18), 11, Royd's Street, Stockport Road, Manchester.

## CERTIFICATES.

HARRY HOPKINS, 24, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

FRED PARKER, 13, Dannetts Street, King Richard's Road, Leicester.

ARTHUR L. SALMON, 112, York Road, Montpelier, Bristol.

WM. K. HILL, 71, Southborough Road, South Hackney, E.

HENRY E. FRY, Westbrook, Enfield, N.

JOHN C. BILLING, 5, S. Mary's Hill, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

A. E. BULL, Canvey Island, South Benfleet, Essex.

HENRY J. NAPPER, The Highlands, Cuckfield, Sussex.

JOSEPH O. PEARSTON, 34, West End Park Street, Glasgow.

WILLIE PICKLES, 28, John Street, Denholme, Bradford, Yorkshire.

ALFRED MOSS, Sawston, Cambs.

F. COLLIN ROGERS, 67, Bengal Street, Liverpool, E.

H. W. DENNY KNIGHT, 49, Agate Road, Hammersmith, W.

H. G. MATTHEWS, Station House, Penclawdd, near Swansea.

BARRY H. FORESHAW, 143, Ditchling Rise, Brighton.

ALEX. POPE, Cinderford, Gloucestershire.

WALSINGHAM MICHELL, 1, High Street, Stoke Newington, N.

B. J. FILEY, 24, West Street, Bromley, Kent.

W. S. HOOLEY, Shaw Hill, Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley, Lancashire.

## Correspondence.

T. S.—The address we gave for silkworms was Slaymaker's, Covent Garden Market. You have only to go to the market and look in the windows.

H. BURNETT.—Write distinctly, in ink, on one side of the paper only. Ask no more than two questions—and let them be on allied subjects. There is no charge for answering, but you have to take your chance amongst hundreds of others, and, owing to the limitation of space, there is a very strong probability that your answer will be long delayed.

J. FARMER.—1. It was the Midland Railway Company that first resolved to run only first and third class to all trains, and there has been no second class on the line for years. The suggestion is said to have come from Sir James Alport, who was then general manager of the company. 2. It is not true that the life of a railway servant is more dangerous than it used to be. In the four years ending 1869 the Mutual Assurance Society on the Great Western show four deaths and three disablements per thousand; while in the four years ending 1884 the deaths have sunk to 1·3 and the disablements to 1·1 per thousand. 3. The North-Western foot-warmers are filled with acetate of soda instead of water. The acetate melts at about the boiling point of water, and it is melted in the sealed case before being used. As it cools it crystallises, and throws out the latent heat.

H. FOSTER.—1. Charles VIII. was the king that died from hitting his head against a doorpost; Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, died from a blow of a cricket-ball. 2. Some of the Greeks are reported to have had strange deaths. Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone; Eschylus was knocked on the head by a tortoise dropped from the claws of an eagle; Agathocles swallowed his toothpick; and Zenixis laughed himself to death at the sight of one of his own pictures. Zeuxis was not a comic artist.

FRED IDLE.—A very full list of colleges and schools is given in Cassell's "Educational Year Book," price six shillings. No list gives the information you require about the cricket and football clubs. In James Lillywhite's "Cricket Annual" you will find a list of the cricket clubs, and in the "Football Annual" you will find a list of the football clubs.

H. T. E.—The articles on killing and setting insects were in the first volume.

E. JAMES.—The parody is by the late C. S. Calverley, who has quite a reputation for excellence in such matters. Miss Jane Ingelow's peculiarities are remarkably well hit off. We may as well quote from it as it is before us. The title is "Lovers and a Reflection":—

In moss-prank'd dell, which the sunbeams flatter  
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean);  
Meaning, however, is no great matter,  
Where woods are a-tremble with rifts atween.

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
(Boats in that climate are so polite),  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
And oh! the sun-dazzle on bark and bight.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies  
Hid in weithering shadows of daffodilly,  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock's eyes.

And Willie gan sing (O! his notes were fluty,  
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much  
duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry."

O! if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,  
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,  
Could be furled together this genial weather  
And carted or carried on wafts away,  
Nor ever trotted out agaiu—Ay, me!  
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—1. All the small craft that have crossed the Atlantic have been more or less decked. No really open boat has survived to tell the tale. 2. Jibs and staysails are now made with the canvas cloths forming a series of triangles, having the luff as the base, in order that the sail may stand as flat as possible. In the old days the idea was that a sail should belly and hold the wind; but now it is recognised that the flatter and more board-like the sail the greater is its power. Hence old jibs were made with the cloths parallel, while now the cloths are in two series meeting at a sharp angle. 3. The "Cruise of the Snowbird" was in the third volume.

W. F. R.—1. The "Giant Raft" was in the third volume. 2. There were nine parts in the first volume. 3. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" is published at six shillings by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles ran through the third volume to No. 103, and were contained in the November, December, and January parts—that is, November and December, 1880, and January, 1881.

BOBBY.—Such a book on mechanical toys is published at 170, Strand, by L. U. Gill.

FOSSIL, E. A.—You must serve in the ranks. If you want to be a soldier, be a soldier, and if you are not prepared to take your share of the dangerous work stay away from the army altogether. Surely you can see the absurdity of a man wanting all the distinction of the pretty uniform, all the certainty of the pay, and all the borrowed glory of the fighting men, of whom outsiders mistake him to be one—and at the same time doing mere penwork safely out of reach of annoyance or disturbance.

E. J. L.—1. The cement for joining the brasswork on to the glass in paraffin lamps is made by boiling together three parts of resin, one of caustic soda, and five of water, thus making a soap which is mixed with half its weight of plaster of Paris. 2. Badigeon is a synonym for "filler." It generally consists of sawdust and glue in carpentry, of tallow and chalk in cooery, of plaster and freestone in statuary, and of putty in amateur work.

CANIS.—Try "The Dogs of the British Islands," by J. H. Walsh, price fifteen shillings; published by Horace Cox, 346, Strand.

S. J. T.—The articles unsigned are as strictly copyright as the others, and you must not republish them without our written permission. Send your real name and address, and we will help you.

W. A. GIFFIN (Ont.).—To make a full-size balloon will cost you a good deal. We know of no place where they can be bought ready-made; your best plan would be to communicate with one of the aeronauts whose ascents are advertised. Send the letter care of the Crystal Palace Company, or the proprietors of the grounds at which the ascent took place. You could obtain full particulars as to the manufacture of balloons in France from M. Tissandier, office of "La Nature," Paris.

C. B. KING.—In Christchurch Bay you get fair mackerel fishing during the summer months; and about Christchurch Ledge there are pollack, known locally as whiting cob. In the harbour you may find sand smelts, eels, flounders, grey mullet, bass, salmon, or peal. The salmon are in the Wiltshire Avon, which flows into the estuary, and are often taken with the fly.



OUR HOLIDAYS.—A Splendid Dip!

THE

# BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 348.—Vol. VII.

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Price One Penny.  
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## Reginald Cruden

A TALE OF CITY  
LIFE.

By TALBOT BAINES  
REED,

*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XXIV.  
LOVE FIGHTS HIS  
WAY INTO THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
PALACE.

REGINALD recollect-  
ed little of  
what happened on that  
terrible night when he  
found himself suddenly  
face to face with his dead  
enemy.

"Cov'nor—that pallis I—I'm gettin' in—I hear them calling."

A.P.

He had a vague impression of calling the landlady and of seeing the body carried from the pestiferous room. But whether he helped to carry it himself or not he could not remember.

When he next was conscious of anything the sun was struggling through the rafters over his head, as he lay in the bed beside Love, who slept still, heavily but uneasily.

The other lodgers had all risen and left the place; and when with a shudder he glanced towards the corner where the sick man last night had died, that bed was empty too.

He rose silently without disturbing his companion and made his way unsteadily down the ladder in search of the woman.

She met him with a scowl. She had found two five-pound notes in the dead man's pocket, and consequently wanted to hear no more about him.

"Took to the mortuary, of course," said she, in answer to Reginald's question. "Where else do you expect?"

"Can you tell me his name, or anything about him? I knew him once."

She looked blacker than ever at this. It seemed to her guilty conscience like a covert claim to the dead man's belongings, and she bridled up accordingly.

"I know nothing about him—no more than I know about you."

"Don't you know his name?" said Reginald.

"No. Do I know *your* name? No! And I don't want to!"

"Don't be angry," he said. "No one means any harm to you. How long has he been here?"

"I don't know. A week. And he was bad when he came. He never caught it here."

"Did any doctor see him?"

"Doctor! no," snarled the woman. "Isn't it bad enough to have a man bring smallpox into a place without calling in doctors to give the place a bad name and take a body's living from them? I suppose you'll go and give me a character now. I wish I'd never took you in. I hated the sight of you from the first."

She spoke so bitterly, and at the same time so anxiously, that Reginald felt half sorry for her.

"I'll do you no harm," said he, gently. "Goodness knows I've done harm enough in my time."

The last words, though muttered to himself, did not escape the quick ear of the woman, and they pleased her. She was used to strange characters in her place, seeking a night's shelter before escaping to America, or while hiding from justice. It was neither her habit nor her business to answer questions. All she asked was to be let alone and paid for her lodgings. She knew Reginald had her in a sense at his mercy, for he knew the disease the man had died of, and a word from him out of doors would bring her own pestiferous house about her ears and ruin her.

But when he muttered those words to himself she concluded he was a criminal of some sort in hiding, and criminals in hiding, as she knew, were not the people to go and report the sanitary arrangements of their lodgings to the police.

So she mollified towards him somewhat, and told him she would look after her affairs if he looked after his, and as he had not had a good night last night, well, if no one else wanted the bed to-night he could have it at half-price; and after

that she hoped she would have done with him.

Reginald returned to the foul garret and found Love still asleep, but tossing restlessly, and muttering to himself the while.

He sat down beside him and waited till he opened his eyes.

At first the boy looked round in a bewildered way as though he were hardly yet awake, but presently his eyes fell on Reginald and his face lit up.

"Gov'nor," he said, with a smile, sitting up.

"Well, old boy," said Reginald, "what a long sleep you've had. Are you rested?"

"I are 'ad sich dreams, gov'nor, and —my, ain't it cold!" And he shivered.

The room was stifling. Scarcely a breath of fresh air penetrated through its battered roof, still less through the tiny unopened window at the other end.

"We'll get some breakfast to make you warm," said Reginald. "This horrible place is enough to make any one feel sick."

The boy got slowly out of bed.

"We are got to earn some browns," he said, "afore we can get any breakfast."

He shivered still, and sat down on the edge of the bed for a moment. Then he gathered himself together with an effort and walked to the ladder. Reginald's heart sank within him. The boy was not well. His face was flushed, his walk was uncertain, and his teeth chattered incessantly. It might be only the foul atmosphere of the room, or it might be something worse. And as he thought of it he too shivered, but not on account of the cold.

They descended the ladder, and for a little while the boy seemed revived by the fresh morning air. Reginald insisted on his taking their one coat, and the boy seemed to lack the energy to contest the matter. For an hour they wandered about the wharves, till at last Love stopped short and said,

"Gov'nor, I don't want no breakfast. I'll just go back and—"

The sentence ended in a whimper, and but for Reginald's arm round him he would have fallen.

Reginald knew now that his worst fears were realised. Love was ill, and it was only too easy to surmise what his illness was, especially when he called to mind the boy's statement that he had been taking shelter in the infected lodging-house ten days ago during his temporary exile from Shy Street.

He helped him back tenderly to the place—for other shelter they had none—and laid him in his bed. The boy protested that he was only tired, that his back and legs ached, and would soon be well. Reginald, inexperienced as he was, knew better, or rather worse.

He had a battle royal, as he expected, with the landlady on the subject of his little patient. At first she would listen to nothing, and threatened to turn both out by force. But Reginald, with an eloquence which only extremities can inspire, reasoned with her, coaxed her, flattered her, bribed her with promises, and finally got far enough on the right side of her to obtain leave for the boy to occupy Durfy's bed until some other lodger should want it. But she must have a shilling down or off they must go.

It was a desperate alternative,—to

quit his little charge in his distress, or to see him turned out to die in the street. Reginald, however, had little difficulty in making his choice.

"Are you comfortable?" said he to the boy, leaning over him and smoothing the coarse pillow.

"Yes, gov'nor—all right—that there ache will be gone soon, and see if I don't pick up some browns afore evening."

"Do you think you can get on if I leave you a bit? I think I know where I can earn a little, and I'll be back before night, never fear."

"Maybe you'll find me up and about when you comes," said the boy: "mayhap the old gal would give me a job sweeping or somethink."

"You must not think of it," said Reginald, almost sternly. "Mind, I trust you to be quiet till I come. How I wish I had any food!"

With heavy heart he departed, appealing to the woman, for pity's sake, not to let harm come to the boy in his absence.

Where should he go? what should he do? Half-a-crown would make him feel the richest man in Liverpool, and yet how hard, how cruelly hard, it is to find a half-crown when you most want it.

He forgot all his pride, all his sensitiveness, all his own weariness—everything but the sick boy, and left no stone unturned to procure even a copper. He even begged when nothing else succeeded.

Nobdy seemed to want anything done. There were scores of hungry applicants at the riverside and dozens outside the printing-office. There were no horses that wanted holding, no boxes or bags that wanted carrying, no messages or errands that wanted running. No shop or factory window that he saw had a notice of "Boys Wanted" posted in it; no junior clerk was advertised for in any paper he caught sight of; not even a scavenger boy was wanted to clean the road.

At last he was giving it up in despair and coming to the conclusion he might just as well hasten back to his little charge and share his fate with him, when he caught sight of a stout elderly lady standing in a state of flurry and trepidation on the kerb of one of the most crowded crossings in the city.

With the instinct of desperation he rushed towards her, and, lifting his hat, said,

"Can I help you across, ma'am?"

The lady started to hear words so polite and in so well-bred a tone, coming from a boy of Reginald's poor appearance, for he was still without his coat.

But she jumped at his offer, and allowed him to pilot her and her parcels over the dangerous crossing.

"It may be worth twopence to me," said Reginald to himself as he landed her safe on the other side.

How circumstances change us! At another time Reginald would have flushed crimson at the bare idea of being paid for an act of politeness. Now his heart beat high with hope as he saw the lady's hand feel for her pocket.

"You're a very civil young man," said she, "and—dear me, how ill you look."

"I'm not ill," said Reginald, with a boldness he himself marvelled at, "but a little boy I love is—very ill—and I have no money to get him either food or lodgings. I know you'll think I'm an impostor, ma'am, but could you, for pity's sake,

give me a shilling? I couldn't pay you back, but I'd bless you always."

"Dear, dear!" said the lady, "it's very sad—just at Christmas-time, too. Poor little fellow! Here's something for him. I think you look honest, young man; I hope you are, and trust in God."

And, to Reginald's unbounded delight, she slipped two half-crowns into his hand and walked away.

He could only say "God bless you for it." It seemed like an angel's gift in his hour of direst need, and with a heart full of comfort he hastened back to the lodgings, calling on his way at a cookshop and spending sixpence of his treasure on some bread and meat for his patient.

He was horror-struck to notice the change even a few hours had wrought on the sufferer. There was no mistaking his ailment now. Though not delirious, he was in a high state of fever and apparently of pain, for he tossed incessantly and moaned to himself.

The sight of Reginald revived him.

"I knowed you was comin'," said he; "but I don't want nothing to eat, gov'nor. On'y some water; I do want some water."

Reginald flew to get it, and the boy swallowed it with avidity. Then, somewhat revived, he lay back and said, "I are got 'em, then?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it's smallpox," said Reginald; "but you'll soon be better."

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't. Say, gov'nor, you don't ought to stop here; you'll be catchin' 'em too!"

"No fear of that," said Reginald, "I've been vaccinated. Besides, who'd look after you?"

"My! you're a good un to me!" said the boy. "Think of that there Medlock—"

"Don't let's think of anything so unpleasant," said Reginald, seeing that even this short talk had excited his patient unduly. "Let me see if I can make the bed more comfortable, and then, if you like, I can read to you. How would you like that?"

The boy beamed his gratitude, and Reginald, after doing his best to smooth the wretched bed and make him comfortable, produced the "Pilgrim's Progress" and settled down to read.

"That there Robinson ain't a bad un," said Love, before the reading began; "I read 'im while I was a-waitin' for you. But 'e ain't so good as the Christian. Read about that there pallis ag'in, gov'nor."

And Reginald read it—more than once.

The evening closed in, the room grew dark, and he shut the book. The boy was already asleep, tossing and moaning to himself, sometimes seeming to wake for a moment, but dropping off again before he could tell what he wanted or what was wrong with him.

Once or twice Reginald moistened his parched mouth with water, but as the evening wore on the boy became so much worse that he felt, at all hazards, he must seek help.

"I must bring a doctor to see him," said he to the landlady; "he's so ill."

"You'll bring no doctor—unless you want to see the boy chuck'd out in the road!" said she. "The idea! just when my lodgers will be coming home to bed too!"

"It's only eight o'clock; no one will come till ten. There'll be plenty of time."

"What's the use? You know as well

as I do the child won't last above a day or two in his state. What's the use of making a disturbance for nothing?" said the woman.

"He won't die—he shall not die!" said Reginald, feeling in his heart how foolish the words were. "At any rate, I must fetch a doctor. I might have fetched one without saying a word to you, but I promised I wouldn't, and now I want you to let me off the promise."

The woman fretted and fumed, and wished ill to the day when she had ever seen either Reginald or Love. He bore her vituperation patiently, as it was his only chance of getting his way.

Presently she said, "If you're bent on it, go to Mr. Pilch, round the corner; he's the only doctor I'll let come in my house. You can have him or nobody, that's flat!"

In two minutes Reginald was battering wildly at Mr. Pilch's door. That gentleman—a small dealer in herbs, who eked out his livelihood by occasional unauthorised medical practice—happened to be in, and offered, for two shillings, to come in and see the sick boy. Reginald tossed down the coin with eager thankfulness, and almost dragged him to the bedside of his little charge.

Mr. Pilch may have known very little of medicine, but he knew enough to make him shake his head as he saw the boy.

"Regular bad ease that. Smallpox and half a dozen things on the top of it. I can't do anything."

"Can you give me no medicine for him, or tell me what food he ought to take or what? Surely there's a chance of his getting better?"

Mr. Pilch laughed quietly.

"About as much chance of his pulling through that as of jumping over the moon. The kindest thing you can do is to let him die as soon as he can. He may last a day or two. If you want to feed him give him anything he will take, and that won't be much you'll find. It's a bad case, young fellow, and it won't do you any good to stop too near him. No use my coming again. Good night."

And the brusque but not unkindly little quack trotted away, leaving Reginald in the dark without a gleam of hope to comfort him.

"Gov'nor," said the weak little voice from the bed, "that there doctor says I are a-goin' to die, don't he?"

"He says you're very ill, old boy, but let's hope you'll soon be better."

"Me—no fear. On'y I wish it would come soon. I'm afear'd of gettin' frightened."

And the voice trembled away into a little sob.

They lay there side by side that long restless night. The other lodgers, rough degraded men and women, crowded into the room, but no one heeded the little bed in the dark corner, where the big boy lay with his arm round the little uneasy sufferer. There was little sleep either for patient or nurse. Every few minutes the boy begged for water, which Reginald held to his lips, and when after a time the thirst ceased and only the pain remained, nothing soothed and tranquillised him so much as the repetition time after time of his favourite stories from the wonderful book which, happily, Reginald now knew almost by heart.

So the night passed. Before daylight the lodgers one by one rose and left the place, and when about half-past seven

light struggled once more in between the rafters these two were alone.

The boy seemed a little revived, and sipped some milk which Reginald had darted out to procure.

But the pain and the fever returned twofold as the day wore on, and even to Reginald's unpractised eye it was evident the boy's release was not far distant.

"Gov'nor," said the boy once, with his mind apparently wandering back over old days, "what's the meaning of 'Jesus Christ's sake, Amen,' what comes at the end of that there prayer you taught me at the office—is He the same one that's in the Pilgrim book?"

"Yes, old boy; would you like to hear about Him?"

"I would so," said the boy, eagerly.

And that afternoon, as the shadows darkened and the fleeting ray of the sun crossed the floor of their room, Love lay and heard the old, old story told in simple broken words. He had heard of it before, but till now he had never heeded it. Yet it seemed to him more wonderful even than "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then he broke in with some comment or criticism, or even one of his old familiar tirades against the enemies of his new hero. The room grew darker, and still Reginald went on. When at last the light had all gone the boy's hand stole outside the blanket and sought that of his protector, and held it till the story came to an end.

Then he seemed to drop into a fitful sleep, and Reginald, with the hand still on his, sat motionless, listening to the hard breathing, and living over in thought the days since Heaven in mercy joined his life to that of his little friend.

How long he sat thus he knew not. He heard the voices and tread of the other lodgers in the room; he heard the harsh groan of the bolt on the outer door downstairs; and he saw the candle die down in its socket. But he never moved or let go the boy's hand.

Presently—about one or two in the morning, he thought—the hard breathing ceased, and a turn of the head on the pillow told him the sleeper was awake.

"Gov'nor, you there?" whispered the boy.

"Yes, old fellow."

"It's dark; I'm most afear'd."

Reginald lay on the bed beside him, and put an arm round him.

The boy became more easy after this, and seemed to settle himself once more to sleep. But the breathing was shorter and more laboured, and the little brow that rested against the watcher's cheek grew cold and damp.

For half an hour more the feeble flame of life flickered on, every breath seeming to Reginald as he lay there motionless, scarcely daring to breathe himself, like the last.

Then the boy seemed suddenly to rouse himself and lifted his head.

"Gov'nor—that pallis!—I'm gettin' in—I hear them calling—come there too, gov'nor!"

And the head sank back on the pillow, and Reginald, as he turned his lips to the forehead, knew that the little valiant soul had fought his way into the Beautiful Palace at last, and was already hearing the music of those voices within as they welcomed him to his hero's reward.

\* \* \* \*

(To be continued.)

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

*Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.*

## CHAPTER XXIII. (AND LAST).—VICTORY—THEODORA AND AURORA ORDERED HOME—THE “FLAG OF BRITANNIA.”

MONG the first to fall in the passage across stream was poor Golava. He fell in the river shot through the brain.

The same volley wounded Benbow's little Othello. The boy crawled back and laid himself down under a tree. He quietly took up one of McGee's bandages—the doctor had gone on with the rest—and bound up his wounded leg.

“Spect I is going to die,” he said to himself. “Der is a drefful lot ob blood coming out. Dun know, am shuah, where it all comes from.”

Then he fainted. Duncan Robb had found time to glance towards him, but thought the boy was dead.

In less than fifteen minutes the fort was taken, and the prisoners were saved.

Having hastily done his best for the wounded in this brilliant combat, Dr. McGee hastened back to see to Colin—on a day of battle surgeons must be everywhere.

For a considerable time he thought about nothing else save his patient.

He was lucky enough to find the bullet and to extract it, an operation that gave Colin McLeod a much greater chance of life. And when he had done all for his patient that his skill suggested, he had time to look around him, to listen and to think.

He noticed Othello, and went towards him. The boy's face was cold, his arm was pulseless. “He is dead, poor little fellow,” said McGee to himself. “Hullo!” he continued, “a flash of lightning, and how black it is getting. And drops of rain begin to fall. The river will be swollen into a roaring torrent in a very short time. I'm not safe here, I don't want to be cut off, I shall cross at once.”

For McGee had seen many a Highland stream come down in “spate,” and knew well what a sudden storm in a mountainous land can do.

He did not take long to shift his camp and carry Colin over, and it was well he had done so.

The storm came on with awful fury, and in less than a quarter of an hour down came the river, carrying trees and turf and stones and even boulders before it.

For the time being Mildmay was prevented from retracing his steps to the relief of the camp. He had left brave men and true behind him, however, and thought he had little to fear, for doubtless the river would fall as speedily as it had risen.

Gayly was a good sailor, and that means a good soldier also, and no sooner had the main body of the little army left that night, under the guidance of the nigger-boy, than he set about fortifying the camp, and before daylight, by almost superhuman exertions, he had succeeded in throwing up a rampart all round, behind which it was possible for thirty determined British men to defy ten thousand savages.

It was well he did so, for hardly was the morning well advanced ere his picket was driven in, and soon after a determined attack was made on the camp.

The enemy had soon to retire, however, with the loss of many of their number. This taught them a lesson, and they were not slow to profit by it.

They had learned something else as well; they had found out that the men in camp were a mere handful, who might defend themselves for a time, but could not hold out long.

Another and even more energetic attack was made to storm the ramparts about two hours after the first; and this, like the last, failed, though some of the boldest had actually succeeded in scaling the earthwork, but only to be “scuppered,” as sailors call it, on the top of it. Sound travels far on a still day in this climate, and the noise of the blowing-up of the gates was distinctly heard by all. It was a welcome sound to Gayly and Quentin, but it caused the enemy to redouble their efforts to subdue the little stronghold before assistance might arrive and the siege be raised.

The tactics pursued in order to accomplish this task were excellent, and showed that the Poonasees, savages though they were, were commanded by a captain who knew a good deal of the art of warfare. From the edge of the wood, which was on a level with the camp, a trench was zigzagged up to within seventy or eighty yards of the rampart.

No sooner was this finished than trees that were being felled in the forest were dragged up, and the construction of a tower commenced, by which the inside of Gayly's fort could be completely commanded.

It is not likely that Gayly and Quentin permitted the work to go on quietly. They did all in their power to harass the builders, but with little success. Higher and higher rose the pile, and by noon it was of such a height that had the men who swarmed upon it been better marksmen Gayly's fort would soon have been quite untenable, and every one within it have been slain or made prisoners. As it was, the only defence possible was effected by the spade rather than the rifle.

By two o'clock many of the sailors and marines lay dead or wounded, and among the dead, much to Quentin's grief, was Gayly himself. He had exposed himself for a moment on the rampart to roll back lifeless the next.

By three in the afternoon things had come to such a pass that Quentin determined to make a sortie. Better die fighting sword in hand than remain a mere target to the enemy's bullets.

“Barelay,” he said to the chief gunner, “we must make a rush.”

Barelay was “making a reconnaissance,” as he called it, through a small loophole that he had formed of a few flat stones.

“One moment, sir,” he replied. “Why, sir—”

“What is it, Barelay? What do you see?”

“Why— Hurrah! shouted Barelay. Their tower is on fire!”

It was true. The light wind blew off

the camp, smoke was seen rising from the foot of the great pile, and next minute the whole structure was one blazing mass, for the wood of which it was built was dry and hot with exposure to the sun.

“And here comes little Othello,” cried the gunner. “Why, it must have been he, and no one else, who fired the stack.”

It was true. When Dr. McGee had recrossed the stream, and the rain began to fall and patter on Othello's face, he began slowly to revive, and finally stretching himself, wearily opened his eyes. Then he sat up and looked about.

“Specs nobody cares nuffin now 'bout poor Massa Thello,” he said. “De ribber come down plenty big too, and de docta he hab take de buckra officer ober in his arms. ‘Nebber mind de niggah chile,’ he say to hisse'f, ‘de niggah boy am good for nuffin now.’ Well, Ise on'y a niggah chile arter all. What for I sit down and blubber? I go back to de camp directly. I get some food den. Dat is bettah dan sit and cry. I is so stiff and sore though. Nebber mind, Ise on'y a poor little niggah boy.”

It was a long weary march that to Othello. But he found fruit in the forest, and that refreshed him, and so by-and-by he came in sight of the camp.

“Dey am fighting for sure,” he said, rubbing his eyes. “And poor Massa Quentin he gettin' de worst ob it. Berry much indeed. Why, right ober against de camp dere dey hab build de Tower ob Babel, all same's de kind ole cluggyman tell me 'bout. Why dis niggah soon put an end to dat prank; dis niggah boy fire de tower. Ah! yah! Fire de tower and frizzle all de niggahs on de top. Ah! yah!”

Othello soon put his scheme into action. Nobody noticed the approach of the tiny black fellow, so he concealed himself at the foot of the pile and in the pile.

It took him quite a quarter of an hour to “make fire,” as he called it, with some hard and soft wood. Both the grass and the timber had hours before become dry, and once alight they burned with fury.

The river went down as speedily as it had come up, and the camp was relieved about sundown.

The enemy, now utterly routed in three battles, withdrew entirely, and left our people unmolested. On our side, however, the losses were heavy enough. No less than three of the Aurora's officers were wounded, and several men were killed. Every one was sorry for poor Gayly. A smart, brave officer he had been, and no one remembered his faults or foibles now that he was gone.

All the dead were buried at the edge of the forest. A cairn marks the place of sepulchre—a cairn that the superstitious natives will not go near, either by night or by day.

McGee and the junior surgeon of the Aurora had their work cut out for them in attending to the sick, but by slow degrees and in safety they were conveyed to the coast, and thence on board their own ships.

The Aurora and Theodora then sailed for the Cape, taking with them the prisoners they had released and leaving the Dahomeians and the Poonasees to settle their own never-ending quarrels in their own wild way.

The Theodora had now been over four years and a half in commission, and it had been a stirring one on the whole. No one, I believe, was tired of adventure, but it must be admitted that no one was sorry to learn on their arrival at the

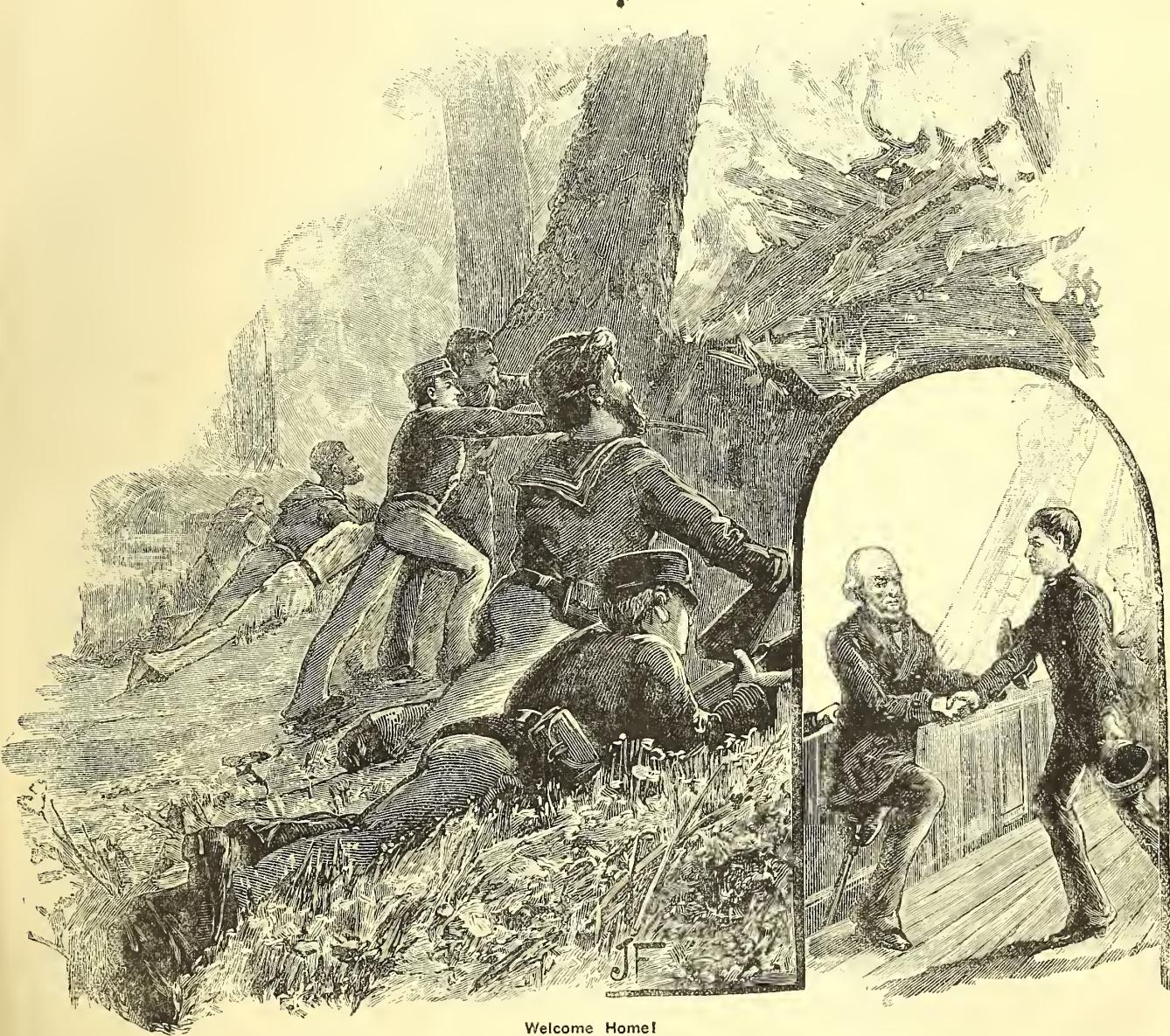
It was summer time, and the number of ladies on deck, and the laughing, talking, joking, ay, and weeping—tears of joy—made the Theodora look as gay as a village green at fair time.

Nearly every one had some one to welcome him home, but for a time Colin looked in vain for a boat coming off to him. But yonder it comes at last, and in a few moments up the starboard ladder stumped old Captain Peter, with his wooden leg evidently newly stained and

Captain Peter was cordial in the extreme, and it rejoiced Colin's heart to notice the respect with which the former treated his uncle.

In a day or two the court of inquiry—a mere service formality—was held on Colin and Blair. They were of course acquitted of all blame, and highly complimented for their watchfulness when on the island.

Colin dined that same night with Captain Blunderbore. His uncle was there,



Welcome Home!

Cape that both the Aurora and Theodora were ordered home.

They sailed away together. They hardly lost sight of each other during the passage home, and they made Plymouth waters within a watch of each other.

And there they lay for hours till the ceremony of *pratique* had been gone through and the medical officer of health had declared them to be clean ships.

Then, and not till then, did the friends of those on board, who swarmed around the ships in boats, but who hitherto had to be content with words spoken from quarter-deck, from side-ladder, from port or bow, rush on board.

polished for the occasion. Behind him, looking somewhat abashed, for he was unused to scenes like these, came Colin's brother Roland.

Then Colin was indeed happy. He had about one hundred and fifty questions to ask his brother, and when they were all answered about three times over, then he led Roland below to his mess.

Roland was very much surprised indeed at what he took to be the smallness of the accommodation. To his eye, used to the great halls and rooms of a Highland castle, even the Theodora looked wondrous small.

The meeting between Mildmay and

and Commodore O'Connell and Quentin Steele and Benbow.

Quentin and Colin said little, they kept quiet, respectfully quiet, and listened. But they enjoyed themselves none the less.

Next morning Mildmay received a letter from his London agents which contained a very pleasant surprise for him indeed. Padre Fedro had arrived in England with Sauva Rosa, and the lieutenant bade Colin good-bye and started off for town the same day.

As he stepped on board the train, dressed in plain clothes, Colin thought to himself he had never seen him looking so handsome, so happy, or so young before.

The Theodora was paid off in due time, and the officers bade each other farewell.

"Vowing oft to meet again,  
They tore themselves asunder."

Benbow was the same funny jolly little fellow to the last.

"McGee," said Colin, "I have to thank you for saving my life."

"Nonsense, man," replied McGee. "Good-bye. Take care of yourself. You're looking rather white yet."

"Good-bye, Scottie," cried Blair. "God bless you."

"God bless you," returned Colin, heartily, "and mind you come and see me. My brother Roland here will give you a week's shooting."

"That I will, gladly," said Roland.

"Good-bye both. I'll come," cried Blair.

One fine morning about a fortnight afterwards Colin McLeod, now sub-lieutenant, found himself back once more in the dear old glen and at his father's house.

I'm proud of you," his father said. His mother simply wept, as women folks will. But his uncle, with the old wooden leg looking more shiny than ever, was a sight to see and to hear! Colin was "his own boy."

"Bother it all," he said, "if he—Captain Peter—hadn't had his own way of it the lad would still have been pottering

around in some flagship, a fresh-water sailor, a long-shore chap, a mere Jack o' Lantern."

Blunderbore did get his promotion, though he was not made an admiral, and old Commodore O'Connell retired as a Rear.

D'Austin was made an A.P. (Assistant Paymaster), and got a shore billet in an admiral's office, which suited him better than going to sea.

Quentin, Colin's dearest friend, found himself heir to a snug fortune on his return home, and the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty (capital letters, Mr. Printer, please, or I, the author, will be tried by court-martial and lose my half-pay) graciously permitted him to retire. Benbow at this moment has a command of his own, and is making it hot for the Arabs out on the East Coast. Last, but least only in point of rank, Duncan Robb is a sergeant, and a bolder or smarter never stood in front of a company.

\* \* \* \*

Just three years after these stirring events Colin McLeod—now lieutenant (epaulets at last) led to the altar the beautiful daughter of retired Captain Mildmay. Quentin and Benbow were both there, the latter as brisk as ever.

But of the doings at the castle on the day Colin and his bride—with little Othello up on the dicky beside the

coachman—drove away to spend their honeymoon, I am not going to speak. Something should always be left to the imagination of the reader; but I may say this much: Dear Mildmay, the gallant and good, looked serenely happy, and Benbow remarked of Colin's uncle that he really was a grand old fellow, in grand old form. And to all Captain Peter's yarns that day and evening there was no more delighted listener than old Dominie Clayton.

In the grand hall of the castle—it has a fireplace in it big enough to roast an ox—a select company of blue-jackets not only dined but danced. Barclay the gunner was there. I give just one verse of a song he sung, and a ringing one it is:

"How the heart of each Briton doth beat when on high  
The flag of Britannia unfurls to the sky;  
And gloriously braveth the battlefield's shock,  
As the waves vainly dash on the storm-beaten rock.  
There's many a banner hangs drooping its head,  
For the strength that sustained it is nerveless and dead,

And the hearts that once followed it on to the field  
Left no kindred spirits its honour to shield.  
But the flag of Britannia, the flag of the brave,  
Triumphant it floateth o'er land and o'er wave;  
And proudly it braveth the battle and blast,  
And when tattered with shot it is nailed to the mast—

"Chorus—The flag of Britannia," etc.

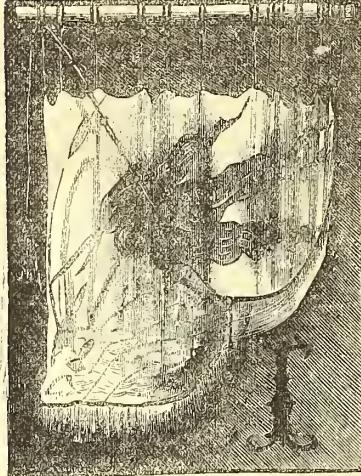
(THE END.)

### BRASS-RUBBING.

BY JOHN E. CLAUSON.

... graves, upon which I trust  
Shall witness live in brass. . . .

HENRY V., ACT IV., SC. 3.



brass-rubbing can hardly be called an expensive amusement.

When admittance has been gained the paper is laid over the brass effigy and firmly fixed by means of hassocks, etc., so that it cannot shift. If the brass is vertically placed on a wall wafers are very convenient. In these operations the assistant friend is extremely useful, for with only one person the paper has a constant tendency to roll itself up or otherwise change its position.

The black heelball is then rubbed over the paper, the result being a beautiful reproduction of all the raised parts of the effigy in their minutest details.

In this way a very interesting collection of transcripts of brasses can be made with very little trouble and expense, while brass-rubbing also leads to much pleasant and healthful exercise in wandering over the country in search of the monuments, for in almost all counties numerous brasses of the local magnates are to be found.

Many brasses are extremely quaint and interesting. Those we possess date from the end of the thirteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, if we except the modern revivals produced within the last few years. On the brasses executed during these four centuries we have a complete and accurate encyclopedia of costume, and it is this which makes them so valuable to the archaeologist.

This accuracy of brasses is due to the fact that they were usually engraved during the lifetimes of the persons represented. There is a curious drawing among the British Museum MSS. which represents two workmen with hammer and chisel working at the effigies of a knight and his lady. Their foreman stands behind them, explaining to the family who have called on him that the work is proceeding according to their directions.

Usually, of course, general directions only were supplied, but sometimes minute instructions were given by personal interview with the engraver if a man did not care to entrust his memorial to the tender mercies of his executors. In the latter case additional accuracy of detail would be ensured—the ecclesiastic would be very careful about the orthodoxy of his vestments, the knight would have his accoutrements exactly reproduced, the lady would cause her favourite gown and head-dress to be accurately portrayed—in fact, very close copies of the clothing of the period would be the result. Of course we thus discover the dress of the richer classes only, and, moreover, not their highest extravagances of fashion, for we find that they with very good taste avoid these on their monuments.

Brasses were often elevated on altar tombs, just as stone effigies would be, but more usually they are found fixed in stone slabs as part of the church pavement; where space was limited, as for instance in the chancel, they would be far more conveniently placed in such a position than on raised monuments. Brasses commend themselves also in preference to stone effigies by reason of their great durability, cases having occurred where brasses have escaped unharmed from the burning of churches when stone effigies have crumbled to dust. The value of brass effigies as old metal, however, much endangers their existence, for it is comparatively easy for a thief to wrench them from the settings, to which they are only secured by rivets.

All brasses were probably at one time ornamented by the filling of the incised lines with enamel of various colours. Of this ornamentation few traces survive, but the metal itself in many cases seems as freshly cut as when it left the engraver's hands.

WELL remember the interest with which I received initiation at the hands of an antiquarian uncle of mine into the mysteries of brass-rubbing.

The *modus operandi* is as follows. The brass-rubber, accompanied if possible by a friend, sallies forth on his country walks, and having fixed on a church in which he knows brasses to exist, proceeds to make his way into it. For this purpose the keys have to be hunted up from the incumbent or sexton of the church. The rubber has already provided himself with a long roll of paper, technically termed "lining-paper," which can be procured from any paper-hanger at a penny a yard; he has also obtained from a cobbler a few lumps of heelball, a black substance sold at a halfpenny a cake. A few sixpences for sextons complete his outfit, so altogether

## BOY LIFE AFLLOAT.

BY CAPTAIN H., LATE R.N.

## IX.—HOMeward BOUND.

**H**URRAH, Jack, we're homeward bound!" That's the sound to make the blood flow through the veins more swiftly, while the various pictures of far-away homes pass swiftly across the absentee's mental eyes.

For, no matter where he may be, the sound of "Homeward bound!" has a wonderful effect upon a true seaman. He may be sailing amidst the balmy breezes, smiling wavelets, and azure skies of the Adriatic, but it will not compare, to your true Jack Tar, with the green, choppy Channel wave, blowing half a gale, and under close-reefed topsails, "homeward bound."

Of course, we need not explain to our reader the meaning of the term; in the mercantile marine it speaks for itself, and in the Royal Navy the difference is that the "commission," or length of time on duty on that particular station, is over, and they are all going home to be "paid off," and then enjoy six weeks' holiday with their friends and relatives.

A man-of-war is now usually only kept three years in commission, but formerly the period was much longer. There are well-founded yarns of a vessel going out to the West Coast of Africa on a five years' commission, and not one of the original officers returning in her when she was homeward bound. This would be caused by exchanges, and the direful effect of the climate on that coast, which has not inaptly been termed "the white man's grave."

Occasionally a ship is paid off one day and recommissioned the next. This is when the ship is in good condition and is a particularly serviceable one for that part of the world wherein she may happen to be stationed.

There was a twenty-one-gun corvette on the West Coast of Africa named the Rattlesnake that was recommissioned—I should be afraid to say how often—without returning to England.

She was lying at anchor off Sierra Leone when I paid my first visit to that place, under the command of Commodore Wilmot. He was somewhat laughed at for many of the peculiarities in his way of carrying on duty; but as he who laughs last laughs best, he certainly had the advantage, for although his ship was the largest, it was also the healthiest on the West Coast. His idea was that in a malarious country like that men required occupation and amusement, and he carried out his idea to the full.

I had the pleasure of seeing one of his favourite "fads," as they used to be called, the first evening of our meeting. It was during the first watch, and we were down below, when a cry on deck caused us all to scamper up. And well worth oar while we found it.

The Rattlesnake had manned her yards and rigging, and the seamen wore letting off blue lights, rockets, etc., from all parts, illu-

minating the delicate tracery of the rigging, and outdoing the finest exhibition of fireworks possible.

She had gone through the hands of innumerable first-lieutenants, who had each tried to outdo his predecessor in the way of ornamentation, and I must confess I have never seen any yacht that could compare to her quarter-deck.

Precious woods are cheap out there, and we have plenty of good taste in the Navy; so, what with the ivory-white deck and gratings, and Tonbridge ware mixture of ebony, satin-wood, etc., mingled with the bright brass-work, our readers may imagine that it was a sight worth looking at.

It is usually the custom for the ship that is going to take the old one's position on the station to come out and relieve her predecessor, and then is the time to hear the men hurrah as the new-comer enters the harbour and swings round to her anchor.

There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we can remember one exceptionally miserable homeward-bound voyage. We were in one of the old-fashioned frigates that had been altered and done up, until nearly as much money had been spent upon her as would have purchased a new one. One of the best men in the ship was Will Emery; every one liked him, and he was a sharp, smart man, that knew his work and always did it.

We were on the North American and West Indian station, and one day he informed the midshipman to whose boat he belonged that he had made arrangements for his wife and two little ones to join him at Halifax.

That being our headquarters, he knew that he should have more opportunity of seeing his better half, and his time being out in another two years, he anticipated being able to settle down out there.

But alas for poor Will! On the following day the mail came in, and with her our orders to return home, as it was considered necessary that our noble craft should be surveyed out of the service.

Will nearly went mad. For he anticipated that his wife would arrive at Halifax about the same day he would anchor at Spithead. At the same time there was nothing to be done but grin and bear it. Everybody except himself was glad enough to be homeward bound, while every thought of it was agony to Will.

At last we were to sail in two days, when one evening Will Emery was reported missing. I doubt there was hardly a man in the ship, from the captain down to the master-at-arms, but felt at heart glad that he had got off all right.

"Of course I must make a report of it," said the captain, but he took twice as long, I know, to do it as was necessary.

The following day passed, and then in the forenoon we weighed anchor, set all plain

sail, and, saluting the admiral, were about to run out of harbour.

Suddenly the signal middy adjusted his glass, muttering, "Hallo! what's the meaning of this? Hum! hum! hum! *Return to your anchorage. Furl sail. Anchor.*"

The answering pennant was hoisted, and in a state of startled amazement we obeyed the admiral's order. The anchor had scarcely disappeared from sight when a launch with half a dozen of marines and poor Will Emery in irons came alongside.

He had been found out and given up ashore, and the admiral (I won't mention his name) said that it was necessary to make an example, and he should try Will by court-martial. There were two or three cockroach-traps, *alias* gunboats, in harbour, so there were plenty of officers, and when the day arrived Will had a full court.

They did not take long over it. Will pleaded guilty, and showed his characters, every one "Very good," and threw himself on the mercy of the court.

He might as well have thrown himself on the mercy of the sharks in Port Royal Harbour. Verdict—Guilty. Sentence—Four dozen.

It had to be done, although I know our captain humbled himself to ask to have it remitted, but it was useless. Poor Will took the whole forty-eight lashes without a sound or a flinch. But he was never the same man afterwards. It killed him as surely as any poison will kill, and when we entered the Channel he had been given up.

That was a funny homeward-bound cruise. No larking or joking. Nobody had the heart to be merry, with that poor fellow dying down below.

We rounded the Wight, and I was mid of the watch when we anchored at Spithead. We were soon surrounded by boats, and the captain gave the order that no one was to come on board.

Presently the corporal of the gangway came and half-whispered to me,

"Poor Will's wife is in a beat at the gangway, sir."

I reported it, and the captain at once gave permission for her to come on board.

I heard her prattling to the old corporal as he took her down below:

"Will will be so pleased that I waited for him, because, don't you see? I happened to hear through a friend that you were a-coming home."

A few minutes elapsed, and then there arose a shriek. It sounded all through the ship, and for months it echoed in my ears.

It was the shriek of death, and two loving, truthful hearts mingled together and flew aloft to the quarter-deck of the Almighty Admiral, who, although He is just, is also merciful.

(THE END.)

## HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

## PART III.

**W**ITH me, Carson and truth mean the same thing. He is always the same—gallant and disinterested. He is kind-hearted, and averse to all quarrelsome and turbulent scenes, and has never engaged in any mere personal broils or encounters except

on one single occasion, which he sometimes modestly describes to his friends."

So wrote General Fremont, referring to a hand-to-hand encounter which Kit had with a certain bully named Shunan. It took place on horseback, and Kit luckily shattered his

enemy's forearm with a pistol-shot as the rifle-trigger pulled, and thus, instead of meeting his death, escaped with his face burnt with the powder and the top of his head grazed with the bullet—for the shot was fired not a yard away from him.

Previous to this, however, Kit had been through his battle with the Blackfeet. One

the snow. He came upon the Indians after a fifty-miles ride; a parley ensued, and Kit

treachery. Carson demanded the horses, and promised if they were given up that he would



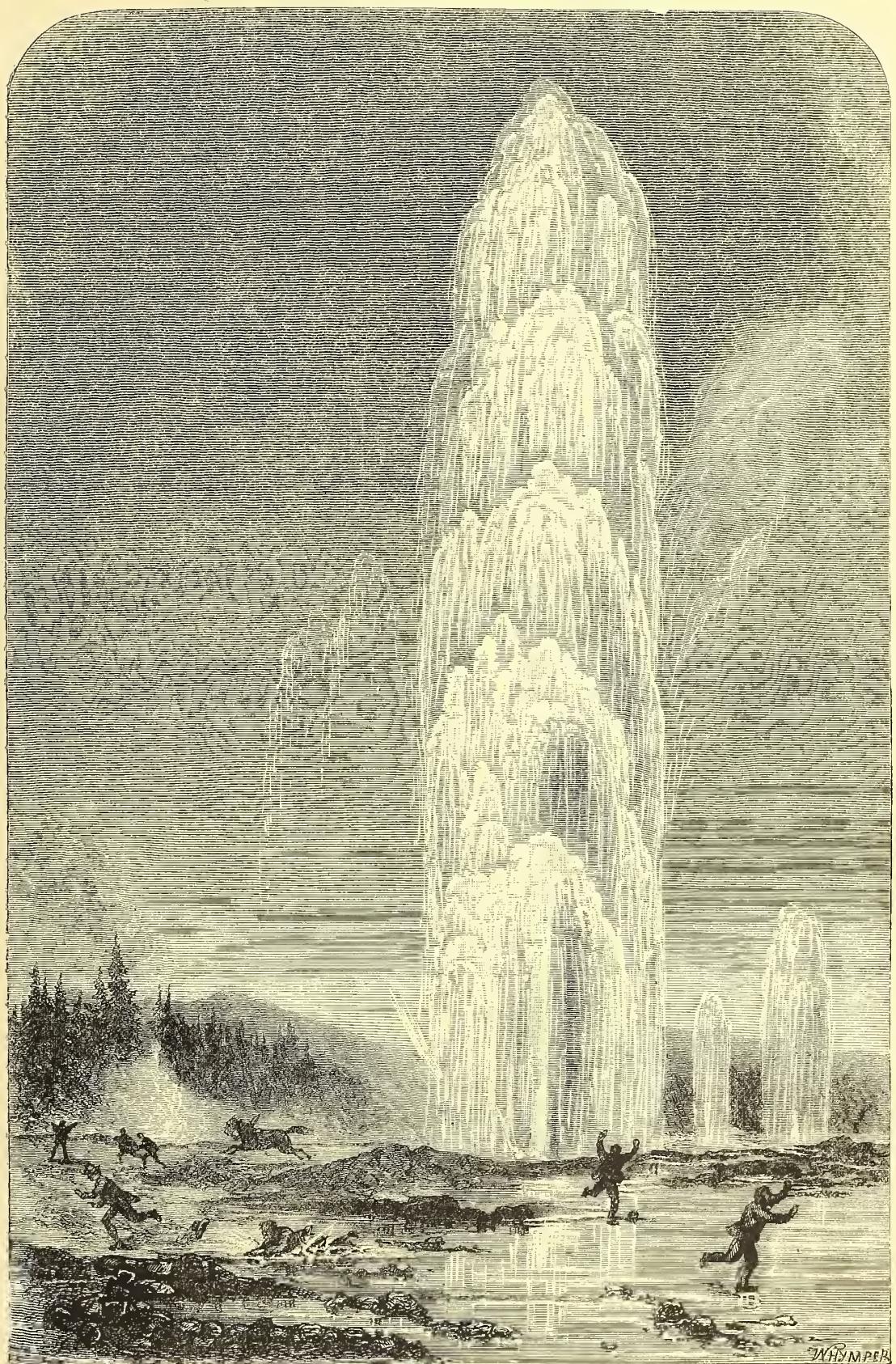
A Halt in the Clearing.

night, when on the Big Snake, eighteen of | and his men walked into the camp and sat | return quietly and do no damage. Only five



The Camp of the Blackfeet.

the horses were stolen, and with eleven of his | round the fire and smoked the pipe of peace | of the horses were offered, and these were the | companions he went off in pursuit through | with the chiefs, who thus agreed to use no | poorest of the lot, and the negotiations were



The Giantess Geyser of the Yellowstone.

W.H. MAYER

broken off. The trappers retired from the camp, the redskins rushed to their guns, and after a few minutes' interval the fight in the forest began.

At first the Indians were driven back, but Carson, catching sight of one of their men taking deliberate aim at Markhead, risked his own safety to save his friend. He shot the Indian dead, but was himself shot in the shoulder by another savage, who had been watching him for some time. With Kit's fall the chance of the trappers went down to zero, and though they kept the foe at bay till nightfall, they had to clear off in the dark and carry their wounded with them. Soon, however, they returned, reinforced, and found that the Blackfeet had disappeared.

Carson's wound did not take long to heal, and then, after the fight with Shunan already alluded to, he joined in a trapping expedition to Fort Hall. Great were the perils of the journey; so pressed at times were the party for food that they only saved themselves from starving by bleeding their mules and drinking the warm blood, it being impossible for them to kill them with any hope of escaping from the wilderness.

They reached Fort Hall, and a few months afterwards the Blackfeet began their old tricks, and in a night foray rode off with all the horses without the loss of a single man killed or wounded. After a season on the Yellowstone, Carson returned to the upper waters of the Missouri to lead the expedition which the trappers had organised against the thieves. The Blackfeet were then a great nation, numbering some thirty thousand in all, so that the undertaking was no light one. At the head of a hundred picked backwoods-men, Kit marched off to their chief village. After reconnoitring the position with five companions, he divided his party, taking forty-three to do the fighting, and leaving the rest behind as a camp guard and reserve under Fontenelle.

The arms of the Blackfeet were mainly bows and arrows, and there were very few who had guns, so that the odds were not as great as might at first appear. The battle raged fiercely for hours in the woods, and the trappers had nearly exhausted their ammunition, when the Indians, fancying their chance had come, waited till most of the rifles had spoken, and, with one united charge, rushed on their enemies. The trappers were too quick for them, and the deadly rifles cracked out, each claiming its victim; but the Blackfeet, uncheckered, came on to conquer, hand-to-hand. Suddenly, to their consternation, the revolvers, until then unknown to them, gave forth their fatal message, and, broken and disheartened, the Indians staggered back.

And then Fontenelle brought up the reserve, and in a long line the hundred dismounted trappers came cheering through the woods, Indian fashion—from tree to tree, from rock to rock, from cover to cover, every moment closing up with their desperate foes. Never was there a more determined battle in the bush. Often a trapper would be on one side of a rock and an Indian on the other, each watching for the other's life, neither leaving the shelter but to die. For an hour or more the long series of man-to-man fights went on; as one Indian was disposed of another would spring into his place, and from tree to rock and rock to tree, with the path bespattered with blood, the victorious backwoods-men slowly fought their way. At last there came a piece of open ground, and with a cheer the white men charged straight on to the remnant that was left, and with a wild yell of defiance the Blackfeet scattered and fled. Three of the trappers were killed and many were wounded; but of the Indians the corpses were lying about in scores, so tough had been the struggle and so sudden the final collapse.

Even after this desperate affair the Blackfeet could bring five thousand warriors into the field, and other battles had to be fought

before their strength was broken. All, however, were of the same class, all with the same incidents and the same ending. The bows and arrows stood no chance against the deadly rifle and revolver in the hands of men who never threw away a shot or went a handsbreadth from their mark. Terrible as Carson made himself to the Blackfeet, he was the staunch friend of the Crows and Flatheads—and, indeed, with most of the Indian nations, all of whose languages he knew.

With the Blackfeet War his career as a trapper closed. Silk hats came into fashion, beaverskin went out; and the six hundred men then employed in beaver capture among the streams of the Rockies found their occupation almost gone. Kit was shrewd enough to see that trapping was a thing of the past, and on the huntership to Fort Bent being offered to him he gladly accepted it.

Here he stayed from 1834 to 1842, his duties being to provide meat for fifty men by the spoils of his gun. Day after day during those eight years was he out in the woods, and it is said that he never failed in the supply or had a cross word with those that employed him. A delightful duty it would seem to be! Eight long years of constant necessary sport amongst elk and buffalo, deer and antelope, and smaller game, roaming over mountain and prairie from sunrise to sunset, welcome everywhere alike in the hut of the white man and the wigwam of the Arapahoe, the Cheyenne, the Kioway, and the Comanche!

During this period it was that he became so well known and respected throughout the west for having brought about the peace between the Sioux and the Comanches; and it was then that he won the heart of his Indian wife.

And here we may as well give place to Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the sierras," and let him tell in his own perfect way the story of

#### KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so. But he's blind as a badger. Whoa! Paché, boy, whoa! No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes, But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise— We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover, That spread on the ground like a great brown cover, Northward and southward and west and away To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay, One broad and unbroken sea of brown, Awaiting the curtains of night to come down To cover us over and conceal our flight With my brown bride, won from an Indian town That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lay low in the grass as the broad plain levels, Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.

"Forty full miles if a foot to ride, Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils Of red Comanches are hot on the track When once they strike it. Let the sun go down Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels, As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back, Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around, And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground, Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride, While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud, His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud, And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed: "Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed, And speed you if ever for life you would speed, And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride— For the plaiu is afame, the prairie on fire; And feet of wild horses hard flying before I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore, While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea, Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three, As a hurricane comes, crushing pangs in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein, Threw them on, siuched them on, sinched them over again, And again drew the girth, cast aside the machier, Cut away tapidaro, loosed the sash from its fold, Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold; And gold mounted Colt's—true companions for years— Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath, And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,

As bare as when born, as when new from the hand Of God, without word, or one word of command, Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death— Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the air Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course; Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky, Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea, Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free, And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall, Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain So steady and still, leaning low to the mane, With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein, Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose, Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,

Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed scarce a prayer!

There was work to be done, there was death in the air, And the chance was as one to a thousand for all. Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang,

And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck. Twenty miles! Thirty miles! a dim distant speck . . . Then a long-reaching line, and the Brazos in sight, And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight. I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right, But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire. To right and to left the black buffalo came, In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair, With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher. And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull, The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire Of battle, with rage and with bellows loud And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire, While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane

Like black lanes lifted and lifted again; And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs; And up through the thick blowing veil of her hair Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes With a longing and love, yet a look of despair, And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her, And flames reaching far, for her glorious hair. Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead. Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see, Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down In a race where the world came to run for the crown; And so when I won the true heart of my bride— My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child, And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe— She brought me this steed to the border the night She met Revels and me in her perilous flight From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side, And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled, As if jesting, that I, and I only should ride The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue I should surely escape without other ado Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side, And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon And swift she would join me, and all would be well, Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she fell From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire, The last that I saw was a look of delight That I should escape—a love—a desire— Yet never a word, not a look of appeal, Least I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel. One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under, And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—

Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over  
As the passionate flame reached around them and  
wove her  
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—  
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,  
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.  
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—  
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,  
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.  
Then just as the terrible sea came in  
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,  
Till the tide blocked up, and the swift stream brimmed  
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell blind Pachè?—blind Pachè? Now, mister, look here,  
You have slept in my tent, and partook of my cheer  
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,  
For the ways they were rough and Comanches were near;  
But you'd better pack up! And take care of your skin!  
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.  
Do you men that make books think an old mountaineer  
On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?  
Sell Pachè! You buy him! A bag full of gold!  
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told:  
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!  
Now pack up your papers and git up and spin,  
And never look back. Now git off with your tiu!

Alas! that it should be so! Like the somewhat similar "Good News from Ghent" of Mr. Robert Browning, the incident in this glorious ballad has no foundation in fact. Kit did win an Indian girl for his bride, but she lived to present him with a daughter. And with regard to his horse Pachè or Apahe, he lived to be the hero of many a longer run than that of this wild rush from fire and the Comanches.

(To be concluded.)

## COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

BY E. W. THOMSON,

*Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.*

### CHAPTER IV.

"BRYAN is keeping fashionable hours," said Lieutenant Marhaus at breakfast next morning. "Such trout as these, such venison-steak—how fat it is, colonel!—by the powers! the corporal's cooking might have tempted him up to breakfast."

Colonel Pellinore rose, stepped to the door of the room, and cried,

"Bryan!"

His voice rolled along the unplastered rafters and shattered through the house.

"Bryan, you sluggard!" roared the colonel again.

"Faith, he's one of the seven sleepers," said Marhaus, laughing. "Yet I'd like to shake hands with him before I go."

The colonel went out of the room and upstairs.

Outside, the squad of soldiers in huge grey overcoats had stacked arms, and with full-fed enjoyment were drawing at their short cutty pipes while stamping round on the snow in the sparkling morning. Baptiste Larocque, the *habitant* driver, had left his pony harnessed to the *traîneau* before the magazine, and returned to the kitchen determined to eat to the last. Corporal Cram stood ministering to the Frenchman, hospitably bent on subduing his unexampled appetite.

"Merci, merci, monsieur!" said Baptiste, pretending a negative as the corporal placed on his plate another fat steak of a couple of pounds.

"Mercy, ye heathen, is it!" answered the corporal. "Mercy! never till ye surrender! The likes of ye shall never g'out of Colonel Pellinore's house saying that he couldn't get his fill of victuals. What's a steak or so? Eat, Johnny Crapaud, eat, I say!" an admonition which Baptiste did not seem to need.

"Bryan is not in his room," said the colonel, on his return, looking much puzzled. "There is something singular, too, about his absence. His father's sword and pistols have likewise disappeared. Where can the boy have gone? Corporal Cram!" he shouted.

"Here!" answered the corporal, running in and drawing himself up as if on parade.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Bryan this morning?"

"Not a hair, your honour!"

"See, then, if he is about the stables. Tell him Mr. Marhaus is about to march."

"Nor is there much time to spare

either," said the lieutenant, bustling into his overcoat. "I must make the Rouge River before noon, colonel. If Bryan don't turn up before I get away, tell him he owes me an apology, and that I'll expect him to pay it on my way back in a fortnight or so. Don't, though," continued the lieutenant, laughing, "or he might insist on giving me satisfaction instead."

As the colonel and his guest appeared outdoors, Sergeant Bors cried, "Fall in!" and the soldiers, seizing their pieces, placed themselves in file. Baptiste came running out, still at work on his last mouthful, and rubbing the back of his hand across his greasy lips with a satisfied gesture. The colonel and lieutenant advanced toward the magazine, till Corporal Cram, running excitedly from the stables, stopped them midway.

"Your honour!" said he, saluting, "the bay mare is gone."

"Gone! The bay mare!" cried the colonel.

"Harnessed! The red *cariole* gone too!"

"Strange!" said the colonel; "I never knew Bryan freakish before. Did you part with him on good terms last night, Marhaus? I heard you laughing most amicably after I retired."

"On the best of good terms, colonel," said the lieutenant.

"Strange!" exclaimed the colonel again. "What can have possessed the boy?"

As he spoke he inserted the great key in the magazine door and turned it in the lock. Sergeant Bors pushed the creaking door open and entered.

"You may meet him on the road, Marhaus," said the colonel; "and if—" He stopped short at the exclamation of Sergeant Bors.

"The keg is gone!" cried he.

"Gone!" said all together.

The colonel and lieutenant strode into the magazine.

"Is it the keg of gold?" said Corporal Cram, entering too.

"Yes; it's gone," said Bors, "and the young gentleman gone too," he added, significantly.

"Silence!" cried the corporal, threateningly, "don't ye dare to couple those two things together."

The colonel and lieutenant stared into each other's faces. There was deep pity in the expression of the younger man.

"It's a mistake, Marhaus," said the

colonel, hoarsely. "Not a word. Come with me into the house. Give me your arm; I am faint."

"It's a mistake," repeated the colonel as he sank into a chair. "Bryan will be back soon; I'll stake my life on it. You will wait quietly awhile, Marhaus?"

"Certainly! certainly!" answered he. "It's only camping at the *Rouge* to-night instead of the next river."

"Perhaps not. Bryan will be back very soon," said the colonel.

"But where can the money be, then?" asked Marhaus.

"You suspect him, Marhaus!" exclaimed the colonel, angrily. "I will answer for his honour with mine. Lieutenant Marhaus, I demand an apology," he went on fiercely.

"If he returns voluntarily I will give it," added the lieutenant, stiffly.

But Bryan did not return. They sat together silently for an hour, for two hours, for three. Then the old colonel disappeared into his office. Soon he called Corporal Cram to his aid, and a sound of knocking and mending came from the room. Half an hour afterwards the corporal rolled a heavy keg into the hallway.

"Here is your gold, Mr. Marhaus," said the pale colonel, as the corporal retired. "I am getting old and forgetful. 'Twas I who brought it in and housed it overnight."

The lieutenant saluted his superior officer reverentially.

"I must apologise for your detention through my forgetfulness," went on the old colonel.

"Luncheon is ready, your honours," said Corporal Cram, re-entering. "Mr. Bryan will likely be back before it's over," he added, miserably.

The two officers sat in silence through the meal; at its conclusion Marhaus went to the door and called Sergeant Bors.

"Send a file of men here," he said. "We had forgotten that the keg was brought into the house last night. Sergeant, carry it to the *traînneau*, and march instantly. I will overtake you," he concluded.

"No other story, colonel, shall be known," said the lieutenant, turning to the veteran as the men retired, and holding out his hand.

The colonel sank into a chair and let his head fall on his breast.

"Tristram's boy! Tristram's boy!"

he murmured. "Tis impossible! Dishonoured! No! Tis impossible!"

"God bless and keep you, colonel," said Marhaus, much moved by his senior's distress. "I wish you would take my hand."

The old colonel lifted his head and gazed into the lieutenant's eyes. Then he held out his hand.

"I would stake my life on Bryan's honour, Marhaus," he said.

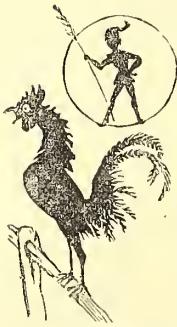
"Mr. Bryan!" exclaimed the corporal;

"I'd like to see the non-commissioned officer that would point at him."

They were the last words that Marhaus heard as he strode away.

(To be continued.)

### FISHING IN FOREIGN WATERS.\*



In several occasions we have referred to the skill and bravery displayed by the islanders of the Pacific in the capture of the various fish which throng the waters which wash their coasts. For instance, we have spoken of the courage shown by the Fijians in attacking the shark in its own element, and placing a noose around its body as it takes its after-dinner nap at the bottom of the clear water.

The Fijians do not, however, see the necessity of exposing themselves to danger unless such a course is absolutely requisite, and they have a method of capturing the voracious tiger of the deep after a fashion which at the first glance strikes one as altogether ridiculous and certain to fail. Nevertheless, we have the best of authority for stating that it does not fail, and that it is constantly adopted in order to procure the right royal addition to his cuisine which the strong-stomached South Sea Islander finds in shark meat.

All that the aforesaid Islander does is to procure a large log, which he then chops and chips until it bears a rough resemblance to a canoe. He next fastens a rope securely round the middle, makes a slip-noose in its free end, paddles out some little distance, and sets the log afloat in the water; after which he returns to shore, leaving the shark to do the rest of the business.

And it is an extraordinary fact that before long some hungry white shark, on the lookout for prey, will discover the log, and by some means or another will entangle his head in the noose and remain there a helpless prisoner, prevented from drowning by the buoyant log until it suits his captors to come off from the shore, and after chasing the bewildered animal until he is exhausted, to beat him about the head with their heavy clubs till the breath leaves his body and he is dragged ashore in triumph.

Leeches at one time held a very important place in the pharmacopœia of the European medical practitioner, but, like the adoption of bleeding, which was insisted upon even to excess during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present, the practice of applying leeches to the human body on all and every opportunity has fallen almost entirely into desuetude.

To procure leeches at the time of which we are speaking the ponds of France and Hungary, Poland and the Ukraine, Turkey, Wallachia, Russia, Egypt, Algeria, and other parts were periodically ransacked, and in 1846 it is computed that no less than 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 were used in France alone. But, as we have said, the use of the leech in surgery is rapidly dying out, and where hundred were required in former days but one or two would be needed now.

On the leech farms of France it was the practice to drive old and worn-out horses and cows into the water in order that the leeches might thrive and fatten at their unfortunate expense. The same plan was also sometimes adopted for gathering the contents of the ponds, the creatures being picked off by hand

when they were full of the blood of their victims

In some parts, however, a different plan is adopted. Either the cattle are not to be obtained for the purpose or are considered too valuable, and the bipeds who rear the leeches have therefore to make use of themselves in a somewhat similar manner.

A writer in the "Journal des Hôpitaux" of about fifty years since says that the country about Brienne is perhaps the most uninteresting in France; the people are miserable-looking, the cattle wretched, the fish just as bad, but the leeches are admirable. If ever you pass through Brienne you will see a man, pale and straight-haired, with a woolly cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked. He creeps along the borders of a marsh among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters, but particularly whenever the vegetation seems to preserve the subjacent soil undisturbed; this man is a leech-fisher.

To see him from a distance, his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures, you would take him for a patient who had left his sick-bed in a fit of delirium. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs and examining them one after the other you might suppose him to be a fool, but he is an intelligent leech-fisher.

The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves among their haunts; he feels their presence from their bites, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and seaweed, or beneath the stones covered with green and glutinous moss. Some repose on the mud, whilst others swim about, but so slowly that they are easily gathered with the hands. In a favourable season it is possible in the course of three or four hours to stow ten or twelve dozen of them in the little bag which the gatherer carries on his shoulder.

Sometimes the leech-fisher is to be seen armed with a kind of spear or harpoon. With this he deposits pieces of decayed animal matter in places frequented by the leeches. They soon gather round the prey, and are presently themselves gathered into a little vessel half full of water. This is the leech fishery as it is carried on in the spring.

In summer, however, the fisher has a much more unpleasant time of it. Then the leeches retire into the deep water, and the fishers have to strip themselves to the skin and walk immersed in the water to their chins. Some of them construct little rafts of twigs and rushes, but the weeds and aquatic plants make it difficult to propel them through the water.

At this season, too, the supply in the pools is scanty; the fisher can only take the few that swim within his reach, or those that get entangled in the structure of the raft.

It is a horrid trade in whatever way it is carried on. The leech-gatherer is constantly more or less in the water, breathing fog and mist or fetid vapours from the marsh; he is often attacked with ague, rheumatism, or half a dozen other diseases induced by the miasmatic exhalations. But the trade was at that time lucrative, and gave employment to a very large number of persons.

The leech may certainly lay claim to being a creature out of the common run. To wit, one meal lasts him a whole year, and he, together with his companions, may become frozen into a solid mass, and may yet be

thawed into life again. Indeed, he seems proof against hard usage, for the carriers pack thousands of them together in moist sacks, which they hang behind their horses' saddles, placing on top of them their heavy boots, or anything else of which they may be desirous of disburdening themselves at the time.

We have been referring hitherto to the leech of medicine; but there are, of course, many other kinds of leeches, and all our boys are doubtless acquainted with the horse-leech of English pond life. Unprepossessing as this creature may appear to the eye, it is, however, harmless to anything above the grade of an earthworm, for which humble creature it betrays a particular, not to say a greedy, predilection.

Some lands are, however, favoured with the presence of leeches whose room is much preferred to their company. For instance, in parts of Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Chili, and other places land leeches abound, and the ground looks like a huge pincushion, the pins being represented by the leeches, whose black bodies protrude from the soil in all sorts of attitudes, their tails just keeping them safe in their holes whilst they are on the look-out for any warm-blooded animal coming in their direction.

They are only an inch long, and as fine as a common knitting-needle; but woe be to the unlucky traveller whom they favour with their advances, for when fixed upon him they can distend themselves to the thickness of a quill and a length of nearly two inches; and as they are all stomach the consequences may be faintly imagined.

In their ordinary condition they can insinuate themselves through the mesh of the finest stocking, and the coffee planters are obliged to wear specially woven "leech-gaiters" for protection.

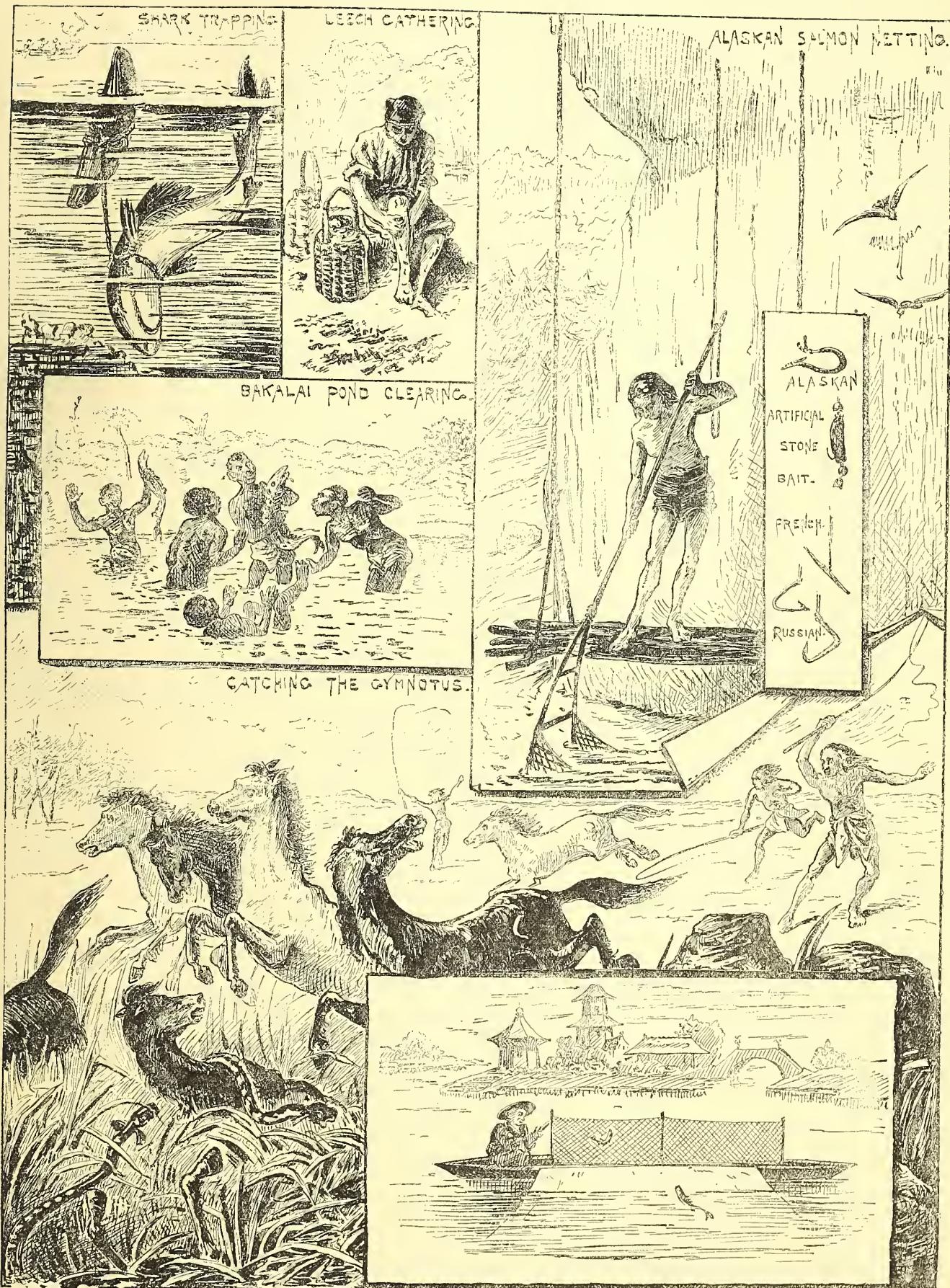
Horses are driven wild by them, and stamp the ground in fury to shake them from their fetlocks, to which they hang in tassels of blood, and the bare legs of the palanquin-bearers are adorned with clusters of them, like bunches of grapes. Men compelled to spend several days at a time where they abound have often lost their lives through the attacks of these terrible pests.

There is a vast tract of barren half-frozen country at the extreme north-west of the continent of North America, formerly belonging to the Russians, but purchased from them some years since—for what reason it is difficult to define—by the United States. Corn and other cereals will not ripen there, and vegetables cannot be made to thrive.

Owing to the rigour of the climate and the arduous nature of the work, the trapping of animals is left by the few settlers for the most part to the Indians, who, to their credit be it said, are very ingenious in this respect.

The rivers abound with salmon, and in our illustration we have an Indian engaged in catching these valuable fish. He has, with the assistance of his squaw, lowered himself from top of the cliff upon the platform he has manufactured, and, standing just at a sharp bend of the rushing river, he intercepts with his cleverly-made net such of the salmon as, fatigued by their efforts to ascend the stream, have not strength sufficient to avoid the snare set for them. The scantiness of his costume may excite astonishment, but these Indians are very like the Highlander of bygone times who laid himself down naked in the snow to sleep, explaining to a bystander who thought

\* See also B. O. P., Vol. v., page 819.



Curiosities of Fishing.

it a somewhat extraordinary proceeding that he was "all face."

The Alaskan is particularly clever in the manufacture of hooks exactly fitted for the purpose he has in view. For instance, he is great in the capture of the halibut, and to effect this object the more readily he uses the hook represented in the engraving. To this the line is attached in a peculiar manner, so that when the bait is placed on it the hook hangs as shown directly in a line with the mouth of the fish, and the tempting morsel, together with the deadly barb, finds an easy entrance into the creature's gullet.

Immediately below the Alaskan hook in the illustration is an artificial stone bait used by certain savages in remote times, which is very remarkable for the ingenuity with which it is manufactured.

It consists of a piece of red quartzite pebble of great hardness, about an inch and three-quarters in length and weighing about an ounce and a half. A small hook is hidden within it, and the whole arrangement is so clever that it might be successfully used by a fisherman of the present day, hundreds of years after it passed out of the possession of its original owner.

Next is seen a needle suspended by the middle and sharpened at both ends. This is used with considerable success in many parts of France in place of a hook, and might furnish a hint to our youthful anglers.

The North Russian hook in the drawing is constituted very much on the principle of the Alaskan halibut hook. It will be at once seen that when the hook is seized by a fish, and the angler pulls upon the line, the point of the barb and the line are almost in one and the same direction. Hooks for deep-sea fishing have been made on this principle, and have been found to answer admirably.

The aborigines of some parts still use hooks made of thorns, and on the coast of France they are in great favour with many fishermen, as they are said to possess the recommendation of not fouling the bottom, and they certainly have the advantage of costing nothing.

One of the most important of the tribes of Equatorial Africa is the Bakalai, which—a very curious fact for negroes—has colonised the whole of the surrounding country, extending its settlements north, south, east, and west.

Like many of the darker-skinneed races of humanity, these negroes never consider it necessary to wash themselves, although they select whenever possible the banks of rivers for their settlements, and can swim like ducks. This is the only chance their bodies get of cleansing from the oil with which they delight to cover themselves, for when away from the river water is never used for the purpose for which we in England consider it of the first importance.

They live principally upon cassava or manioc, which is allowed to ferment until it becomes sour, and is very unpleasant to the palate of any but a Bakalai. Indeed, after

a long course the natives themselves get a fierce craving for animal food—a craving, in fact, amounting to a disease—known by the name of gonamba. Attacked by this, they behave like wild beasts at the sight of meat, devouring it with horrible voracity.

This disease also overcomes Europeans who are travellers in their country, and M. Du Chaillu at times suffered very seriously from the "real and frightful torture," as he terms it, which ensues.

Under these circumstances the Bakalai make the best use of the ponds and rivers of the district, and some such scene as that represented in our illustration is one of everyday occurrence in the dry season.

At such times, when the water has receded from the banks of the river, leaving pools here and there extensively stocked with fish who have been driven into closer and closer contact as the water has decreased in volume, the Bakalai, bringing all their forces, both of men, women, and children, to bear upon the proceeding, wade into the pools armed with pots, bowls, gourds, or anything else that will hold water, and bale away with energy until the pool is sufficiently shallow to permit the agile fishermen to capture the struggling prey, who are then cooked and eaten with great gusto on the spot, the overplus being taken away for smoking and preserving for future banquets.

These heathen, supported by no such hope as animates those who are enlightened by the belief which animates the Christian, look upon death with most extraordinary terror, driving away from their villages the old and infirm that they may perish at a distance from their dwellings. Should a death occur in one of the villages the inhabitants at once remove their houses and everything else from the spot, migrating to some other place not, as they think, thus polluted.

All of our readers will have heard and read of the gymnotus, or electric eel, and possibly some of them can remember the specimen that was kept in captivity at the Polytechnic some years back, its method of capturing its food by means of the electric power it possessed forming a staple attraction at the exhibition.

It is a native of tropical South America, and Humboldt has given the most interesting details of the method adopted for its capture by the Indians of Guiana.

The Indians conducted him to a reservoir of miry and stagnant water surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, and proceeded to catch about thirty half-wild horses. It must be remembered that horses in that part of the globe are almost "as plentiful as blackberries," and, as a modern writer on natural history well known to these pages\* has remarked, of about the same value as are pigeons in this country.

Having secured the unfortunate horses, the Indians with loud cries drove them through and through the pond, whilst the eels,

stunned and confused by the noise of the bipeds and the plunging of the quadrupeds, laid themselves along the bellies of the latter, discharging again and again the electric fluid which is their only instrument of attack and defence.

For a long time it appeared as if the eels would gain the victory, as horse after horse sank exhausted into the muddy waters, and every exertion was required on the part of the Indians to prevent the affrighted horses from scrambling on to the borders of the pond.

However, the repeated shocks given by the eels appeared rapidly to exhaust their stores of electricity, and after a quarter of an hour the horses were less affrighted, their manes no longer bristled, nor were their eyes expressive of fear and suffering. And now the eels, conscious of their loss of power, no longer darted fearlessly upon the animals, but rather endeavoured to escape from them by swimming to the shore. Then the Indians rushed in and secured the reptiles, which are held by them in high estimation as food.

A very curious method of catching fish is that adopted by the Chinese, and observed by Mr. Fortune on his way down the Lun-ke river. The practice appears to be confined pretty much to this particular stream, or, at all events, to be by no means universal throughout the Flower Land, for Mr. Fortune's boatmen and servants regarded it with quite as much curiosity as was evinced by the traveller himself, and did not refrain from noisily expressing their delight whenever a fish was caught, much to the disgust of the fishermen, who earnestly begged that they would moderate their transports.

The method adopted, then, is as follows. The Chinese go out by night in long and narrow boats, specially made for the purpose. On one side of the boat is stretched vertically a net, whilst from the opposite gunwale extends a piece of white canvas, which dips towards the water at an angle of from thirty to forty degrees.

The fisherman sits in the stern of the boat and so arranges his seat as to cause the canvas to dip slightly beneath the surface of the water. Meanwhile he slowly propels the boat through the water by means of a short paddle worked on the opposite side from the canvas.

Arrived at the fishing ground he remains perfectly motionless and silent, and presently there is a splash in the water, and hey! presto! a fish has jumped over the boat into the vertical net, from which he is thrown back into the little craft to floundor helplessly at the bottom until the enforced absence from his native element puts a period to his existence.

Mr. Fortune conjectures that the white canvas, which dips like a painted board into the water, has the effect of attracting and decoying the fish in some peculiar manner and of causing them to leap over it. He watched the fishermen for upwards of an hour, and then bought some of the fish for supper.

\* The Rev. J. G. Wood.

### THREE SCENES IN A GREAT MAN'S LIFE.

BY W. HAIG MILLER.

I.

**W**E must ask our readers to accompany us to the Cathedral City of Lichfield as it was some hundred and fifty years ago.

Here in one of its old-fashioned streets is a bookseller's shop. Let us step inside. There is nothing very particular to notice about the owner of it, a middle-aged respectable-looking man, except that he seems dressed as if about to take a journey. In front of him is a youth whose face is full of character. He may be about sixteen years of age; his features are

strongly marked with smallpox, and twitch about in an unpleasant, convulsive way. There is great decision about him, however, and he looks as if he would have that thing which is so dangerous when not rightly guided—a will of his own.

Yet, in spite of its present sullen look, the face is, we should say, on the whole a good-humoured one, and the lad is also one we should like if we knew him better. His schoolfellows, at all events, we are told esteemed him so much that three of them came

every morning and carried him in a sort of triumphal procession to school—one on his back, the other two supporting him. Young as he is, he is a great student, and will read books whenever he has an opportunity, but they must be what he calls "manly" books. On one occasion, having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples, but the large folio proved to be a work written by one of the restorers of

learning, Petrarch ; he sat down with avidity and read a great part of the book. Thus he is always gathering knowledge.

On the present occasion, however, the youth is in as sad a position as youth can well be. *He is in the act of disobeying his parent!* The latter has another place of business in the town of Uttoxeter, to which he is going to take for sale some of his literary wares. Food for the mind was not so much in demand then as now. There was no BOY'S OWN PAPER. He is glad, therefore, to push his trade not only in Lichfield, but by going to neighbouring places such as Uttoxeter. He has asked this morning his son to accompany him there, and he refuses to do so. He has done that most wrong thing, disobeyed his parent. Foolish youth! He little thinks what a stab this act gives his affectionate father, and what a crop of future regret he is sowing by it for himself.

## II.

Many years have passed away since that scene in Lichfield. Now we are in London, and again among books. It is a large and magnificent library, in a noble apartment, with cases filled with richly-bound volumes.

Before us stand again two figures. One of them has an air of superiority, and is richly dressed, with a diamond star on his breast. It is the monarch of the Great Britain of that day, George the Third. He is conversing with another person who stands before him in a manly but very respectful attitude. That person is Doctor Samuel Johnson. He is the boy whom we saw in the previous scene. He has grown up to be a most learned man, and has had to encounter great difficulties, but his perseverance has overcome them all. He has written many works, and in particular he has published a dictionary of the English language in two large folio volumes, a very marvel of ability and patient enduring labour.

The king has had a desire to see him, and is now conversing with him in the royal library. He praises his books, and expresses a wish that he had written more, a great

compliment to come from a king to a subject. Yet Samuel Johnson was in some respects a king too. He was a monarch in the world of literature. Men everywhere honoured him for his great talents, and the good use he made of them, for it is not the least of his merits that he has in his books pleaded for virtue and discountenanced vice and infidelity. Indeed, for the service he has done society by his writings a pension of three hundred pounds a year has been granted him. He stands on the very pinnacle of literary fame, and his name is respected in England, on the Continent, and in America as that of one of the greatest men of his age.

## III.

We have yet a third scene to look at. The place is Uttoxeter Market. We do not see in it the father of Samuel Johnson, whom we saw in the first picture. He has been in his grave for many a long year. But we see his distinguished son again, the same figure that we saw lately conversing with the king.

He is an old man now, bearing the burden of some sixty or seventy years. He is still greatly honoured, however, by his fellow-countrymen. His days of struggle with poverty are long since over, and now he treads a path of ease, having everything to make life comfortable. But what is he doing here? The day is rainy, yet he stands, having his head uncovered, with a look of grave sorrow imprinted on his countenance, and heedless of the people who stand round him wondering at the strange spectacle he presents. After a time he puts on his hat and walks away. What does it all mean?

Well, it means this. Some fifty years or more have passed away since he disobeyed his parent by refusing to accompany him to Uttoxeter Market. In the interval he has become a learned man, a great man, an honoured man. But his memory, amidst all the wonderful knowledge it has gathered, retains one thing that gives him deep pain—the remembrance of that act of disobedience to his father half a century before; and being in the neighbourhood of Uttoxeter, heedless

of the shame and ridicule it might bring, he has gone and expressed in the manner we have now seen his regret for that act committed so long ago. His father was not there to witness his sorrow, but by this action he wishes to express it, and to show to others how great a sin he considers disobedience to parents to be.

This action of the great Dr. Johnson has been so much thought of by those who have studied his life that it is, we believe, the subject of one of the mouldings on the statue erected to his memory at Lichfield. True, it was an eccentric proceeding, and even bordered a little upon the erroneous notion of some followers of the Romish Church, that sins could be atoned for by penance. It was not, however, an action that was needful for the forgiveness by God of the sin of Dr. Johnson's youth. All that was needful for that was for him to confess it to God and get it forgiven for Christ's sake. But what men have been struck by in the action was this—the evidence that it gave of the deep sense entertained by so strong-minded a man as Dr. Johnson of the wickedness of an act of disobedience to parents. No man can say that such disobedience is a little fault, when a man like Johnson felt it was so great a one, and when it pained his memory for so many years.

Sir Walter Scott, his biographer tells us, did not think any the worse of Dr. Johnson for this act at Uttoxeter Market-place. Sir Walter esteemed highly the memory of his own parents, whom he had honoured in their lifetime. After his death, on opening his desk there were found the old-fashioned boxes that had been part of the ornaments of his mother's toilet-table, when he, a sickly child, used to sleep in her dressing-room. There too was the silver inkstand which he had bought for her with the first money he had earned. There also was his father's snuff-box. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones allowed to be in his dressing room. Even his father's rickety wash-hand stand was used by him in preference to more expensive furniture, because it recalled the memory of a loved departed object.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

### V.—Literary Composition.

#### "A Story Needing Words."

**I**N announcing this competition subject (*vide page 284*), we wrote, it may be remembered, as follows :

"For this 'Story Needing Words' we offer Three Prizes of One Guinea and a Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, for the best story founded on the picture. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. In addition to the prizes, handsome 'Certificates of Merit' suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure prizes. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of his own hand and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible."

We are happy to be able to state that a very large number of readers in all parts of the world have taken part in this pleasant literary tourney, and much of the work submitted has been of high promise and excellence. After very careful examination—and the duty, as will be readily understood, is no light one where many thousands of MSS. are concerned—we are able to publish our Award, as follows :—

#### JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 14).

Prize—Half-a-Guinea

WALTER HOGG (aged 12), Montgomery Street, Eagle-sham-by-Glasgow.

Extra Prize—7s 6d.

ARTHUR HERBERT LONG (aged 13), Leopold House, Burdett Road, E. (Dr. Barnardo's Home for Little Boys.)

#### Certificates.

ERNEST RICHARD POLLEY, 3, Stoneleigh Villas, Limes Road, West Croydon.

ARTHUR HERBERT WHITE, Dorset House, East Grinstead, Sussex.

JOSEPH SMITH, 34, Fernbank Road, Pollard Lane, Bradford.

ERNEST F. G. TUCKER, Fairfield, Malvern, Worcestershire.

FRANCIS BURMAN, 20, Bristol Road, Birmingham.

WALTER THOMAS LEFORT, 23, Morval Road, Brixton.

GEORGE HADLEE, High Street, Leyton.

PHILIP STUART DEERING, The Bank, Tipton.

THOMAS OSWALD WOONACOTT, Wadham House, Liskeard.

G. MARSHALL, The Market Place, Blandford, Dorset.

CHARLES NEWBOULD, 40, Netherton Road, Worksop, Notts.

ALBERT EDWARD FELLINGHAM, 31, Market Street, Brighton.

WILLIAM JAMES WEATHERLEY, 18, Court Street, Toronto, Canada.

ALBERT WALTER, 6, Gladstone Cottages, Gladstone Road, Buckhurst Hill.

ALBERT JOHN SIMMS, 2, Sandrock Villa, Southfields Road, Wandsworth.

FRANCIS WALTER THELWALL, Westleigh Vicarage, Bideford, Devon.

CHRISTOPHER EDGAR FIELD, Leopold House, Burdett Road, E. (Dr. Barnardo's Home for Little Boys.)

RONALD E. RUTTER, Head Street, Halstead, Essex.

CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.

WILLIAM DRAIN, 35, Carlton Road, Mile End, E.

M. LA TOUCHE THOMPSON, Aurora P. O., Ontario, Canada.

ERNEST FOX, Melrose, South View, Basingstoke.

REGINALD P. W. MARSLAND, 2, Cumberland Gate, Kew.

ERNEST RIVAZ HUXT, Shermanbury Rectory, near Henfield, Sussex.

JOHN NIX PENTELOW, Cowper's House School, Huntingdon.

PETER HAMILTON STEWART, Sydney Villa, Grove Hill Road, Woodford, Essex.

HAROLD MERRITT STOCK, 16, Westbury Park, Durdham Down, Bristol.

CECIL ERNEST BULLER, Box Cottage, Twickenham (very good for 7½).

## Correspondence.

R. ROWE.—You can make a bichromate battery out of a marmalade jar, two plates of carbon, a plate of zinc, and two strips of thin mahogany. Put the zinc plate in the centre with the mahogany strips, which should be long enough to rest on the jar, at the top of it on each side and against them fix the carbon plates. The battery so made is Wiesendanger's, and you can find it by referring.

CHINEE.—The coin is a quarter anna, and, like the Irish coins, is practically worthless.

FIDDLER JOE.—You can have violin strings sent you by post on enclosing price and postage. Try Withers, St. Martin's Lane, w.c., or any violin-maker you find in the directory. Under no circumstances do we answer by post.

BATH BUN.—1. The eavy is the guinea-pig. Its proper name is *Cavia cobaya*, which you will find in the natural history books. The spotted eavy belongs to another genus—*Cloogenys pacca*. 2. Give the dog a good wash in warm water, with plenty of earolic soap, and rinse him in cold water. 3. Yes. Smoking causes from both east and west.

A. LIVINGSTON.—In most volunteer regiments you have to find your own uniform and pay a subscription; but you should apply for information to the headquarters of the regiments in the neighbourhood.

**DARK CRICKET.**—1. The secretary of a club is the servant of the committee, and must carry out their instructions. 2. All runs made in a match are counted in the average. It matters not if the match is decided only on the first innings, or on an uncompleted innings. 3. We do not recommend particular tradesmen. You can get good bats from Lillywhite, Page, Collett, Wisden, Dark, Daft, Barlow, Shaw, and Shrewsbury, and dozeus more.

**SWALLOW.**—There is no doubt whatever as to swallows migrating. Only the other day, during the last winter, that is, a case occurred which leaves the fact of at least "one swallow going south" undeniable. Last autumn a boot-seller named Meyer, of Ronneburg, tied a waterproof label under the wing of a swallow which had occupied a nest at his house, and had become comparatively familiar. On it he wrote a query in German, to the effect that he wished to know where the swallow would pass the winter. The bird returned to its former nest bearing an exchange label similarly fastened, saying, in German also, "in Florence, at Castellar's house, and I bear many salutations."

**A. S. L.**—1. The first yacht club started in Great Britain was the Royal Yacht Squadron, formed in 1812, but not officially enrolled till 1815. See our article on "Club Flags and Racing Flags." 2. The yacht tonnage of the kingdom is now about 120,000. 3. The Sunbeam is 18ft. over all, and 27ft. 6in. broad; the Wanderer is 183ft. on the water-line, and 29ft. 3in. beam. The water-line measurement of the Sunbeam is 154ft. 9in. The engines of the Sunbeam give 70 horse power nominal, and 10 2 knots; those of the Wanderer give 100 horse-power nominal, and 12 knots.

**ILLAGER.**—1. All astronomical telescopes show the object reversed. You must get what is known as a reversing eyepiece if you want to see the things in the same position as they seem to be to the eye. A shilling book on Light or Optics, such as is obtainable from any educational publisher, will tell you why. Read up the subject of lenses, and note the way in which the rays are bent as they pass through them. 2. In laying leather on wood you should work from one edge and iron outwards and to each side. The gilt edging should be put on afterwards. 3. All in good time. We are glad to hear you gained a prize for the model engine made after our instructions.

**CYDONIA.**—You can get a shilling book on Cork Modelling from Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.; or you will find an article on the object in that very useful book, "Enquire Within."

**C. B. T.**—The finest beech in Britain is in the grounds of Newbattle Abbey, near Dalhousie Station. It is a hundred feet high, a hundred and twenty yards round, and the bole is thirty-three feet in circumference. Close to it is a cypress sixty feet high.

**C. SANDERSON.**—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles were continued in "Waterton's Method of Preserving," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in the August, September, and October parts for 1883.

**L. R. B.**—Apply to the Canadian Government Offices, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

**E. E. JAMES.**—You can consult a suburban directory at the Guildhall Free Library, where nearly all such books of reference are easily obtainable.

**C. R.**—Get "Professional Book-keeping," price two shillings, of Messrs. Wyman and Sons, Great Queen Street, W.C., and read up the subject for yourself.

**AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY and ONE OF MARKHAM'S CREW.**—On page 541, No. 332, Greely's farthest should be long. 40° 46', lat. 83° 24'. Markham's farthest was 83° 20' 28'.

**THE POETS OF THE FUTURE** ask, "Are the poems you get from other boys anything like ours?" Unfortunately in many cases they are! "The Poets of the Future" seem to fancy that verse is another name for nonsense cut up into short lengths. We can not use such verses.

**A. MECHANICAL AMATEUR.**—A metallophone, or even a glass harmonicon, would answer the purpose of a chime of bells for the clock, but you must get the hammers to rebound very smartly. A good toyshop would be the best place to purchase it, but you might get one at a music-seller's. A stroll down the Lowther Arcade in the Strand would show you dozens.

**J. BAGNALL.**—You will find the arms of our principal cities duly given in our third volume. Thanks for your suggestion, but it would be well to consult our indexes before writing again.

**ADMIRAL TCHITCHAGOFF.**—You will find the values of nearly every coin and weight now current in the "Bijou Calculator," published by Warne and Co., price eighteenpence.

**F. JONES.**—1. Wear a small bit of lint between the nail and the flesh, so as to keep them apart. Renew this every morning, and you will soon find that the nail, instead of growing in, will grow out. 2. Learn sufficient Latin to construe our motto.

**MODEL.**—1. In smooth water paddles have more power than a screw. So long as the floats strike at the same depth no power is wasted. 2. Make your boat of wood instead of zinc. 3. Because of the divergent nature of the rays. 4. We have already given a plate of the Volunteers.

**H. O. W.**—1. We would not tell you if we knew. Birds have quite enemies enough without being killed wholesale by poisoned grain. 2. Please do not send us coins to name or value. The risk of their being lost is great, and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their safety. If you want them named or valued take them to the curator of your local museum. As a rule you may take it for granted that the coin is worth a little less than the metal of which you think it is made, and that nine-tenths of the coins in your collection are practically valueless.

**S. NOLAN.**—The subject was discussed and settled years ago; and our recommendations are in accordance with the teachings of all the modern gymnasiarchs and physiologists. The old idea was that the heavier the dumb-bell the more efficiently it did its work, and that has been proved a mistake. Consult any work, English or foreign, in which the subject of gymnastics is scientifically treated, and you will discover the reasons for yourself. A Government department is the very last place in which to look for progress.

**C. H. S.**—The "Boy's Own Museum" articles on "Taxidermy," etc., were in the third volume. You may perhaps get a copy of Morris's "British Birds" for four pounds. There is a smaller edition now selling at about 30s.

**TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.**—A popular error, due to the misunderstanding of a symbol. There is no such thing as a thunder-bolt. You have only to study electricity to find that it is impossible; and the phrase is now mainly used by people who are ignorant of elementary science.

**F. H. G.**—1. Bones for nigger music can be bought from almost any instrument shop. 2. The tidal wave is independent of the wind.

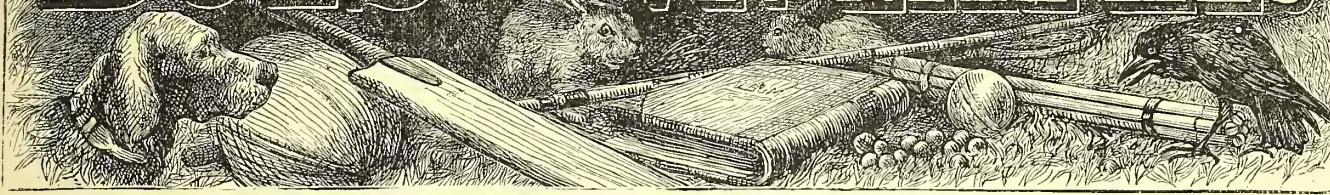
**J. WIDDOP.**—See our plans of sails and rigging in the second volume, and try Captain Chapman's "All about Ships." At the same time for a lad "unacquainted with ships" to make a model three feet long as a drawing-room ornament would, in our opinion, be a mere waste of time. Better postpone the attempt until you have seen a clipper, and then you will be saved from the absurdity of endeavouring to model one of the extraordinary dimensions of three feet long and two feet broad.



OUR HOLIDAYS.—"A very quiet place!"

THE

# BOY'S OWN PAPER



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## REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XXV.—THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

IT is strange how often our fortunes and misfortunes, which we are so apt to suppose depend on our own successes or failures, turn out to have fallen into hands we least expected, and to have been depending on trains of circumstances utterly beyond our range of imagination.



Who, for instance, would have guessed that a meeting of half a dozen business men in a first-floor room of a New York office could have any bearing on the fate of the Cruden family? Or that an accident to Major Lambert's horse while clear-

"Mother!" "My boy!"

ing a fence at one of the —shire hunts should also affect their prospects in life?

But so it was.

While Reginald, tenderly nursed by his old school friend, was slowly recovering from his illness in Liverpool, and while Mrs. Cruden and Horace, in their shabby London lodging, were breaking into their last hundred pounds and wondering how, even with the boy's improved wages and promise of literary success, they should be able to keep a comfortable home for their shattered but shortly to be reunited family—at this very time a few of the leading creditors of the Wishwash and Longstop Railway assembled in the old office of that bankrupt undertaking, and decided to accept an offer from the Grand Roundabout Railway to buy up their undertaking at half price, and add its few hundred miles of line to their own few thousand.

A very important decision this for the little Dull Street family. For among the English creditors of this same Wishwash and Longstop Railway Mr. Cruden had been one of the most considerable—so considerable that the shares he held in it had amounted to about half his fortune.

And when the division of the proceeds of the sale of the railway came to be divided it turned out that Mr. Cruden's administrators, heirs, and assigns were entitled to about a third of the value of that gentleman's shares, or in other words, something like a sixth of their old property, which little windfall, after a good deal of wandering about and search for an owner, came finally under the notice of Mr. Richmond's successors, who in turn passed it over to Mrs. Cruden with a very neat little note of congratulation on the good fortune which had made her and her sons the joint proprietors of a snug little income of from £300 to £400 a year.

Of course the sagacious reader will remark on this that it is only natural that towards the end of my story something of this sort should happen in order to finish up with the remark that "they lived happily ever after." And his opinion of me will, I fear, be considerably lowered when he finds that instead of Reginald dying in the smallpox hospital and Mrs. Cruden and Horace ending their days in the workhouse, things looked up a little for them towards the finish, and promised a rather more comfortable future than one had been led to expect.

It is sad, of course, to lose any one's good esteem, but as things really did look up for the Crudens—as Reginald really did recover, as Mrs. Cruden and Horace really did not go to the workhouse, and as the Grand Roundabout Railway really was spirited enough to buy up the Wishwash and Longstop Railway at half price, I cannot help saying so, whatever the consequences may be.

But several weeks before Mr. Richmond's successors announced this windfall to their clients, the accident to Major Lambert's horse had resulted in comfort to the Crudens of another kind, which, if truth must be told, they expected quite as little and valued quite as much.

That worthy Nimrod, once an acquaintance and neighbour of the Gardenvale family in the days of their prosperity, was never known to miss a winter's hunting in his own county if he could

possibly help it, and during the present season had actually come all the way from Malta, where his regiment was stationed, on short leave, for the sake of two or three days of his favourite sport in the old country.

Such enthusiasm was worthy of a happier fate than that which befell him. For on his first ride out his horse came to grief, as we have said, over a hedge, and left the gallant major somewhat knoed about himself, with nothing to do for half a day but to saunter disconsolately up and down the country lanes and pay afternoon calls on some of his old comrades.

Among others, he knocked at the door of an elderly dowager named Osborn, who was very sympathetic with him in his misfortunes, and did her best to comfort him with afternoon tea and gossip.

The latter lasted a good deal longer than the former. One after another the major's old friends were mentioned and discussed and talked about as only folk can be talked about over afternoon tea.

"By the way," said the ealler, "I hear poor Cruden didn't leave much behind him after all. Is Mrs. Cruden still at Gardenvale?"

"No, indeed," said the lady; "it's a sad story altogether. Mr. Cruden left nothing behind him, and Gardenvale had to be sold, and the family went to London, so I was told, in very poor circumstances."

"Bless me!" said the honest major, "haven't you looked them up? Cruden was a good sort of a fellow, you know."

"Well, I've always intended to try and find out where they are living, but really, major, you have no idea how one's time gets filled up."

"I've a very good idea," said the major, with a groan. "I have to sail in a week, and there's not much spare time between now and then, I can tell you. Still, I'd like to call and pay my respects to Mrs. Cruden if I knew where she lived."

"I dare say you could find out. But I was going to say that only yesterday I saw something in the paper which will hardly make Mrs. Cruden anxious to see any of her old friends at present. The eldest son, I fear, has turned out badly."

"Who? young—what was his name?—Reginald? Can't believe it. He always seemed one of the right sort. A bit of a prig perhaps, but straight enough. What has he been up to?"

"You'd better see for yourself, major," said the lady, extracting a newspaper from a heap under the dinner-waggon. "He seems to have been mixed up in a rather disreputable affair, as far as I could make out, but I didn't read the report through."

The major took the paper, and read a short report of the proceedings at the Liverpool Police Court.

"You didn't read it through, you say," observed he, when he had finished; "you saw he was let off?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid—well, it's very sad for them all."

"Of course it is," blurted out the soldier, "especially when none of their old friends seem to care anything about them. Excuse me, Mrs. Osborn," added he, seeing that the lady coloured. "I wasn't meaning you, but myself. Cruden was an old comrade, who did me more than one good turn. I must certainly take a day in town on my way back and find them out. As for the boy, I don't

believe he's got it in him to be a black-leg."

The major was as good as his word. He sacrificed a day of his loved pastime to look for his old friend's widow in London.

After a good deal of hunting he discovered her address and presented him self, with not a little wonderment at the shabbiness of her quarters, at Dull Street.

Barely convalescent, and still in the agony of suspense as to Reginald's fate. Mrs. Cruden was able to see no one. But the major was not thus to be balked of his friendly intentions. Before he left the house he wrote a letter which in due time lay in the widow's hands and brought tears to her eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Cruden,—I am on my way back to Malta, and sorry not to see you. We all have our troubles, but you seem to have had more than your share; and what I should have liked would be to see whether there was anything an old friend of your husband's could do to serve you. I trust you will not resent the liberty I take when I say I have instructed my agent, whose address is enclosed, to put himself at your disposal in any emergency when you may need either advice or any other sort of aid. He is a good fellow, and understands any service you may require (and emergencies often do arise) is to be rendered on my account. As to your eldest son, about whom I read a paragraph in the papers the other day, nothing will make me believe he is anything but his honest father's honest son. My brother-in-law, whom you will remember, is likely shortly to have an opportunity of introducing a young fellow into an East India house in the City. I may mention this because, should you think well to tell Reginald of it, I believe there would not be much difficulty in his getting the post. But you will hear about this from my brother-in-law, whom I have asked to write to you. I don't expect to get leave again for eighteen months; but I hope then to find you all well.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Cruden,

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS LAMBERT."

This simple warm-hearted letter came to Mrs. Cruden as the first gleam of better things on the troubled waters of her life. Things were just then at their worst. Reginald lost, Horace away in search of him, herself slowly recovering from a sad illness into a still more sad life, with little prospect either of happiness or competency, nothing to look forward to but a renewal of the old struggles, possibly single-handed. At such a time Major Lambert's letter came to revive her drooping spirits and remind her of a Providence that never sleeps less than when we are ready to consider ourselves forgotten.

All she could do was to write a grateful reply back, and then await news from Horace, trusting meanwhile it would not be necessary to draw on the major's offered help.

A few days later Horace was home again, jubilant at having found his brother, but anxious both as to his immediate recovery and the state of mind in which restored health would find him.

"He told me lots about the past, mother," said he. "No one can conceive

what a terrible three months he has had since he left us, or how heroically he has borne it. He doesn't think so himself, and is awfully depressed about his trial and the way in which the magistrate spoke to him—the brute!"

"Poor boy! he is the very last to bear that sort of thing well."

"He's got a sort of idea he's a branded man, and is to be dragged down all his life by it. Perhaps when he hears that an old friend like Major Lambert believes in him, he may pick up. You know, mother, I believe his heart is in the grave where that little office boy of his lies, and that he would have been thankful if—well, perhaps not so bad as that—but just at present he can't speak or even think of the boy without breaking down."

"According to the letter from Major Lambert's brother-in-law, the post that is offered him is one he will like, I think," said Mrs. Cruden. "I do hope he will take it. To have nothing to do would be the worst thing that could happen to him."

"To say nothing of the necessity of it for you, mother," said Horace; "for there's to be no more copying out manuscripts, mind, even if we all go to the workhouse."

Mrs. Cruden sighed. She knew her son was right, but the wolf was at the door, and she shrank from becoming a useless burden on her boys' shoulders.

"I wonder, Horace," said she, presently, "whether we could possibly find less expensive quarters than these. They are—"

"Hullo, there's the postman!" said Horace, who had been looking from the window; "ten to one there's a line from Harker."

And he flew down the stairs, just in time to see the servant-girl take a letter from the box and put it in her pocket.

"None for us?" said he.

The girl, who till this moment was not aware of his presence, turned round and coloured very violently, but said nothing.

"Show me the letter you put into your pocket just now," said Horace, who had had experience before now in predicaments of this kind.

The girl made no reply, but tried to go back to the kitchen. Horace, however, stopped her.

"Be quick!" said he. "You've a letter for me in your pocket, and if I don't have it before I count twenty I'll give you in charge;" and he proceeded to count.

Before he had reached ten the girl broke out into tears, and took from her pocket not only the letter in question, but three or four others.

"There you are; that's all of them. I've done with it!" sobbed she.

Horace glanced over them in bewilderment. One was in Reginald's writing, written three weeks ago; two were from himself to his mother, written last week, and the last was from Harker, written yesterday.

"Why," exclaimed he, too much taken aback almost to find words, "what does it mean? How do you come—"

"Oh, I'll tell you," said the girl; "I don't care what they do to me. I'd sooner be sent to prison than go on at it. He told me to do it, and threatened me all sorts of things if I didn't. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Who told you?"

"Why, Mr. Shuckleford. He said Mr. Reginald was a convict, or something,

and if I didn't mind every letter that came to the house from Liverpool I'd get sent to prison too for abetting him. I'm sure I don't want to abet no one, and I can't help if they do lock me up."

"You mean to say Mr. Shuckleford told you to do this?" said—or rather roared—Horace.

"Yes, he did; and he had them all before that one," said the girl, pointing to the letter from Reginald. "But he's never been for these, and I didn't dare not to keep them for him. Please, sir, look over it this time."

Horace was too agitated to heed her tears or entreaties. He rushed from the house with the letters in his hand and made straight for the Shucklefords' door. But, with his hand on the bell, he hesitated. Mrs. Shuckleford and her daughter had been good to his mother; he could not relieve his mind to Samuel in their presence. So he resolved to postpone that pleasure till he could find the young lawyer alone, and meanwhile hurried back to his mother and rejoiced her heart with the good news of Reginald contained in Harker's letter.

How and when Horace and Shuckleford settled accounts no one exactly knew, but one evening, about a week afterwards, the latter came home looking very scared and uncomfortable, and announced that he was getting tired of London, the air of which did not agree with his constitution. He intended to close with an offer he had received some time ago from a firm in the country to act as their clerk; and although the sacrifice was considerable, still the country air and change of scene he felt would do him good.

So he went, much lamented by his mother and sister and club. But of all his acquaintance there was only one who knew the exact reason why just at that particular time the country air promised to be so beneficial for his constitution.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks passed, and then one afternoon a cab rolled slowly up to the door of No. 6, Dull Street. Horace was away at the office, and Mrs. Cruden herself was out taking a walk.

So the two young men who alighted from the cab found themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, and proceeded upstairs to the parlour with no one to ask what their business was.

"Now, old man," said the sturdier of the two. "I won't stay. I've brought you safe home and you needn't pretend you'll be sorry to see my back."

"I won't pretend," said the other, with a smile on his pale face, "but if you're not back very soon, in an hour or two, I shall be very very sorry."

"Never fear, I'll be back."

And he went.

The pale youth sat down, and looked with a strange mixture of sadness and eagerness round the little room. He had seen it before and yet he seemed hardly to recognise it. He got up and glanced at a few envelopes lying on the mantelpiece. He took into his hands a piece of knitting that lay on one of the chairs and examined it. He turned over the leaves of a stray book, and read the name on the title-page. It all seemed so strange—yet so familiar. Then he crept silently to the half-open door of a little bedroom and peeped in, and his heart beat strangely as he recognised a photograph on the dressing-table, and by its

side a letter written in his own handwriting. From this room he turned to another still smaller and more roughly furnished. A walking-stick stood in the corner that he knew well, and there was a cap on the peg behind the door, the sight of which sent a thrill through him.

Yet he felt he dare touch nothing—that he scarcely dare let his foot be heard as he paced across the room, or venture even to stir the little fire that was dying out in the grate.

The slight flush which the excitement of his first arrival had called up faded from his cheeks as the minutes wore on.

Presently his ears caught a light footfall on the pavement outside, and his heart almost stood still as it halted and the bell rang below.

It was one of those occasions when a man may live a lifetime in a minute. With a mighty rush his thoughts flew back to the last time he had heard that step. What goodness, what hope, what love did it not bring back to his life. He had taken it all for granted and thought so little of it; but now, after months of loveless, cheerless drudgery and disappointment, that light step fell with a music which flooded his whole soul.

He sat almost spellbound as the street-door closed and the steps ascended the stairs. The room seemed to swim round him, and to his broken nerves it seemed for a moment as though he dreaded rather than longed for what was coming. But as the door opened the spell broke and all the mists vanished; he was his own self once more—nothing but the long-lost boy springing to the arms of the long-lost mother.

"Mother!"

"My boy!"

That was all they said. And in those few words Reginald Cruden's life entered on a new era.

When Horace half an hour later came flying on to the scene they still sat there hand in hand, trying to realise it all, but not succeeding. Horace, however, helped them back to speech, and far into the night they talked. About ten o'clock Harker looked in for a moment, and after him young Gedge, unable to wait till the morning. But they stayed only a moment, and scarcely interrupted the little family reunion.

What those three talked about it would be hard for me to say. What they did not talk about in the past, the present, and the future would be almost easier to set down. And when at last Mrs. Cruden rose, and in her old familiar tones said,

"It's time to go to bed, boys," the boys obeyed, as in the days long ago, and came up to her and kissed her, and then went off like children, and slept, like those who never knew what care was, all the happy night.

(To be concluded.)



## MY FIRST AND ONLY DEBT.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN.



DURING the whole of a long and active career I have had a most wholesome dread of getting into debt. Often and often I have wanted many of the "dulces" and some of the "utilies" of life, and, being

"hard up" at the time of such need, have been close upon being tempted to borrow the wherewithal for their purchase f r o m friends, or, in India,

from those ever ready with a loan—soucarts (native bankers); but the recollection of the little story which I am about to relate has cropped up and put a salutary stopper upon the application.

Once, I call to mind, the supposititiously honest Hindoo factotum of my bungalow, having been sent to the paymaster's office with a "chit" (note) for my monthly pay, obtained and decamped with the rupees, leaving me with scarce a shot in the locker, to put it nautically, to fight the bazaar men with for thirty days to come. It was a great temptation to borrow, but then and there the ghost of my first and only debt rose before me. I obeyed the monitor, and somehow or other things came right.

And what, then, is the story which has been my deterrent from debt, boy and man, these fifty years and more?

When I was between eight and nine years of age, my father, a retired army chaplain, sent me to Dr. Roddie's school in—let us say, the town of Whippingham, not many miles from our homestead. On the morning of my departure he took me into his study, and gave me no end of good advice, finishing up by saying, "Bertie, my child, above all things avoid running into debt, either at the 'tuck' shop with your schoolfellows, or with any one who will trust you. 'Out of debt out of danger' is, like many another well-worn proverb, full of wisdom, but, as John Bridges the writer puts it, 'the word danger does not sufficiently express all that the warning demands.' See here." He opened a volume and read me a page or so of all the anxieties and miseries of a debtor in respect to his creditor. Then, making me promise to steer clear of this rock upon which so many a good ship has struck and founder'd, he put half-a-crown into my pocket for present use, and, telling me that Dr. Roddie had been instructed to give me threepence weekly for future exigencies, the dear old dad saw me off by the coach for Whippingham, there to be indoctrinated into the habits and idiosyncrasies of the schoolboy of more than forty years ago.

With only two shillings and sixpence

*in esse*, and the hebdomadal threepence *in posse*, I cannot say that I considered myself either a Rothschild or a Baring. Truth to tell, I had expected a larger "tip," and at least a sixpence every Saturday, and was disappointed accordingly. Still, I determined to be frugal, and to make the money go as far as possible. Vain resolve; for, arrived at my destination, introduced to my schoolfellows, and forced to stand the usual newcomer's treat, in less than no time the half-crown had gone the way of all half-crowns in that educational establishment—to wit, into the canvas bag of Mother Tucker in exchange for her tarts, puffs, and sweeties generally.

Then came the very early day when my purse was dry, but my mouth-watering propensities for confectionery of sorts full to overflowing. In that hour of hankering and covetousness the tempter, one Jack Sharkie, a fellow-scholar, met me.

He was a lad considerably older than myself, clever, and the best French scholar in the school. His personal appearance was not attractive; his little sharp grey eyes spoke of cunning and deceit if ever eyes did. He was a duffer at cricket, football, or hockey, but put him at any sum in arithmetic and he was happy.

"Hullo, young chap!" said he, as he saw me hovering not about the skirts of Mother Tucker herself, but about the outskirts of her habitual place in the playground; "no tin for even the *bonne bouche* of a half-price tartlet, flat, stale, and unprofitable?"

"Not a farthing," I replied.

"Bad, that. Want any tuck?"

"Awfully!"

"So don't I! Just walked into three splendid raspberry 'turnovers.' Mother T. has excelled herself to-day. But come, I've taken a fancy to you, Newman, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you threepence now, and you pay me sixpence next Saturday."

"Thanks, no! I can't pay, and I won't borrow."

He looked disappointed, but presently began to chaff.

"All right, youngster; then it is cock-sure that under these circumstances you'll not eat and be filled with other delectables than 'sky-blue' and 'scrape.' But I'll whisper something in your ear—your going without the *six sous* which I am disposed to loan you will not prevent your going without *souci* for the goody-goodies for the rest of the afternoon. If you don't know what I mean ask the French master, he will enlighten you. However, should you think better of my offer—you know my diggin's, desk two, third form in the domine's room—there you'll find me."

He went his way, and I mine. But towards evening some cause or other took me to Sharkie's "diggings." It certainly was not to borrow the money, for, Mother Tucker being gone, I had no chance of getting at her saleables, if even I could have bought them.

Brum, as Jack was called, was conning over his lessons. He had Horace open before him, and curiously enough was construing this passage: "Animum rege, qui nisi paret, imperat" ("Subdue your passion, or it will subdue you").

He was labouring at the line word for word in regular schoolboy fashion, thus: *rege*, rule thou; *animus*, your inclination; *qui nisi*, which unless; *paret*—what is *paret*? Hullo, Newman! Do you know the English for *paret*?"

"No."

"Then I must look it out."

He opened his desk for his lexicon—no doubt a plant, for he must have known, clever as he was, what *paret* stood for—and in so doing disclosed to my astonished gaze a stack of tarts, puffs, buns, and so on, backed by two or three stone bottles of ginger-beer.

"Whew!" I exclaimed; "tuck!"

"Tuck it is," he observed, unconcernedly; "I always have a store by me, especially for Sunday. I'm 'nuts' on pastry stuff, aren't you?"

Again I replied, "Awfully!"

"Well, help yourself."

I needed no second invitation; what schoolboy would? Three tarts of sorts and one bun speedily went the way of all pastrycook's confections. Then I thirsted, and a bottle of ginger-beer effervesced and disappeared, to "float the solids with," as Jack facetiously put it.

Increase of appetite now grew by what it had fed on, and as mine host had let drop a hint that I might come again and be welcome, upon that hint on the following afternoon I disposed of jam "cocked hats," open fruit tarts, sponge-cakes, and ginger-beer, until, to use a vulgar but common school expression, I felt "stodged."

Then, as digestion struggled within me, I thought, "This Brum, this stingy, selfish churl, as he is dubbed, why he is sterling gold! Close-fisted, mean! Never! When I happen to be flush I must mete to him the same measure he has measured out to me."

Then I went to bed, slept, and awoke next morning, if not a better, still a wiser boy.

For standing beside me was Sharkie.

"I say, Newman," said he, "you owe me two-and-nine."

"Owe you! What for?"

"Two days' tuck-out."

"Why, I was your guest, wasn't I? You distinctly told me to help myself."

"Did I? Over the left, young man."

"Besides," I continued, "how do you make it two-and-nine?"

He took out of his pocket a slip of paper, and, tossing it towards me, said, "Count it up." I did, and thus it ran:

	s. d.
Two bottles ginger-beer, at 3d. ...	0 6
Eight tarts of sorts, at 2d. ...	1 4
Buns, biscuits, and sundries ...	0 6
Sitting room (at my desk)...	0 1
Loan of my knife ...	0 1
Interest on outlay of my cash (2 days, at 1½d. per day) ...	0 3
	<hr/>

2 9

"Why, Sharkie," I said, "this is simply horrible; and even supposing that I had bought the things of you, which I did not, your prices are monstrous. Mother Tucker charges only a penny a bottle for pop, you demand threepence; any boy can buy her tarts, full ones as well, for one penny each; yours, which had been 'doctored' by the abstraction of one or two cherries or gooseberries, or a fingertip of jam, you ask double for. How's that?"

"There is always a great difference existing between cash and credit prices, youngster. However, be that as it may, you are in my debt two-and-nine, and I must be paid sharp; I can't afford to wait."

"I have not got it, Brum."

"I don't care, you must ask your governor for it. Why, it's a case of fraud; obtaining goods under false pretences; you can be 'run in' for it."

"Oh, Brum, I can't ask my father, he made me promise to owe no one anything; he would be very angry."

"Bosh! Every chap's governor pays his son's lawful accounts, and that antediluvian prig of yours is bound to settle mine, if he is a gentleman."

"My dear old father is no prig, and he is a gentleman every inch of him."

Then came a quarrel, and we went into the playground and fought. Sharkie punished me, for he was taller and stronger than I, but one or two nasty clips I gave him made some amends to me. Still the money was due, was to be paid, and was not forthcoming. For days and days that two-and-nine haunted me. I saw it in every sum I added up; it came before me in every copy I wrote; it stared me in the face in my tasks of Ovid and Virgil; Anacreon had it in every ode; and once when the English master made me recite that speech of Polonius to Laertes, and I came upon the lines,

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

I positively writhed with mental agony.

In my sleep, too, the nightmare of my debt sat heavy upon me. I was always seeing two silver shillings and nine copper pence twisting and twirling upon their edges close within my grasp, and when I stretched out my hand to seize and to give them to Sharkie, the Queen's effigies upon their surfaces shook their heads, and seemed to say, "No, you don't!"

In the midst of this brain-whirl my father drove over to Whippingham to hear how I was getting on. I did not know of his coming, and the first intelligence I had of it was, "Master Newman, you're wanted; there's somebody in the parlour wishing to see you."

I burst into tears, for it so happened that only a few moments before Brum had been dunning me sorely, and I fancied that he had got a policeman to carry me off to gaol, as he had more than once threatened to do.

"Why, you silly boy!" said the house-maid who had summoned me, "whatever are you a-crying for? It's only a kind-looking old gentleman, who says he is your father. Run upstairs and tidy yourself."

I rushed into the room, and in a second was hanging about the dear pater's neck.

"Why, Bertie," he said, "whatever is the matter with you? You look pale, thin, and worried, and your mother would be shocked to see you. Are you ill, boy?"

"No, father!"

"Don't they give you enough to eat?"

"Plenty; but I can't eat anything."

"Indeed! You used to possess at home a first-rate capacity for disposing of fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry — especially pastry."

"Oh please, father, don't say anything about pastry. I hate to think of it; the very word makes me shudder!"

"Hoity-toity! What nonsense is this? What in the world has come over you? — overworked?"

"No. I—want—some—more—money, dad dear, please."

"The half-crown expended, eh! Well, that's not much to take to heart so sorely. Here's a shilling for you."

"Not enough, father," said I, weeping, "not half enough; I want nearly three shillings."

"What for, child?"

"I have been a very wicked boy; I have disobeyed your injunctions and got into debt; I owe Jack Sharkie—one of the fellows—two shillings and nine-pence."

"Bless the boy! what for? tell me all about it at once."

I related the whole transaction from beginning to end. He was angry with me, but he was positively in a most unclerical rage with Sharkie, whom he stigmatised in no measured terms.

"You shall have the money, Bertie," said he, "to liquidate your liabilities with that trickster and decoy-duck of a Brum, as you call him; I'll not have you a defaulter; but—you'll be put under stoppages until the advance I make is repaid. If you get a practical lesson now it may be of benefit to you all the days of your life. Three halfpence, young gentleman, *three ha-pence* are mulcted from your *batta* (the old leaven of his former calling in India was *rising*) per week, that's your punishment; and in regard to that young Shark I'll report him to the general—I mean the doctor, at once."

My father gave me the cash, then had a talk with the doctor, and that same afternoon there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in Solon House. For Jack Sharkie, after due inquiries, which proved I was but one of numerous victims, was hoisted, soundly whipped, expelled the school, and the two-and-nine, the head and front of my offending, put into the poor-box.

But the deprivations and inconveniences that I, Albert Newman, experienced for twenty-two weeks upon reduced allowances may, as the reporters say, "be better imagined than described."

Yet, like many another of this world's trials, they proved in the long run most salutary, for, as I began by saying, throughout my whole life I have feared the demon of debt, and have never lost sight of my first and only one to my schoolfellow Brum.

## OLD BARNBY'S POND.

BY H. D. BRAIN.

THE following little escapade of my youthful days took place in a village which may be vaguely spoken of as "up north," for there is no need to more accurately describe its whereabouts.

"Old Barnby," or, as he was more commonly called, Old Hunks, owned a farm on the outskirts of the afore-mentioned village, which was principally interesting to me and one or two kindred spirits from the fact that it contained a pond inhabited by numbers of splendid trout.

In his younger days Old Hunks must have been a fine specimen of the "genus homo," but now age was beginning to tell upon him, and he lost a great deal of the advantage of his height from a habit of stooping forward as he walked. His hair was iron-grey and his face wrinkled, with a morose, sullen look about it, giving colour to the village rumour that he was

a sordid old miser. He possessed a temper by no means angelic, and we youngsters used to make tracks with marvellous expedition whenever we saw him coming with his gnarled old stick that he was very fond of using upon our juvenile backs.

The only thing that rivalled our dislike to "Old Barnby" was our fear of his inseparable companion, Grip, a dog of the mastiff breed. He was the only living thing, I believe, his master had the slightest feeling of human kindness for, but that he did love the old dog was an undoubted fact. They lived together in the farmhouse, which was a small one of its kind, "Old Barnby" seeing to all the household matters himself, and never allowing a human creature beyond the doorstep. The dog appeared during the many years they had been together to

have become a canine edition of his master in regard to his temper and unsocial habits, and it would have been a brave man indeed who would have cared to tackle the two of them.

I think that next to the foregoing pair I excited most attention in the village. It always seemed to me that it was a case of "Give a dog a bad name," etc., for from shooting a neighbour's cat to orchard-robbing the verdict used to be, "There's that young Tom Dean again;" and yet I was for the most part wholly innocent of the charges thus lavishly preferred against me. Not that I wish to make excuses, however.

My chief hobby was fishing, and I could spend days in the pursuit of this my favourite amusement, but up till now I had never been able to satisfy a great longing of mine to get permission

to catch some of the fish in Old Barnby's pond.

It was a pool, *par excellence*, for fish to thrive in, and was situated in a lovely wood not far from the farmhouse. At the top a good-sized brook entered, sending a current throughout to the floodgates at the other end, where the overflow rushed over, and after running through another pool on a lower level, finally mingled its waters with the river about half a mile away. I do not believe it held many coarse fish, but that it contained shoals of trout could be clearly proved any day one cared to go and cautiously survey the shallow part, where as a rule there would be scores of them lazily rising at the flies, or perchance only in sport.

On a fine day we used to go and lie under the trees and longingly watch the handsome spotted beauties we could see sheltering themselves from the sun under some large water lily. They must have been as unsophisticated as possible, as for years previous they had been left to fatten and lazily dream their lives away with no such little excitement to rouse them up as an introduction to a fly with a steel sting in its tail or wretched-looking minnow which yet could prove one too many for its would-be devourer.

I have no doubt, if he had been able to do so, "Old Barnby" would have prevented us from even looking at his finny property, but a right of way ran close by the end of the pool, so he was powerless to prevent it. He did not care for fishing himself, but seemed to find a fund of pleasure in the fact that he possessed the power, or, at all events, exercised it, of refusing permission to fish to so many who were anxious to obtain it.

An old friend of mine, Harry Long, and myself had often made fruitless attempts to induce the old man to make an exception in our favour, promising to give him all the fish we might catch and do almost anything to assist on the farm as well.

One fine summer afternoon Harry and I were gazing wistfully at the pond and thinking what a grand haul we might have the next day, which happened to be a holiday, if we only had leave to bring our rods and astonish some of the lordly "dorsal-finned ones."

"Look here, Harry!" I at last exclaimed; "let's have one more try. He can only say no, and there is just the faintest chance that he may be in a good humour."

"All right, old fellow," replied he; "I am afraid that it is no good, but I vote we go and get it over now."

Accordingly we set out on a search for the crusty old owner of the pool, and fortunately had not far to go before we came upon the inseparables—Grip and his master.

"Well, what are you boys arter now? I see you've got summat you want to say—some mischief, I'll be bound!" was the greeting we received as soon as he saw our wish to speak to him.

It was not by any means a cheerful commencement, but, pulling ourselves together, we, in our politest manner, preferred our request. The old man seemed fairly thunderstruck for a moment at our audacity; then, shaking his stick in such a manner as made us get out of striking distance with astonishing rapidity, he burst out with, "Want to fish in my pond, an idle lot of young vagabonds!

Let me catch yer at it, and I'll break every bone in yer body! Remember, my lads, I'll hide yer if I catch yer trying it on!" and, with one or two personal allusions of a painful character, he left us in anything but a Christianlike frame of mind.

We were naturally indignant at the way our polite request had been treated, and looked upon it as a fair challenge to despoil him of his trout if we could possibly do so. After that we had some anxious consultations, and finally decided that on the very first opportunity we would risk our thrashing and have a try at the pool, proposing as a salve to our consciences that all the fish we caught should be packed up and left at Old Hunks's doorstep, with "With compliments" written on the parcel.

The chance came sooner than we expected, for we heard that our enemy was going to a horse fair, fortunately taking place on one of our half-holidays, and that he would be detained until late. This was just what we had been looking forward to, and so on the day arranged, after making sure that he had really gone, we started, with inward quaking, on our expedition, taking our home-made rods with us, cunningly stowed under our jackets so as to excite as little observation as possible. Rods were not so cheap in those days as they now are, and we youngsters used to make our own, generally consisting of a good straight piece of hazel, with a slip of lancewood for a top.

It was a splendid afternoon for the object we had in view, the sky being dull and overcast, with not more than enough wind to assist us in casting. On arriving at the forbidden spot our rods and tackle were put together with much listening and anxious peering about, and I must say in fear and trembling we made our preliminary casts. But in a few moments we were oblivious of all else but the immediate present, for the trout were well on the rise, and we were both quickly in with a couple of good fish, who tried our little rustic fly rods as they had never been tried before. The fun was fast and furious, and never do I remember having such a day with the trout; they were rising everywhere, and especially at the place we were fishing. The brook entered here and broadened out into a wide, rippling shallow before becoming sobered and quiet in the deep parts of the pool. The ripple greatly assisted us in working the fly, and the result surpassed even our expectations.

We caught several trout averaging about a pound each, and then noticing a quiet steady rise at the side of the bank like a good fish feeding, I essayed a cast in that direction, with the result of getting hung up. It was rather a difficult place to get at, for a bush projected a short distance over the water, and it was just under this that the fish was rising. I tried several times to get the fly over him, but it was only after losing several "alders" and using, I am afraid, some rather explosive language, that I did at last manage to present my invitation in a becoming manner.

The old trout did not refuse it, but finding it rather more than he bargained for, endeavoured to get rid of it by every means in his power. What a glorious fight we had! I shall never forget it; he was first to one side, then to the other, trying by a succession of splen-

did leaps to shake the stinging insect from his jaws; but finding his best efforts in that direction unavailing, he tried sulking at the bottom. I soon, by the judicious application of a large stone, forced him from that position, and then for a good ten minutes more we had as sharp a contest as I have ever seen, and it was only when perfectly helpless and hardly able to stir a fin that he allowed himself to be drawn on to a shelving bank and transferred to *terra firma*. He was a splendid fish, and I should think must have scaled at least five pounds, but unfortunately I had no means of accurately ascertaining his weight.

After that we caught several more good fish, and then decided to make a final effort to complete the three dozen, for we then had caught over thirty fish. The rise still continued, and we were both soon busy with a couple of lively trout. I landed mine, but Harry had the misfortune to smash his rod, and not having the necessary implements for splicing it, forced us to finish our fishing. We then gathered together our tackle and were taking a last look at our spoil before packing it up, when, to our unutterable horror and dismay, we heard a voice we knew only to well exclaim, in anything but cheering tones,

"Yer young warments, so you've taken to poaching at last. I'll make it warm for the two on yer. Don't ye move or I'll loose Grip, and ye'll remember him for a good time to come, I'll be bound."

We stood like prisoners condemned to be tortured, while "Old Barnby," who had, unfortunately for us, returned from the horse fair long before he was expected, proceeded in the most leisurely manner to cut a good strong springy sapling, muttering at the same time in a manner by no means calculated to raise our spirits.

When he had got a stick to his liking he came up to where we were standing, and giving it a preliminary swoosh through the air, said,

"I'll begin wi' the worst, and that's you, young Tom Dean, I be certain; but I'll tache yer to remember fishing in my pond, my lads."

He did so too, for, catching hold of my collar, he proceeded to inflict such a thrashing upon my unfortunate self that, as he said, I should remember for some time to come poaching on his place. My companion came off a little better, for Old Hunks had expended most of his energy upon me; but we both crawled home that evening minus rods and fish, but in their place the effects of a thrashing which, though I have no doubt well merited, rather disgusted us for a considerable time with the bare idea of trout-fishing.

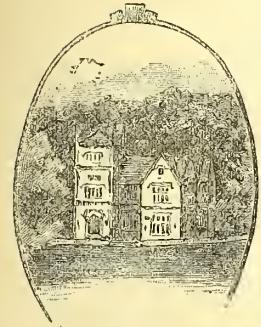
Shortly after this I left home to accept what was considered a first-rate berth in "the City." Since that time many changes have taken place in the little village, and the farm has passed into other and more hospitable hands than Old Hunks's. I often spend my yearly holiday down there, and invariably take my rod and have a try for the trout in the pool on the farm, but I have never yet gazed on that familiar spot without memory bringing back, with a too faithful minuteness, the difficulty I experienced in assuming a sitting position for some considerable time after my first trout-fishing experience on "Old Barnby's Pond."

## COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

By E. W. THOMSON,

*Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.*

## CHAPTER V.



BRYAN drove down the dark forest glades, making a fresh track in half an inch of new-fallen snow that had blown out of the clouds early in the night. He burned with an intolerable feeling that the glory was all gone from the face of

the earth. His old clear world was changed, life had become tangled and tragic. To have to trust his senses against the colonel made him wild with perplexity. It was as though Truth itself had become base, the clean soul of Honour polluted, Virtue a mask! He could in no way reconcile what he had seen with his innate understanding of his uncle's character.

With the conflict of faith and distrust, with the misery of being forced to maintain an inexplicable charge against his earthly mirror of chivalry, the boy was desperate. Had he not fled he must have run or leaped or dashed himself madly against some immovable obstacle to relieve the mental agony by making the body endure pain.

For the first half-hour he urged the mare to greater speed whenever her pace showed signs of slackening. As yet his dominant impulse was merely to get away; he had not considered what he should do, had not any definite plan in his flight, scarcely knew where he was going.

After a while he perceived that the mare had taken the road towards Montreal and Quebec, towards the sea and England, towards Europe and the wars. Upon this he fell into a long waking dream of keeping straight on, and at last finding himself in a pigtail and laced red uniform holding up the Lion flag in the midst of a roaring battle.

Though large and strong beyond his years, he was yet as much a child in his conception of the actualities of life as when he left his English school two years before. In the woods he had learned nothing to mar his simplicity, while his romantic disposition had been fed full by the colonel's quaint old books. Froissart and Sir Thomas Mallory, and like volumes of chivalry and high-flown accounts of British deeds by sea and land, had been all his reading, the corporal's tales of campaigns his main source of information as to real life. Never was Spartan or Roman or Norse boy more convinced that fighting was the only worthy occupation of man. So he went on now in the grey morning, soon letting his horse walk, dreaming of adventures and glory till he wholly forgot what had sent him from his uncle's home.

Not till the sun is well up does he look

through the deep woods. With his first rosy glint on the snow before Bryan Pellinore, the boy suddenly woke up to reality and the events of the night. Now he was shocked at his act. The circumstances all recurred to him indeed—Colonel Pellinore's need of money, his mutterings about robbery and Marhaus, the arrival of the lieutenant with the gold, the colonel so furtively bringing in the keg at dead of night, his so carefully concealing the coins under the hearth-stone. But these things seemed strangely, ludicrously inconsequential to Bryan in his new mood. There must be an explanation, he felt, and blushed with shame to think how he had wavered in loyalty to his uncle.

Halting the mare, he thought intently over the whole matter. Now he would no longer trust appearances against his reverence for the colonel. The direst need of his nature was to believe in, to go back to his perfect trust in his uncle. Bitterly accusing himself, he turned the mare about. She pricked up her ears, tossed her small head joyfully, and trotted swiftly towards home.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Lieutenant Marhaus turned into the main road his men and the *trainéneau* were considerably in advance, and out of sight in the woods. Looking down the river before marching after them, the lieutenant was amazed to see a red cariole approaching, and to recognise Bryan Pellinore in the driver.

"He has repented soon," thought the lieutenant, while still he was indignant at the imagined offence of the boy.

Bryan, on his part, approached with trembling and deep anxiety to hear the disclosure of Marhaus. His excited demeanour was mistaken for a sign of guilt.

"You've thought better of it!" cried Marhaus, contemptuously.

"What do you mean?" asked Bryan, startled at the tone.

"You've brought back the gold," said the lieutenant.

"The gold!" cried Bryan, shocked—not at the accusation, which he did not fully understand at the moment, but at the confirmation of his darkest fears. The gold was gone, then!

"The gold!" repeated the lieutenant. "Come, stare no more at me with that affection of innocent surprise. You couldn't have supposed but what you were smoked before this!"

"Do you mean that I took the gold?" asked Bryan, in amazement.

"Do you mean that it went off with you of its own sweet will?" said the lieutenant, angry at what he supposed the hypocrisy of the boy.

"By my honour," cried Bryan, carried away by a rush of indignation as he fully comprehended the accusation, "you shall answer for this!"

Springing out of the cariole with the drawn sword of his father in his hand, he rushed against Marhaus. So furious

was his onset that the lieutenant instinctively drew his blade, and in a moment found all his dexterity required to keep his defence against the youngster's impetuous attack. Bryan, when cool, was indeed no despicable opponent, even for so fine a swordsman as the lieutenant. Morning after morning had he learned from the old colonel all his sleights of fence, and not less regularly every afternoon, come rain or shine, had Corporal Cram, a perfect master of arms in his time, taught to the eager boy his utmost skill.

Bryan, in addition to good training, had a quick eye and a strong wrist, as the lieutenant soon perceived when now the long, fine blades were crossed with that slipping, grinding, stern pressure on each other which must end with an advantage to one side that may mean death to the other.

Looking into the youngster's eye, Marhaus saw there a light which was not all the fierce joy of his first real combat. Bryan was indeed furious with conflicting emotions: horrified because the accusation of the lieutenant signified everything against his uncle, scornfully angry that he himself should be suspected, wild because he could not explicitly deny without bringing the charge nearer to the colonel.

Marhaus, parrying Bryan's rapid thrusts, became gradually angrier, nor could he spare a moment from his defence for such speech as might have brought about an explanation. He had resolved to disarm his boyish opponent, but now felt that he would be compelled to wound him.

"Back! boy, back!" he cried, as Bryan pressed him more severely. "Back! or I must do you a hurt."

"You shall eat your words, or one of us falls here," answered Bryan, quietly. He was getting cooler and warier with every motion of the fight.

Instantly the lieutenant took the offensive, but Bryan, cleverly parrying in his turn, converted his defence once more into attack, and lunged straight at the heart of Marhaus. With wonderful dexterity the lieutenant caught the thrust, but not quickly enough to turn it entirely. Bryan's weapon passed through his shoulder, inflicting a slight flesh wound. The stout soldier withheld himself no longer, nor could he have done so except at peril of his life. Catching the young swordsman's next thrust, he turned the glittering blade beneath his left arm, and the next instant passed his blade through Bryan's body. The young fellow sank to the snow with a moan.

Lieutenant Marhaus, horrified at the wound, by which he had intended merely to disable, knelt beside the lad and strove to staunch the quick-flowing blood. Then, lifting him tenderly in his arms, he placed him in the cariole, and, ascending the hill, soon gave him to the arms of the colonel.

(To be continued.)

## HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

KIT CARSON.

PART IV.

AND now after sixteen years spent in the wild woods Kit Carson resolved to visit his home and take with him his little daughter to place her at school in St. Louis. The scenes of his boyhood had, however, under-

lady, and two months afterwards he went off as hunter with a wagon-train from Fort Bent. On the Santa Fé trail he met with a band of Mexicans, who, fearing an attack from the Texan Rangers, offered him three

shoot him down. There was a short, sharp struggle, and then Carson with his clenched fist gave his treacherous enemy such a blow between the eyes as knocked him on to the grass with the blood streaming from his nose.



The Road to the Rockies in Kit Carson's Day.

gone a considerable change. The old log cabin where his father and mother had dwelt was deserted, and its dilapidated walls were crumbling with decay. His people were all scattered over the face of the earth, and he was a stranger in a strange land. Ten days at St. Louis proved enough for him, and he was on his way to his hut in the west when, on the steamboat up the Missouri, he met Fremont, then starting to explore the Rockies.

Finding that he was in want of a guide, Kit volunteered for the post, and was accepted. The expedition left the mouth of the Kansas on June 10th, 1842. Its history and adventures belong more specially to the life of Fremont, and need not detain us here. It was successful in its main objects, and in September returned in safety to Fort Laramie. In February, 1843, Carson married a Mexican

hundred dollars to carry a letter to Santa Fé asking the governor to send them an escort. To do this meant a journey of nearly four hundred miles through a wilderness swarming with hostile Indians.

Kit accepted the commission, and returning to Fort Bent departed thence alone. With much care and circumspection he managed to get through the Indians unperceived and reached Taos, whence the despatches were sent on, and then the governor in return requested him to take back despatches to the Mexican caravan. With a boy as companion he began the journey. Soon they found four Indians across the road ready to intercept them. One of the Indians came forward as a herald and shook hands in sign of friendship, but the instant the hands were unclasped he snatched at Kit's rifle and tried to wrench it away from him so as to

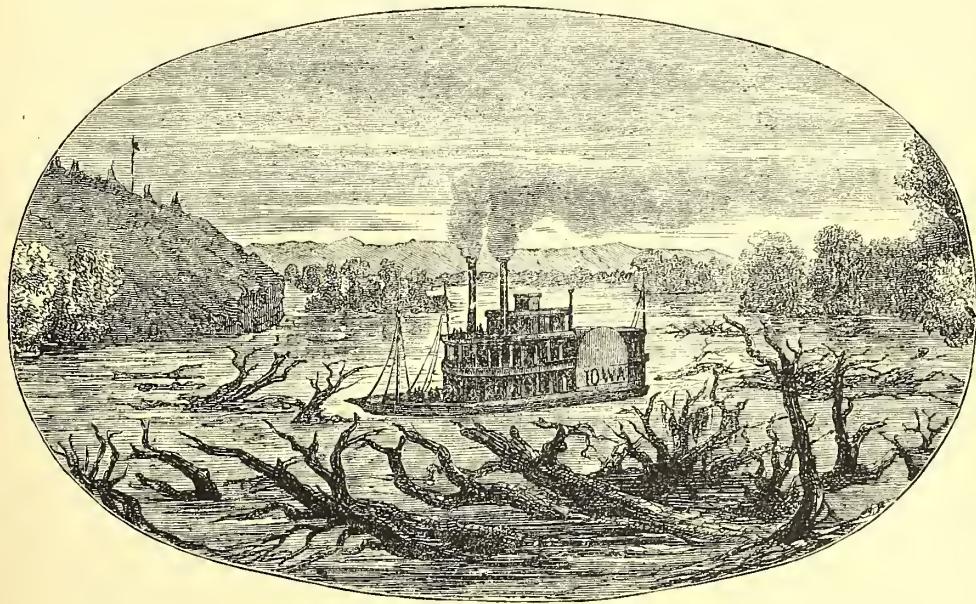
The Indian was up and away in a moment, and his friends came on to the attack. Warning them off, Kit told them in their own tongue that two would certainly be shot with the rifles, and that his revolver would answer for the other two, and, after hesitating for a moment, the redskins thought discretion the better part of valour and sulkily retreated. A few days before Kit again reached Fort Bent, Fremont had been past on his second expedition. Anxious to see his old comrades, Kit started in pursuit, caught them up at the seventieth mile, and was prevailed upon to again give his services as guide.

After much hard work the expedition, gradually reduced and consisting entirely of volunteers, reached Fort Dallas, and passing through Oregon went on over the mountains to California. The snow was a fathom deep. There was neither game nor forage

within reach. Many of the mules died of starvation. "We were forced off the ridges," says Fremont on the 23rd of February, "by

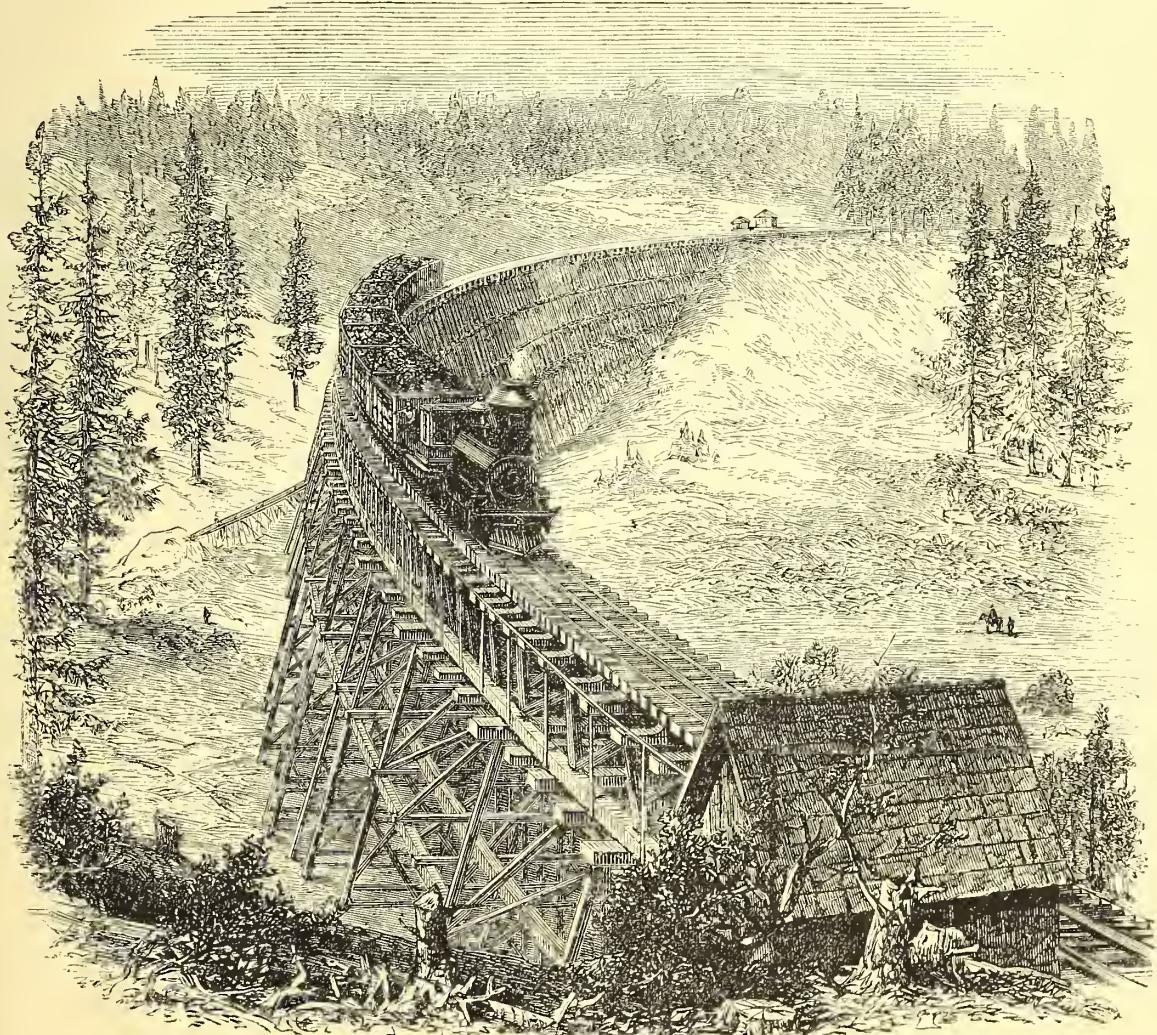
occasionally rocks and a southern exposure afforded us a chance to scramble along. But these were steep and slippery with snow and

exhausted our patience. Some of us had the misfortune to wear moccasins, with soles of buffalo hide so slippery that we could not



Up the Missouri.

the quantity of snow among the timber, and ice, and the tough evergreens of the mountains impeded our way, tore our skins, and along the snow beds. Axes and mauls were



The Road to the Rockies now.

necessary to make a road through the snow. Going ahead with Carson to reconnoitre the road, we reached this afternoon the river which made the outlet of the lake. Carson sprang over, clear across a place where the stream was compressed among the rocks. But the sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock and precipitated me into the river. It was some seconds before I could recover myself in the current, and Carson, thinking me hurt, jumped in after me, and we both had an icy bath. We tried to search awhile for my gun, which had been lost in the fall, but the cold drove us out. Making a large fire on the bank, after we had partially dried ourselves we went back to meet the camp. We afterwards found that the gun had been slung under the ice which formed the shores of the creek."

Thus over the Sierra Nevada went Fremont and his men, reaching Fort Sutter, of gold-finding fame, in March, 1844. On their way back they came up with a Mexican and a little boy, the sole survivors of a party that had been attacked by the Indians. Touched with sympathy at the poor lad's grief, Kit and another old trapper, Godoy, started off together in pursuit of the redskins, hoping to rescue the father and mother for whom he was nearly broken-hearted. They followed the trail, rode a hundred miles out and back, charged into the Indian camp, shot the two leaders, put the rest of the band, twenty-eight in all, to flight, and recovered the stolen property, but found that all the prisoners had been killed and mutilated. And from the time they started to the time they returned was just thirty hours!

Fremont went on to Washington, Kit went home to Taos, and there he stayed until he received a despatch asking him to join the explorer on his third expedition. He was soon at his post again, and led the way through the desert. With three men he was sent on in front to mark out the trail. For sixty miles they went without finding a drop of water or a blade of grass, and then they reached the oasis, where they lit the fire which was the agreed-upon signal for Fremont to advance. Fremont saw the smoke across the plain, and brought up the main body of the expedition, which then kept on, until at last it arrived at Monterey, on the Pacific coast.

Here they were ordered by the Mexicans to leave the country. They formed a camp to defy them, but finding that they could not force their way through Castro's followers, they turned northwards to the mouth of the Columbia, and on the road met and defeated a band of hostile Indians a thousand strong. The war with Mexico then broke out, and Fremont's exploring expedition became Fre-

mont's army corps, with Carson as lieutenant. Sonoma was taken, and cannon and small arms were secured for armament; and then the march was resumed on Monterey, which fell to Stoe before Fremont arrived. Thence Fremont and his men took ship for San Diego, and thence they marched on Los Angeles, whence Kit and fifteen men started on a four-thousand-mile ride with despatches. After many adventures, Kit fell in with General Kearney on his road to California. Joining him, he shared in the battle near San Diego, and with him was surrounded. It became necessary to communicate with the garrison of that town, and Carson volunteered to creep through the Mexican lines and carry the message. Beale, then a naval lieutenant, offered to accompany him.

When night fell they started together on their hands and feet, feeling for the tall grass, the hollows in the ground, the shady thickets, and everything that could hide them from the triple row of sentinels that begirt the Americans. Foot by foot they crept along in silence, and to make their progress more noiseless they slipped off their shoes and stuck them in their belts. They passed the first line, then the second, and were just thinking they were clear, when a sentinel rode up to within a yard of where they were lying hid in the long grass. With flint and steel he began to strike a light, and Kit could hear his comrade's heart beat as the sparks flew out. The Mexican dismounted. The suspense of the Americans was terrible. Click, click! went the flint and steel, and then came the light, and the sentinel's eyes, intent on his pipe, were too much occupied to see them. At last the tobacco caught, and, with a grunt of relief, the Mexican mounted and rode off smoking. For two miles did the messengers creep along through the brushwood, and then by a roundabout route Carson led the way over the rocks and hills. They had lost their shoes, and all next day they struggled on with bare feet over the slippery shale and through the prickly pear-bushes. Another night closed in, and it was not till early morning that they reached San Diego, and brought Stockton the news of Kearney's peril. Instantly the troops were called out and marched to the rescue, and the Mexicans retreated, baffled of their prey.

In March, 1847, Kit was sent off with despatches to Washington. He took three months on the road, triumphantly outwitting the ever hostile Indians. And several times he went backwards and forwards across the continent with despatches for the seat of war. When the war was over he settled down at Taos, where he had selected and stocked a ranche.

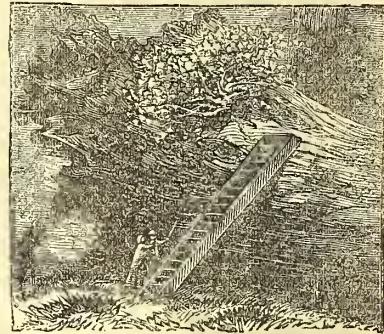
Once, when travelling with a caravan from

St. Louis to his farm, he found himself surrounded by Cheyennes. Throwing up an entrenchment, he sent out an interpreter inviting the Indians to a palaver. They agreed, and he entered their camp and talked to them through his interpreter of his desire to be friendly. The Cheyennes began to chat amongst themselves, Kit understanding every word. He heard the whole of a plot to massacre him and his men, and plunder his own and his neighbours' houses. Suddenly springing to his feet, he told the Indians of their treachery, revealed his name—till then unknown to them—and ordered them to disperse; and so great was the terror he inspired that the astonished Cheyennes beat a hurried retreat.

He was never molested again, and so feared and respected had he made himself by the Indians that in 1853 he was appointed United States Indian Agent for New Mexico. In this responsible post he did his utmost to help and direct aright the sons of the wilderness with whom he had lived so long. Only once did he meet them on the war-path, and the result was as it ever had been—the Navajoes were effectually overpowered. When the War of Secession broke out Kit became lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, and did welcome service; and at the close of the struggle he obtained the rank of brigadier-general. It is, however, solely with him as a backwoodsman that we have here to deal, and we need not dwell on his marchings and countermarchings as a soldier.

He died at Fort Lyon, in Colorado, on the 23rd of May, 1868, leaving behind him a spotless fame. He was one of nature's gentlemen—a true man in all that constitutes manhood, pure, honourable, truthful, sincere, and ever ready to defend the weak against the strong, regardless of reward other than the approval of his own conscience.

(THE END.)



### AN ENCOUNTER WITH CROCODILES.

By W. STOBIE.

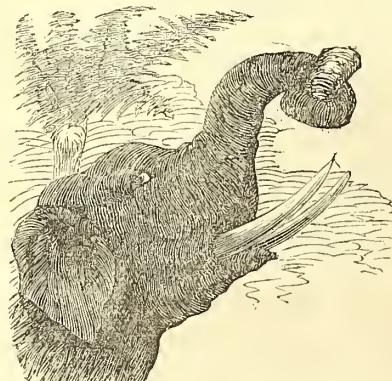
the great Terai forests begin, that extend from Assam to Cashmere, forests whose slopes culminate in the mighty peaks of the Himalayas towering in the distance nearly two hundred miles off.

Here, if rather solitary, I used to have plenty of scope for shikar in the occasional raids into the jungle and in the shape of stray tigers or leopards that now and then strolled down into the plains for better feeding. My ever-present shikar, however, was a herd of crocodiles that had come into my lake from the river during the floods of the rainy season, and which, like the Frenchman's pheasant, afforded a continuation of sport through failure in bagging the game.

Once within the lake, they had been unable to get out again as the water fell, owing to the sudden forming of a sandbank in their way, which the natives vigorously added to to keep in the supply of water for the sake of their rice crops and irrigation. The croco-

diles did not appear to like risking a journey on foot till they could get into deep water, and the very rapid falling of the river and drying of the intermediate ground soon put this out of their power. So, unable to get back to headquarters, there remained nothing for them but to make the most of their situation, which they seemingly did by multiplying and flourishing, to the great disgust of many a Hindoo who had been wont to recite his prayers as he stood waist-deep in the lake, praying and plunging alternately, and also to the vexation of spirit of the fisherman. The luxurious cool bair of the peasant as he left his field labours heated and tired, and the net-casting of the fisherman as he waded from the shore neck-deep into the water, had all to be abandoned. An ever-present dread of a lurking enemy had now to be taken into account.

Every now and then as I came out to *chota-hazri* (six o'clock breakfast) in the



WHILE residing in India I was once stationed on the Nepaul border, where

morning I used to have a pot from the verandah at one or more of the skulking invaders as they lay basking in the sun on the opposite bank of the lake, some two hundred and fifty yards off. Generally after such warm receptions I would see nothing of them for a few days, till their alarm at the unseen missile that buried itself with a thud in the bauk beside them had subsided and love of sunshine (for it was the cold season) had got the better of their habitual caution and cunning. Then they would reappear as before, lying motionless, like dark logs of wood, a yard or two from the water.

My shikar was attended with little trouble, for I had merely to rest the gun on the back of my chair for steadier aim. Then there was the sound of the bullet striking, the sudden start of the "logs" and the plunge into the water. But often though I fired, I am afraid that, owing to the distance, the only time I struck was once when a sharper crack of the bullet varied its usual dull thud in the bank and a wild floundering of the crocodile for some seconds preceded his laboured descent and plunge into the lake. For a moment I thought I had fairly bagged my game, but to my great disappointment neither floating carcass nor wounded crocodile appeared afterwards to prove the efficacy of the shot. Had the bullet struck other than perfectly straight, it had probably glanced with little damage off the thick horny hide.

At first I was at a loss to account for the scaly monsters returning again and again to the same spot after the treatment they habitually met, till I found it was almost the only part of the lake where an open bank with deep water below and a clear offing above afforded security against surprise. Nearly all the rest of the lake was either less secluded or had a broad belt of rushes and rank strong weeds, which shut out the sun, and, with gradually shallowing water, rendered access both to and from the bank more difficult. Like most of the plain lakes—horseshoe-shaped, and once the beds of rivers—it was subject to annual flooding from the river during the rainy season, bringing in a fresh supply of both water and fish, and though some four miles in circumference, it was only of a uniform width of from two to four hundred yards.

For myself, fond of swimming as I was, these unwelcome settlers had completely spoiled the lake now, except as a field for boating and duck shooting and as an ornamental part of the landscape. Often, after a hot ride, had I stood on the steps leading into the water below my bungalow, longing to plunge into its clear depths, but not daring to venture. So I was resolved to wage a more determined war against the common enemy, and an incident happened about this time that strengthened this resolution. I had rowed over to the other side of the lake near their basking-ground to pick up from among the reeds a duck that I had dropped from a passing flock, and, rushing in through the dense growth, came up to where I had seen it fall. Right in the way lay a log of wood parallel to the boat, and just beyond it the duck; so, thinking the log buoyant enough amid its strong support of reeds to bear some weight, I put out one foot to rest on it while I stretched over to pick up the bird. In an instant the log became animated, and I just managed to recover my balance and footing in the boat, when, with a few tremendous plunges, the black mass disappeared beneath the reeds and vanished outside them into the deep water.

The same day word was brought to me in the afternoon of the first sad testimony of these ruthless invaders' presence. A child of some three years, that had been paddling knee-deep in the edge of the lake, suddenly disappeared, and there seemed no room for doubt as to its fate. It had probably been noted from a distance by a crocodile, who had advanced stealthily below the surface and swept it from its feet in the shallow

water, so quickly and quietly that there had never been time for a cry to give alarm of the fact. Mentioning the matter to my friend Brown, who arrived that day on a week's visit, he was delighted to volunteer his experience and assistance in a plan of extermination.

Next morning, about an hour before day-break, we were silently slipping along the lake in shadow of the rushes towards another favourite reputed camping-ground of the enemy. This was about a mile distant, and the heavy drenching dew with almost frosty air of the coldest period of the twenty-four hours—that of transition from night to day—required all our wraps to keep us comfortable. Our guns lay beside us ready loaded, and a *mulah* (fisherman) perched on the stern of the boat quietly and swiftly paddled us along. On the way Brown narrated some of his experiences of crocodiles during a residence in Assam.

"Once when crossing a large tributary of the Berhampootra," he said, "which abounded with crocodiles, we came alongside a herd of elephants that were swimming across, led by one a little in advance bestrode by a mahout. Often only the tips of their proboscis were visible above the water for air, and even these from a little distance being undiscernible, there was the curious appearance of a man moving along on the surface in a sitting posture. Suddenly again the huge heads would emerge with a plunge, as if their owners were gambolling in the enjoyment of their bath. While steadily moving forwards, suddenly one elephant gave a heavy plunge, and, trumpeting loudly, obstinately refused to advance in spite of all persuasion. The others, who had moved a little ahead, now veered round in a body, and, forming a cordon round their friend, all, save the trumpeter, plunged, as if at a signal, head foremost downwards, and for nearly a minute remained below. When they reappeared one held triumphantly in his trunk a large crocodile. Another then seized hold of it, and together they tugged and pulled at it till we expected every instant to see it fly into fragments. After every bone in its body must have been crushed and broken, they left it lying lifeless in the water, and the herd quietly resumed their *march*. The mahout, who had been softly unseated while this was going on, and left swimming about in the water, mounted into his seat once more and led the way. It seemed that the crocodile had fixed on the elephant's leg, and refused to let go till torn away by the other elephants, who had somehow divined the plight of their companion. My only wonder was that the brute had not seized the mahout's leg instead, and so found an easy victim; but probably the covering from the elephant's ear and the proximity of the trunk had been his protection."

"On another occasion," Brown said, "when waiting for the down Calcutta steamer at a ghaut (ferry) of the same river, near its junction with the Berhampootra, where lieavy jungle close at hand reached down to its banks, the rather alarming sight greeted me of a tiger emerging from the jungle on the opposite bank and descending to the water, which he entered and began swimming across. The distance from where I stood was not more than a couple of hundred yards, but though so near I had little to fear, as where I was standing I could easily obtain the means of protection or escape. While watching him through a binocular I noticed him, when about half across, begin to give signs of uneasiness, which unaccountably increased rather than diminished as he neared the opposite bank; and at last I made out a small black object about the size of a billiard ball floating alongside him on the water, and steadily progressing in his company. As he drew near the bank the object drew nearer him, and his plunges became more violent, till at last I could hear his roaring as he fairly bellowed with fright. When a few

yards from the bank the black ball disappeared, and immediately after the tiger, with a final piteous yell, sank below the surface, and we saw no more of him. The black ball was the horny nose of a crocodile that had been keeping him company—had, in fact, been playing with him as a cat with a mouse, of which the tiger was fully aware, before drawing him under, in an element where there could be no equality in the struggle. The crocodile would hold on by some part where there was least risk from the tiger's jaws—probably by the tail—till the poor brute was suffocated, then he was at his disposal. The only thing I grudged the wretch, however, on reflection, was his getting such a beautiful skin to mangle!"

By the time Brown finished his yarn we had come near enough the enemy for the *mulah* to whisper "Silence," and presently we doubled softly in through the rushes, and found ourselves in a large deep ditch that opened into the lake. This at the top of the bank bent suddenly round and ran parallel with the lake in the direction in which we were proceeding. This ditch we purposed making use of as a cover to approach the crocodiles. Hitherto the belt of rushes had afforded us cover, concealed approach by land being impossible owing to the open ground which the crocodiles' usual caution had selected. So getting out of the boat we crept up the ditch, and, turning the corner, came silently along for about a hundred yards till we reached an open plantain *topo* (grove) that fronted the ditch, and was the landmark of the crocodiles' camping-ground. Rising cautiously, we found some small tufts of grass on the edge of the ditch, which served as a veil to peer through, and enabled us unseen to get a view of the bank below. There sure enough they were, quite a family of them, of all ages and sizes, from the trueculent patriarch of eight foot to the infant of two, all perfectly motionless, and lying mostly broadside towards us, with one eye for the bank and another for the water. Not a movement betrayed that there was life in them, and they might easily be mistaken from a little distance for dirty logs of wood left by the water on the bank; but their wicked grey-green eyes were all the same fully awake, as well as their ears, to catch the slightest sign or sound of a suspicious kind.

Selecting two of the biggest for aim, who lay broadside towards us, at a signal we fired. For a little we could see nothing through the cloud of smoke, but could hear the snapping of jaws like the reports of percussion caps, which told that one bullet at least had taken effect. When the smoke cleared we saw one crocodile just reaching the water and making laboured efforts to get into it; while another, the *percussion-cap* one, still remained where he had been hit, practising his faucial muscles with terrible vehemence. Opening his jaws each time to their full width, he closed them again with a crash that suggested the temper he was in and the use he would fain make of them. All the others had decamped to their aqueous strongholds.

Thinking the higher-up one *safe*, we made a rush for the one entering the water, and, though failing to arrest his escape, Brown, who reached him first, dealt him a thundering whack with his gun, which, however, only rebounded off his back without seeming to do much harm. The brute succeeded in getting into the water, but we soon found he was so disabled from the bullet that he could not dive, and only paddled slowly away on the surface, chiefly with the aid of sundry sweeps of his powerful tail. This evidently suggested to Brown his being in *extremis*, for, angry at losing his prize, and carried away by the excitement, without hesitating he began wading in after the enemy, till, getting beyond his depth, he turned round, threw his gun on the bank, and struck out in pursuit.

Being a powerful swimmer he was soon up

with the brute, and at once seized hold of the part nearest him—the tail. This was more than the crocodile could put up with, for, finding his progress arrested, he swung round his head, and I saw the gaping jaws close over Brown's arm. In the meantime I had dispatched the *mulah* in hot haste for the boat, and never did the time seem more interminable till it hove in sight. Badly disabled though the crocodile was, he was sufficiently dangerous, and I had still another fear, that some of his brethren might appear on the field in search of their missing companions.

Already I thought I could detect tinges of blood on the water, and Brown now seemed to have a hold of the monster's jaw with his other hand, as if making a vain attempt to relieve the imprisoned arm from its vice-like grasp. Rushing along the bank to meet the boat, and wading out to save delay in getting into it, in a second or two more with a dexterous use of the paddle we were alongside the crocodile and his victim, and a crashing

blow from an oar unlocked the iron grip and set Brown's arm free. In a pretty exhausted condition we took him on board, and he was breathless enough to show that we had just come in time to terminate the unequal struggle. His arm was severely lacerated, and he had lost a good deal of blood, but neither large blood-vessel nor bones seemed damaged, so, binding up the wounds securely, we turned our attention towards number two, that we had left practising muscular feats on the bank.

Brown with unimpaired spirits and energy urged the way. "Number two" had so far made use of his time that he was now within a foot or so of the water, and was making redoubled efforts to reach it on seeing our approach. On coming close up to him he met us with open jaw, but a few vigorous applications of the oar permanently put a stop to his progress. Turning now to look at the one on the water, we saw, what I had dreaded, several dark "knobs" floating round about the carcass, which showed that we had got

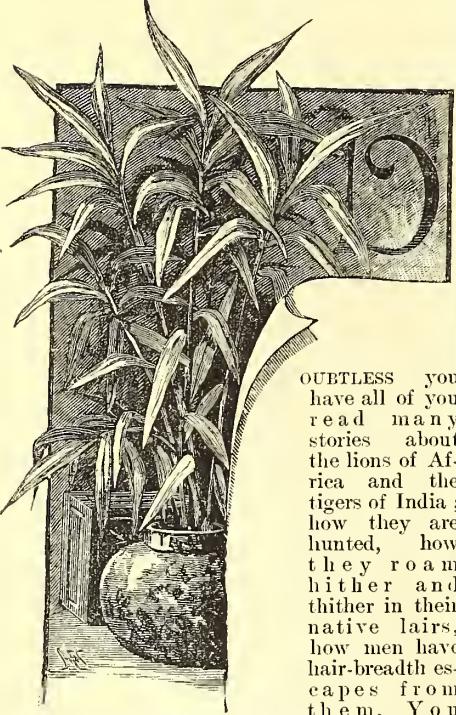
Brown out of the water not a minute too soon. They were the noses of the other crocodiles, who had come back to search for their missing friends! The sight gave Brown rather a turn, and he felt some satisfaction in making them suddenly vanish as a couple of bullets struck within an inch or two of their snouts.

The day was now breaking and the heavy mist rolling upwards in the sunshine like a silver cloud as we hurried home to get Brown rid of his drenched clothes and partake of breakfast with keenly-whetted appetites. On having the monsters opened we found too sure proof of the sad fate of the child in the shape of some poor calico fragments of the clothing it had last worn, which made us feel the more satisfied at the very unusual success of our shikar. Brown was little the worse either of his wounds or drenching, though he now bears several long ragged scars on his arm sufficient to remind him of his adventure.

(THE END.)

## THE WILD ANIMALS OF CIVILISATION.

BY ALICE KING.



red hand of autumn has just begun to stain the leaves, where the brooks are laughing and singing as brooks only do laugh and sing in this land so dear to the water-sprites, where the deep, warm colour of the Devon cattle is flecking here and there the green meadows; we get entangled in a long, winding lane, roofed with entwining branches, and draped with velvety green moss and feathery ferns; then all of a sudden we have emerged upon what seems a wondrous garden—a garden all radiant with purple and gold, as if it were prepared to welcome a king. We are out now on Dunkery, the highest hill in West Somerset—the hill which is the close neighbour of the wide, uncultivated tract of Exmoor.

What is that rising in front of us? It is Dunkery Beacon, a mass of rough stones now, but said formerly to have been a huge fireplace, which used to be set blazing to send a message concerning war or rebellion in troublous times to the distant mountains on the other side of the Bristol Channel in Wales. We are standing in the midst of a sea of golden gorse and purple heather, amid which there rise, here and there, the little whortleberry bushes, the speciality of this region. Let us throw ourselves down on the elastic couch of heath under the beacon, and when we have done looking at and admiring the stag's-horn moss—a rare plant, which is a native of the moorland, belonging to its highest botanical aristocracy, and which, in its growth, resembles in such a remarkable manner the antlers of a stag—let us watch to see if we can get a view of any of the animal inhabitants of the heath and moorland.

We have grown just a trifle tired of gazing at the heather-bells nodding to the breeze as it passes by, and our eyes have strayed, by way of a little change, out towards the sea, where a white-sailed vessel is dancin across the waves, and a steamer is speeding up Channel, with its pennant of wavy blue smoke floating behind it, when suddenly our attention is attracted by a whirring sound as of a wheel in some piece of machinery just set in motion. We turn quickly and see a glossy black wing glistening in the sunshine as it rises from among the gorse. This is a blackcock, a very eminent native of our West Somerset hills and moorlands, to shoot whom is the highest ambition of sportsmen in these parts. The black-game are an entirely different species of birds from the grouse of the Scotch and Cumberland moors; they are singularly elegant in shape and swift in flight, and as they dart through the sunbeams they

DOUBTLESS you have all of you read many stories about the lions of Africa and the tigers of India; how they are hunted, how they roam hither and thither in their native lairs, how men have hair-breadth escapes from them. You

have heard a great deal also about the buffaloes that frequent the trackless prairies, and travellers and hunters have given such exact accounts of all their habits that many of you could repeat them by heart. All these animals, dwellers in foreign lands, are as familiar to you, though they live in desolate, unpopulated parts of the world, as if you met them constantly walking down the street.

Very few, however, of our readers are probably aware that in England, within a short day's journey by rail from the roar and bustle of London, there is a region where wild animals wander about quite as much at their ease as the panther in the jungle or the giraffe on the plains of Africa. They are close to modern civilisation, and yet it does not drive them from their long-acquainted haunts. Let us pay them and their home a short visit to-day and see what they are like.

It is a crisp, sparkling September afternoon; we pass through the valleys, where the

seem like the very embodiment of the brisk winds that bound over the heather. The black-game are peculiarly wary and cunning in the way in which they conceal themselves among the gorse. When you are riding over the hills they will often lie hidden till your horse's feet are almost upon them, then they will rise with a swing and a rush, and will often nearly unseat the bravest and most experienced rider that gallops over the moorland, for what horse will not bound and snort at such an unexpected apparition in his path?

Hark! What was that? It is like the sound of a little bell; tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, it comes over the hill-side, seeming to mount up from one of the little sheltered hollows, which, in this part of Somersetshire, they call "combes." A little party of the wild Exmoor sheep, which have been taking a siesta down in the cosycombe, are now coming up for a leisurely stroll over the heath. Their owners—for all these wandering flocks have owners, though it is difficult to say how they make their rights of ownership of any avail with such property—have fastened small bells round their necks in order that they may be able to find them should they be buried beneath the snow in winter, as is sometimes the case on the hills and moor.

They are curious little people, these Exmoor sheep. We apply the word "people" to them most advisedly, for their faces have as much wise expression, as much gravity of thought, in them as the countenances of the most venerable judges in the land. They have small, pert-looking horns that add to the piquant peculiar character of their physiognomy, and which convey the same impression as we should receive if we beheld one of the above-mentioned judges with a coquettish bonnet stuck on the top of his head. They are endowed with a cleverness and delicacy of instinct not found among the sheep family in general, and they stand gazing at us with as much meaning in their eyes as if they were making up their minds whether they should or should not find us pleasant company. The inspection does not appear to be regarded by them as very satisfactory, for, after a while, they turn and trot away with a rather contemptuous air.

We are falling into a light doze, for the September sun has a hot touch to-day in his rays, and nothing particular seems likely to happen, when we are roused with a start by a noise which is like nothing so much as a number of large sponges splashing in thick

water. We look wonderingly in the direction from whence the sounds come, and see a whole troop of fiery-eyed, tossing-maned, tiny horses splashing through a patch of green marshy ground not far from us. We have noticed before this island of verdure in the middle of the purple heather, and have come to the wise conclusion that there must be a strip of meadow land out here upon the hill, and have made a note in our minds of the remarkable fact. But now there comes a moment of rapid undeeceiving. This bright emerald patch, which looks as if it might be a ballroom for the moorland fairies, is nothing more or less than a genuine Exmoor bog. There are many of these bogs on the hills and the moor, and some of them are so deep and treacherous that to get into them, especially after dark, is no laughing matter.

But to return to the brigade of small riderless cavalry which is charging towards us. These are the far-famed wild Exmoor ponies, who roam at will all over the moor and hills. They are a breed of beautiful and spirited little animals, remarkable for their small, mobile ears, which seem always to be in energetic, restless pantomime about something, their large brilliant eyes, and tiny heads, full of intelligence and expression. They are said to inherit these small, fine heads from an Arab horse that long ago was turned loose on Exmoor.

When caught and broken in the Exmoor ponies are found to be strong, courageous, and singularly sure-footed. They retain, however, their wild habits even in civilised stables, and start at the slightest sound and stare at every object they pass as if it were a ghost, and always show a rooted dislike to treading on soft ground, the bogs of their native moor always apparently living in their memories. They are often inveterate shyers, and it requires no mean horsemanship to sit and guide them. Small though they are, they are famous for peculiar wriggling, uncertain movements, which will sometimes speedily bring about a divorce between even experienced riders and their saddles.

We keep as still as statues on a monument as we lie on the heather, and, in consequence, the ponies draw near us and glance at us shyly but inquisitively. One little

fellow, who is evidently not much more than a baby, and who looks like a charger fit for an elfin king, even stretches out his head and sniffs the air around us curiously, and seems half inclined to come close and examine us with his small velvet muzzle. But see! one of us has made a sudden unwary movement. The ponies start back as if by a word of command given somewhere in the air. There is a snorting, a plunging, a flinging aloft of heads, a waving of manes, a switching of long tails, a scampering, a hurrying, and the whole band are out of our sight in a shorter space of time than it has taken to write this sentence.

The ponies have vanished, and we begin to ask, a little restlessly, Will there be anything more to be seen on the heather to-day? Let us wait with patience a while, and as we wait pick a piece of the stag's-horn moss and twine it round our hats, as Exmoor lads and lassies do in seasons of any village merrymaking; it is an adornment which no Paris milliner can excel. Then let us look closer into the purple heath and notice how there is a little plant with a small white flower which creeps about among it, weaving with the heather-bells a delicate pattern that no loom can imitate. This is the little dodder, a native of the moorland and the hill, the very breath of whose life is the wind which bounds over the heath. Now let us turn our eyes again towards the far expanse of the hill-side, just where it slopes downward, and see what we can discover there.

Several animals' shapes have just come in view in that direction, and as the sun shines upon them they appear to be of a reddish-brown colour. Are they cattle which have strayed up from the lowland farms? Let us look at them through our field-glass; what does it reveal to us? It shows high, broad-spreading antlers, which certainly belong to no bovine heads; it shows us a herd of the red-deer which wander all over the hills and valleys in these parts of West Somerset.

To judge from those spreading antlers, of which we have spoken above, there must be among them what is called "a warrantable deer," that is, a stag who has attained to the full honours of his head. For the first three years of his life a young red stag has yearly

a fresh branch added to his antlers, and when he is adorned with them all he is said to have "brow, bay, and tray." A full-grown stag with his full growth of antlers branching on his head is a splendid animal, with grace and strength combined in every movement. He and his hinds are not so shy of men and their habitations but that they will often trespass on the fields of a hill-country farmer and help themselves liberally to young wheat or turnips; and the farmer's wife and daughter frequently enjoy a view of them from their window.

The red-deer are hunted in the autumn of every year, and vast crowds, who come from miles distant, assemble for the first meet of the West Somerset staghounds, which is a most picturesque and beautiful sight, taking place, as it invariably does, in one of the most romantic valleys among the hills. Carriages flock to the rendezvous filled with ladies, and more adventurous dames and damsels are there in the saddle; there are gentlemen on thoroughbred horses, and village lads on their legs. The chase of the Exmoor red-deer is becoming year by year more popular, and not long ago it was honoured with the presence of Royalty in the person of the Prince of Wales.

If we have made acquaintance now with the highest nobility that dwell upon the heather, since we have seen a herd of red-deer, so we will leave it for a woody valley not far off, and watch beside a stream which is wandering through it with many a tricky, capricious wind and turn. Here, if we watch long enough, lying in the shade of the trees and keeping very still, we may perhaps catch a glimpse of a strange-looking animal with a head something like a big, awkward dog basking in the sunshine on the bank of the brook. This is the otter, the ogre of the streams, who makes dire havoc among the spotted silver trout; but a day of reckoning comes sometimes for him too, for there is a breed of hounds kept for the special purpose of hunting him.

Such are some of the wild animals who live next door to civilisation, and whose varied habits make, for any who have eyes to see, a new and happy study.

(THE END.)

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### LONG BICYCLE RIDE.

Mr. H. R. Goodwin, of the North Manchester Bicycle Club, has lately completed one of the most remarkable rides ever accomplished on the bicycle. Leaving Land's End on June 1, he rode to John o' Groat's, having reached which point in seven and a half days he at once turned southward, and arrived again at Land's End on the 16th, having completed the double journey from one extremity of England to the other, or about 1,800 miles, in less than sixteen days. From Land's End Mr. Goodwin rode to London, where he arrived on the 19th, the total distance ridden being 2,050 miles in exactly nineteen days, or an average of 108 miles per day. He rode a 40in. "Facile," and arrived in London fresh and well, feeling, indeed, better in health than when he started. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Goodwin is a strict teetotaler and a non-smoker.

### NATIONAL FLORAL EMBLEMS.

A list of National emblems may be worth preserving:—

England—The Rose.  
Prussia—Corn Flowers.

Spain—Pomegranate.  
Russia—Lime.  
Saxony—Mignonette.  
Ireland—Shamrock.  
Scotland—Thistle.  
France—Lily.  
Greece—Violet.

It invests flowers with greater interest when we know their associations. Thus the violet, so shyly lurking in the village lanes, becomes a thing of dignity, as well as of beauty, when we know that it was the adored flower of the classic Greek when the Groves of Academus welcomed philosophic crowds.

### THE SURGEON AND THE TIGER.

Many of our readers will be interested in a recent surgical operation which took place at Cincinnati. The unwilling subject was a tiger, who was suffering agonies from a malformation of one of its claws. "Dickie" was a powerful beast, and not too good-tempered in his most gracious moods, so it may be inferred that he was a difficult subject. However, the claw was clipped most successfully, though not without much trouble and no little danger. This is how it was done. In

one of the small compartments of the inner cage a low, strong temporary ceiling had been built. Several pieces of timber nailed together firmly were placed at one end of the compartment, and to these were attached four ropes reaching outside of the cage. The tiger was driven into the compartment, the sliding door closed, and six strong men began to pull at the ropes. This drew the frame close to the iron bars of the cage, with the tiger, now howling with rage, wedged between. He fought terribly, and with an enormous effort once broke the timbers. One of the operators, at the risk of losing an arm, reached into the cage over the writhing beast, and fastened the ropes. Finally, the tiger's right leg was caught in a noose and pulled straight out, while he was held in position by iron bars above, braced in the timbers at the back of him. All this time one of the men held a board in her jaws, which was crushed as if it were a biscuit. For a time it looked as if she would overpower the men, and the operation would prove a failure; but the keen-eyed surgeon watched his chance, and finally succeeded in extracting, with a knife and a heavy pair of pincers, the offending claw, and the beast was released. The claw was carried away as a relic.

## HOW TO MAKE AN ASH COURT.

BY A CLUB SECRETARY.

LAWN TENNIS grows so much in popular favour that many who are without a suitable lawn, or who have neglected to attend to one, may be glad to know how a first-rate "court" can be made on any spare piece of ground at a comparatively trifling expense; one, too, which can be played on not only in summer but throughout the winter.

It is of course too late in the year to lay down turf for use this season, or even to roll a good surface on a piece of ground which is very rough. The dry summer which we have had this year has allowed the ground to bake too hard to allow of the roller having much effect. My suggestion is that a very excellent court can be made of cinders.

If any reader should think of carrying out my plan I would suggest that he should get up a "working bee"—that is, invite half a dozen or so of his friends to meet him and bring their spades, etc., and then all set to work to dig up turf, level the ground, roll, and do whatever else is to be done. In this way, if all work with a will, the court can be almost finished in one half-holiday, with the exception of rolling the surface.

But to begin at the beginning. Having obtained your ground—and any waste piece will do if it is not less than ninety feet by forty-five feet—the first thing to be done is to remove any grass or other plants upon it. It should then be levelled, and salt should be sprinkled over it in order to kill any roots or seeds which may remain, and so prevent them from growing up through your

court. If the soil is light, whether sandy or gravel, the court may be made level; but if stiff or clayey it is as well to allow a slight dip of from four to six inches from the middle to both ends; and if required for use throughout the winter, a foundation of brick rubbish is desirable, or the clay, as it becomes wet and soft, will work up through the cinders, and may give trouble in places, forming hollows in which rain will collect and prevent play.

Having levelled your ground, it is ready to receive the cinders, which, if the domestic supply fails, may be obtained to any amount from a factory or gasworks for a mere trifle. They must be sifted and the large cinders spread over the ground first, and rolled in so as to make a good solid foundation for the final layer of fine cinders. These should then be raked over the ground in strips of three or four feet in width, each strip being well rolled down before adding the next strip—much in the same manner as asphalt may often be seen laid down in the City. Great care should be taken to ensure a uniform depth of cinders all over the court, so that the surface shall be level. The depth of cinders will of course depend upon the quantity at disposal, but if enough can be obtained to allow a depth of from two to two and a half inches of the sifted material, that will be found quite sufficient.

Before commencing to play, the court should be well rolled every day for a week or ten days, until the cinders have become

thoroughly set. It may then be marked out in the usual way with whiting—seventy-eight feet in length and thirty-six feet in width for a double, twenty-seven feet for a single court, and the service-line twenty-one feet from the net.

If a sufficient quantity of cinders cannot be obtained, a mixture of cinders and brick-dust has been found to answer, but this requires more watering in dry weather. If gravel is more easily obtained than either of the above a very fine court may be made of it, having this advantage, too—that it is cleaner and does not blacken the balls. In rolling it, however, a very plentiful supply of water must be used, so as to work the fine particles up, making a kind of cement, and when once made it should be left for a day or two until it is perfectly set and dry before playing or even walking over it. If any of my readers have spent a holiday at Ilfracombe, in North Devon, they will remember the gravel court on the pier, which is always well patronised.

Such a court as I have described will, if proper care is taken in making it, play as true, and even truer, than a great many turf courts. I was playing on one which cost but a few shillings to make last Easter Monday, and had many exciting games, and I was assured that it had been played on all through the Christmas holidays. The gentleman who had made it had merely taken off the turf in the corner of a field, spread cinders over the ground, and well rolled them.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

## V.—Literary Composition—"A Story Needing Words."

(Continued from page 799.)

MIDDLE DIVISION (*ages from 14 to 18*).

Prize—One Guinea.

THOMAS DALE (aged 17), 38, Coupland Street, Greenhays, Manchester.

## Certificates.

WILLIAM JOHN JOBLING, 154, Evelyn Street, Deptford, S.E.

JOHN BULL, Great Milton, near Tetworth, Oxon.

ERNEST H. HOLDEN, Whitchurch, Salop.

IVRE MCILWRAITH, Kirklauchlin, Sandhead, Wigton.

EDWARD NOEL HUMPHREYS, 8, Derby Place, Hoole, Chester.

J. A. CRUMPLEN, 26, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

HARRY VINCENT PRISK, 6, Woodland Terrace, Plymouth.

THOMAS HENRY JENKINS, 21, Leadworks Lane, Chester.

WILLIAM L. CAREY, Munster Bank, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.

HERBERT HAMILTON FOX, 13, Cromwell Crescent, South Kensington, S.W.

LESLIE GORDON SAJAJANT, The Vicarage, Burbage, near Buxton.

D. N. LANG, 92, Hill Terrace, Middlesbrough-on-Tees.

ALFRED HUNTER, 24, West Hill Street, Brighton.

JOHN MITCHELL, 28, Orchard Street, Paisley.

ROBERT MASSON SMITH, P. O. Box 86, St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada.

ALEXANDER TAIT, Slap, Turriff, Aberdeen.

ARTHUR E. FREEMAN, 223, Brockley Road, Brockley, S.E.

J. G. MELVIN, Crown Hotel, Claremont, South Africa.

JAMES STEWART, Home for Little Boys, Farnham, Kent.

GEORGE A. J. FRASER, Goderich, Ontario, Canada.

JOHN TEASDALE SPENCER, 9, Townend Street, Groves, York.

RODERICK MACLEOD, Windhill, Beauly, Invernesshire.

HAMILTON POOLE LYNE, 9, Victoria Gardens, Southsea.

EDWIN DAVIES, 37, Santley Street, Ferndale Road, Brixton, S.W.

GRACE LILIAN BRIGHT, Alvaston, Park Hill, Forest Hill.

ARTHUR EDWARD SCHOLES, 23, Nursery Street, Pendleton, near Manchester.

ALFRED THOMAS PAGE PHILLIPSON, Caubury Bank, Kingston-on-Thames.

HUGH WILLIAMS, Coffee Roomis, Builth, Brecon.

HENRY THOMAS SPENCER, 7, Fairfield Terrace, West Park Street, Dewsbury.

ALFRED ERNEST LAMBERT, 26, Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol.

LUTHER SEDGWICK, 12, Eastham Street, Burnley, Lancashire.

W. A. STANTON, 6, Shaftesbury Villas, Hornsey Rise, N. John WILLIAM TRISTRAM, The Barracks, Middle Head, Sydney, N.S.W.

GEORGE GREEN, Holmsdale, Elundellsands, Liverpool.

WALTER TOTTLE, Chiltern House, High Wycombe.

GEORGE MELVILLE, The Parsonage, Callinqua, St. Vincent, W.I.

JAMES EDWARD S. TUCKETT, 1, West Shrubbery, Lower Redland Road, Bristol.

PERCY C. MAYWOOD, Westgate, Southwell, Notts.

LEONARD MARTIN, Sunny Side, Palace Road, Tulse Hill Park, S.W.

WALTER MAY, The Green, Marlborough, Wilts.

JAMES MOFFATT, 18, Burubank Gardens, Glasgow.

JOHN WILLIAM HENRY EYRE, Deal College, Deal, Kent.

GEORGE PERCY DUCKWORTH, Anantapur, India.

JAMES NORVAL NOBLE, Bean Street, Kimberley, South Africa.

JAMES DUNLOP, 1, Wellpark Place, Ayr.

WM. C. TAYLER, Jun., 20, Bridge Street, St. Helens, Lancashire.

ROBERT BARNES NAYLOR, 18, Round Hill Crescent, Brighton.

PERCY RAYMOND McDOWALL, Riversdale Road, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Australia.

ARTHUR CECIL HICKMAN, 3, Macklin Street, Derby.

THOMAS PERCY NUNN, The College, Weston-super-Mare.

JOSIAH HERBERT CUSHING, 39, Newmarket Street, Norwich.

JAMES VINCENT HORROCKS, 20, Newton Street, Darwen. THOMAS GRENFELL, 17, Tregenna Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

WILLIAM HENRY COOK, 69, Nisbet Street, Homerton. ADAM LUKE GOWANS, 12, Campside Crescent, Langside, Glasgow.

ALBERT ERNEST WHITE, Grosvenor House, South Cliff, Scarborough.

JAMES CARGILL THOMPSON, 9, Queen Street, Arbroath.

CECIL BURNET, 40, Nottingham Place, W.

J. H. CHORLTON, Pitsmoor Vicarage, Sheffield.

FRANCIS GEORGE HILL, Kroonstad, Orange Free State, South Africa.

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

## CANADIAN CANOE.

C. W. H. writes from Chew Magna, near Bristol: "I have built a canoe from instructions given in your valuable paper, under the heading 'The Canadian or Birch-bark Canoe,' and it answers admirably. I used red deal for everything except the ribs, and those I made of ash, an eighth of an inch thick and two inches wide, and covered it with stout canvas outside. It is very light and buoyant; I can easily carry it myself. It is thirteen feet long, two feet wide, and one foot deep amidships. It will hold two comfortably. I screwed on a small exterior keel about two inches deep as advised, and that makes it very steady. I have not had a capsise yet."

"I should advise any one making one of these canoes to tack a narrow strip of zinc or copper round the gunwale, as the canvas is very liable to wear through."

"I painted mine dark inside and mid-blue outside, with a stripe of white running round. It was very easily made, and does not require much previous knowledge, if you follow the instructions given in your valuable paper."

## SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Amy J. Taylor writes to us from Montreal: "I have been so interested in reading your account of shooting the Lachine Rapids that I can not help writing to you. We spend every summer in Lachine, and often make up a party to shoot the rapids, coming back via the locks; and I think there is a delight that does not wear off in standing at the bow of the vessel and watching the waves whirling around the rocks and dashing against the sides of the boat as it swings in and out, zigzag fashion, between the masses of

rocks; and then the feeling that all on board are in the power of Big John (whose portrait you have published), makes one regard the benign and sociable old fudian with a sort of reverential awe. Coming up the locks is a pleasant reaction, as everything is smooth and calm in the quiet moonlight, as we rise higher and higher, till the sound of rushing water ceases, and we once more regain level water and quietly resume our way, till a light in the distance proclaims our little trip almost over. Gradually slowing up to the wharf, one feels as though we were approaching a city of the dead, as, though not yet ten o'clock, most of the Lachinians have retired, and the rest, with lights extinguished, are enjoying the moonlight.

"The last time we ran the rapids we learnt that a friend of ours and two English gentlemen were to shoot them in a 'frail, brown-papery-looking' canoe with three Indians. As they started before we did, when we reached Montreal we anxiously inquired after our ambitious friends, and were told that nothing had been seen of them. Farther on, however, we overtook the canoe, and the enthusiasm which was manifested on their part made us feel that, though going down on a steamer was grand, yet it was not to be compared with doing it in a canoe."



A. C. GREEN.—1. An "odometer" is probably a log of distance measurer. 2. The Riachuelo steams seventeen knots, the Esmeralda eighteen knots. 3. Send to Mr. T. Fletcher, F.C.S., Warrington, Lancashire, for a price list of his gas cooking-stoves; or apply to Deane, Monument Yard. 4. The Willesden waterproofing process consists in the application of Schweitzer's solution of cellulose in ammoniacal oxide of copper. 5. It is said to require a hundred distinct machines to make the movement of a watch—that is, excluding the case, dial, hands, spring, and balance.

GODDARD.—To etch on silver you have to cover the plate with a thin layer of wax—a mixture in equal parts of asphaltum, Burgundy pitch, and beeswax is best—scratch in the design with a needle-point, and bite it out with dilute nitric acid. The wax prevents the acid attacking the silver, hence the metal is only affected where the wax has been scratched away.

J. C.—Quite so; but there is no mystery. The "Model Yachtsman" used to cost one penny, and its price was raised to twopence while our answer was in the press.

W. SMITH.—Mr. Harrington Keene's "Practical Fisherman" is published at 170, Strand, by L. U. Gill, and costs ten shillings and sixpence. "Fishing Tackle, and how to make it" can only be had by purchasing our third volume, price seven shillings and sixpence.

A. MCKENZIE.—See our article on the Highland Clans in the fifth volume.

T. F. L.—An orange-tree in the third year of bearing is estimated as being worth £10; and as there are about sixty trees to an acre, you can calculate the value of the plantation for yourself. A new orange-grove is worth about £100 per acre.

J. WESSLER.—1. The trade with the Carolines is done by means of small craft, making Fiji or Tahiti their headquarters. 2. A very serviceable canoe, one foot deep, two feet wide, and eighteen feet long, could be built of cotton; but the cotton should be so strong that canvas would be just as light, and under any circumstances would wear longer. 3. Give up the idea of corresponding with foreigners. Books are the best friends.

KENULP.—1. Always throw the accent back as far as possible, and pronounce the words with the emphasis on the first syllable. 2. An unintentional coincidence, due to old-style English having been used where possible.

A. O. Z.—We have so many plates in hand that we shall not have a vacancy for some time. However, we have made a note of the subject, and may bring it on in the good time coming.

M. CHOLMONDELEY.—The coloured plates are only presented with the monthly parts; but they can be purchased in a packet at the close of the volume for about twenty pence. As an annual subscriber you would have no advantage over other purchasers. We have a special cover for binding the volumes; it is that used for the Annual. The price is given in the last number for September in each year.

POLES.—The seven senses are—seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, smelling, understanding, and speech. The seven virtues are—faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. The seven deadly sins are—pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice, and sloth.

T. A. L.—Troy weight was current in England at the time of the Confessor. The name is said not to come from Troyes, but from Troynovant, the old name for London. See "Faerie Queen"—"And Troynovant was built of old Troyes' ashes cold." Troy, with the twelve—the old English ten—is the old English weight; avordupois, with the sixteen, is the Norman weight. Troynovant was the Civitas Trinobantum.

G. T. P.—1. Shot are of standard sizes. Of No. 12, which is .05 inches in diameter, 2,326 go to the ounce; the sizes then increase by hundredths of an inch up to .23 of an inch, and of these twenty-four shot go to the ounce. Buckshot range from .22 to .38, and are moulded, not dropped. 2. You can make a pencil to write on glass by mixing together one part of lampblack, one part of tallow, and four of white wax. Dark-blue pencils are made of three parts of Berlin blue, two of tallow, and one of gum-arabic.

N. N.—The examination in most cases merely consists of half a dozen long bills of parcels or practice sums, and a few of heavy compound addition—in fact, the first four rules of arithmetic—and handwriting.

EDWARD F.—The pay of a private in the Life Guards is 1s. 9d. per day; in the cavalry of the line 1s. 2d.; in the Foot Guards 1s. 1d.; in the infantry of the line 1s.; in the West India regiments 9d. A corporal in the line regiments gets 1s. 8d.; in the infantry 2s.; in the cavalry, a sergeant 2s. 4d., and 2s. 8d. A colour-sergeant has 3s.; and a sergeant-major five shillings. In the scientific corps the pay is slightly higher. Trumpeters, buglers, fifers, pipers, drummers, etc., get from 1s. 1d. a day in the line to 1s. 11d. in the Life Guards. All boys under eighteen get eighteenpence a day. The pay of an able seaman in the Royal Navy is 1s. 7d. per day. Boys in the Navy, second class, get 6d.; first class, 7d. per day. Ordinary seamen, second class, get 1s.; first class, 1s. 3d. per day. Leading seamen get 1s. 9d. Captains of the mast and mizzen-top get 1s. 11d. Quarter-masters, captains of the quarterdeck, forecastle, hold, foretop, and maintop, get 2s. 2d. per day. The chief quartermaster, gunner's mate, or boatswain's mates, get 2s. 7d. per day. The warrant officers, from the chief gunner, chief boatswain, or chief carpenter downwards, get from 9s. to 5s. 6d. per day.

D. S. C.—1. Calico printing is "dyeing wholesale," so is glove-dyeing, wool-dyeing, silk-dyeing, etc., etc. All coloured fabrics are dyed. You will find the various processes fully described in the second series of Spou's "Workshop Receipts." 2. With regard to "domestic tints" you can choose from the following scale, which gives the usual colours and the colours they can cover:

Amber will dye amber, black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, scarlet.  
Black Wool goods will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, or maroon.  
Black Velveteens will dye brown, crimson, claret, green, prune, violet, or ruby.  
Black Silks, Satin, Broad Cloth, and Velvets, being fast, can only be re-dyed black.  
Light Blue will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, violet.  
Dark Blue will dye black, brown, claret, green, maroon.  
Brown will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, maroon.  
Claret will dye black, brown, claret, dark green.  
Crimson will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, navy blue.  
Drab and grey will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, prune, seafoam, navy blue.  
Green will dye black, brown, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune.  
Lavender will dye almost any colour, except light blue, pink, scarlet, straw.  
Mauve will dye black, brown, blue, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune.  
Magenta will dye black, brown, blue, claret, crimson, green, prune, violet.  
Maroon will dye black, brown, claret, dark green, maroon.  
Pink will dye nearly any colour.  
Prune will dye black, brown, claret, green, maroon.  
Rose will dye black, brown, claret, dark and light crimson, maroon, green, magenta, mauve, violet, prune, scarlet.  
Straw will dye almost any colour.  
Scarlet will dye black, brown, dark blue, claret, crimson, green, maroon, prune, scarlet.  
Slate will dye black, brown, dark blue, claret, maroon, green, violet, prune.

Violet will dye black, brown, claret, maroon, prune, or violet again, if not too faded.  
White Silks, Satins, Wools, etc., will dye any colours.

A. YOUNG CLERK.—"A form of a letter from a clerk to his master asking for a rise of his weekly salary" is one that has not yet got into the commercial handbooks. Are you not equal to the task yourself? Say that you beg to apply for an increase of wages, having been in the employ so many years, and done your work efficiently, and to your master's satisfaction. End with "yours respectfully."

EGG COLLECTOR.—The plate of Birds' Eggs was in the second volume; that of the British Birds was in the part for June, 1882.

ORNITHOLOGIST.—1. The first good book on British Birds was Montagu's "Ornithological Dictionary" in 1802, which has appeared in many editions, the last under care of Mr. Newman in 1883. Selby's "Illustrations of British Ornithology" appeared in 1833, or rather finished in that year. Jenyns' "Mammal of British Vertebrate Animals," in which due honour was given to the birds, appeared in 1835. Meyer's "Coloured Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs" appeared in 1843, and there have been subsequent editions. Macgillivray published a "History of British Birds" in 1837, and Yarrell's first came out in the same year. Yarrell's has been often reprinted, and ranks as the standard book on the subject. In the Naturalists' Library there are four volumes on the "Birds of Great Britain and Ireland." 2. Birds are only glorified reptiles; they are animals so similar to reptiles in all the most essential features of their organisation that they may be said to be merely an extremely modified and aberrant reptilian type; and it is on this fact that all the modern classifications are based. That now in vogue divides the class aves into—1. Saururine, with Archaeopteryx the only known form. 2. Ratitae. 3. Carinatae. In the Ratitae are two divisions, the first with teeth, as Hesperornis, and the second without; and in the Carinatae are two divisions, the first with teeth, as Ichthyornis, and the second without. The Ratitae have six orders, of which the representatives are the ostrich, the rheas, the emu, the dinornis, the kiwi, and the aepyornis; and all the rest of the birds belong to the Carinatae. The crow is the bird of the highest development; he is the chief of the kingdom, with the largest brain, and the most wit and wisdom.

TON SMITH.—We strongly advise you to choose another trade. In an actor's calling, taking it at its best, and saying nothing of its associations, there are so many blanks to the few prizes that it is more of a starving than a living to thousands that follow it. You may of course have the exceptional ability that may bring you to the front, but, judging from your letter, we should think that the very reverse was the case.

W. P.—1. Use a little ammonia in cleaning the coins. Do not rub them too hard with the brickdust or rottenstone, or you will erase the inscriptions. 2. An acid that will dissolve the rock will dissolve the fossil it contains, hence the only way to work out specimens is with a hammer and small pointed chisel. In chalk and the softer rocks it is a good plan to saw down the block to a proper size; you thus save the chance of an unlucky fracture.

P. F. W.—A particular lugger may sail closer to the wind than a particular cutter, but that is because the hull is of better design. Sail plan for sail plan, the cutter's is the most weatherly, and it is simply not the fact that luggers sail closer to the wind.

ZEUMOLOGIST.—1. The figures on the carboys in a druggist's shop are the old symbols of the metals supposed to be used in producing the coloured liquid which the jar, or the skins of the jar, contain. It is merely supposition. We have given instructions how to make the colours; see back. 2. You would be ineligible for any Government appointment. What is the use of a medical examination if it is not to weed out the sickly and the faulty?

D. N. D.—1. You will find a great deal about insect fertilisation, and the different plans of the flowers, in Dr. J. E. Taylor's "Sagacity and Morality of Plants." 2. Samaras are characteristic of the maple, ash, elm, and birch families. They act on the principle of the screw propeller, so that the seeds are borne great distances. The sycamore of our parks is not the sycamore of the Bible. Our sycamore is a maple, the Syrian sycamore is a fig. If you will translate the botanical name of our sycamore, *Acer pseudoplatanus*, you will see at once how the mistake arose.

PHILEMON ET BAUCIS.—1. He was Major Wolseley, of the King's Own Borderers. 2. Yes: see answer to CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER.—An M.C.C. eleven is merely selected as a trial team, just a little stronger than their opponents, to teach them how the strict game should be played. The fact of the match being drawn or lost is only of value for comparison with schools and clubs that have played on the same tour the same M.C.C. eleven; and it is simply ridiculous for a club to consider itself more than the equal of the Australians because it happened to win by one wicket a match against a trial team from Lord's. The M.C.C. beat the Australians; the Flyaways beat the M.C.C.: ergo, the Flyaways are the champions of the world! Delightful! What next?

LITTLE-A-JOK.—Unless you can clean off the finger-marks with turpentine or ammonia you will have to re-copper the boat.

J. R. S.—1. A tortoise does not require much water. Feed it on lettuce and vegetables. 2. You could not do better than join a volunteer corps, but do not join unless you mean to be an Efficient.

DESIROUS TO KNOW.—Defacing coins of the realm for any purpose, ornamental or otherwise, is a punishable offence. Practise the art of jewellery on foreign money, and then you will be safe.

T. HEDDLE.—1. The address is Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; or, if you wish to be very particular, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C. 2. Racing boats are built of mahogany, but pine will suit your purpose very well, and is easier to work.

IGNARUS (Perth).—All the volumes are kept in print as volumes, but not as separate numbers, except in the case of the last three volumes, which can be had in any form.

E. A. V.—Natural gas is used in many places, among others at Pittsburg, in the United States. The gas there issues from strata from 1,200 to 1,500 feet below the surface, and when bore-holes are put down to the natural accumulation it rises under a pressure of from 150 to 200 pounds per square inch. The first of the gas wells in the district was discovered at Murraysville, where a company of oil seekers were boring for oil but hit upon the gas. Pipes were laid down, and the gas was conveyed to the neighbouring mills. Other wells were afterwards bored, and the whole district is now fitted with six and eight-inch mains, taking the gas from the wells to the mills and foundries.

A RUGBY SCHOOL BOTANIST.—The buttercup belongs to the Ranunculaceæ, the stock to the Cruciferæ. The best plan is to fix the plants to the page with little strips of paper arranged so as to hold down the chief stems. Do not gum the plant to the paper; if you do it will blacken and spoil.

BRIERLEY HILL.—As soon as the present competitions are cleared off we shall have a new series.

S. LOWER.—1. The ball first fell at one o'clock at Greenwich Observatory in 1833. 2. The lead soldiers come from Berlin; the tin carriages from Wurtemburg; and the Noah's Arks from Saxony.

M. BARSLEY (Port Lyttleton, N.Z.).—Many thanks for your letter regarding the albatrosses and flying-fish in our last volume. We quote from it: "During my experience of more than thirty years of nautical life in all climes, I never yet saw flying-fish more than a few degrees outside of the tropics; while the albatross, as is well known, never comes much farther north than the latitude of 30° S. Again, the albatross does not catch its food on the wing, but always, as far as my experience goes, first settles down in the water. Further, I have caught numbers of albatrosses, and, on being opened, never found in the stomach of any of them any fish except squids, which may be often seen floating dead on the surface."

W. J. PALETHORPE.—The articles were in the second and third volumes, now only to be had in volume form, price seven shillings and sixpence each.

L. P.—You procure a cocoanut costing threepence, and a lathe and tools costing five pounds; and with these, after much practice, you may succeed in making a farthing ring. Could you not employ your time more profitably?

A. M. BRADFORD.—To get the canvas to fit the canoe begin to nail it on from the straight edge, and, tightening at each half inch, nail it gradually round, and it will stretch to shape as you go.

INQUISITEUR.—There is nothing so very strange about it. See our article on Chinese Gordon on May 3, 1884, in the June part twelve months before the portrait.

A WOULD-BE MIDDY.—In the second volume you will find three plates of a full-rigged ship—one showing her spars, another showing her rigging, and the third showing her sails.

O. S. B.—Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. Each year it is estimated that 1,860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmines, 75 tons of tuber-roses, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils! The orange-flower harvest is from the 20th of April to the end of May; the rose harvest extends through May; the violet harvest takes place in January, February, and March; the jasmine harvest from July to October; and the cassia harvest in the last three months of the year; and the Jonquil harvest is in February and March. Nearly 60,000 gallons of scent are made annually; and 10,000 ounces of musk alone are imported. Rondeletia is made of two pints of vanilla added to one each of musk and civet, and an ounce each of attar of roses and Mitcham lavender.

J. NORTH.—1. Petroleum has been known by civilised man from the dawn of history. Even Herodotus describes the springs of Zante; and Pliny and Dioscorides had something to say about the oil of Agrigentum. The springs of Baku were noted by Marco Polo. 2. By no means; the Britons had a gold coinage for 150 years before the birth of Christ. The coins were copied from those in use in Gaul, which were themselves copied from those of Philip of Macedon. Hence the early British coins have the head of Apollo and the two-horsed chariot.

AREONORT.—You seem to be rather up in a balloon as regards orthography! To prevent the gas making its way through the rubber, fill the balloon, and give it a coat of varnish while it is inflated.



OUR HOLIDAYS.—"Want a Boat, Sir?"

# THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 350.—Vol. VII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

Price One Penny.  
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Reginald  
Cruden

## A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,  
*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*

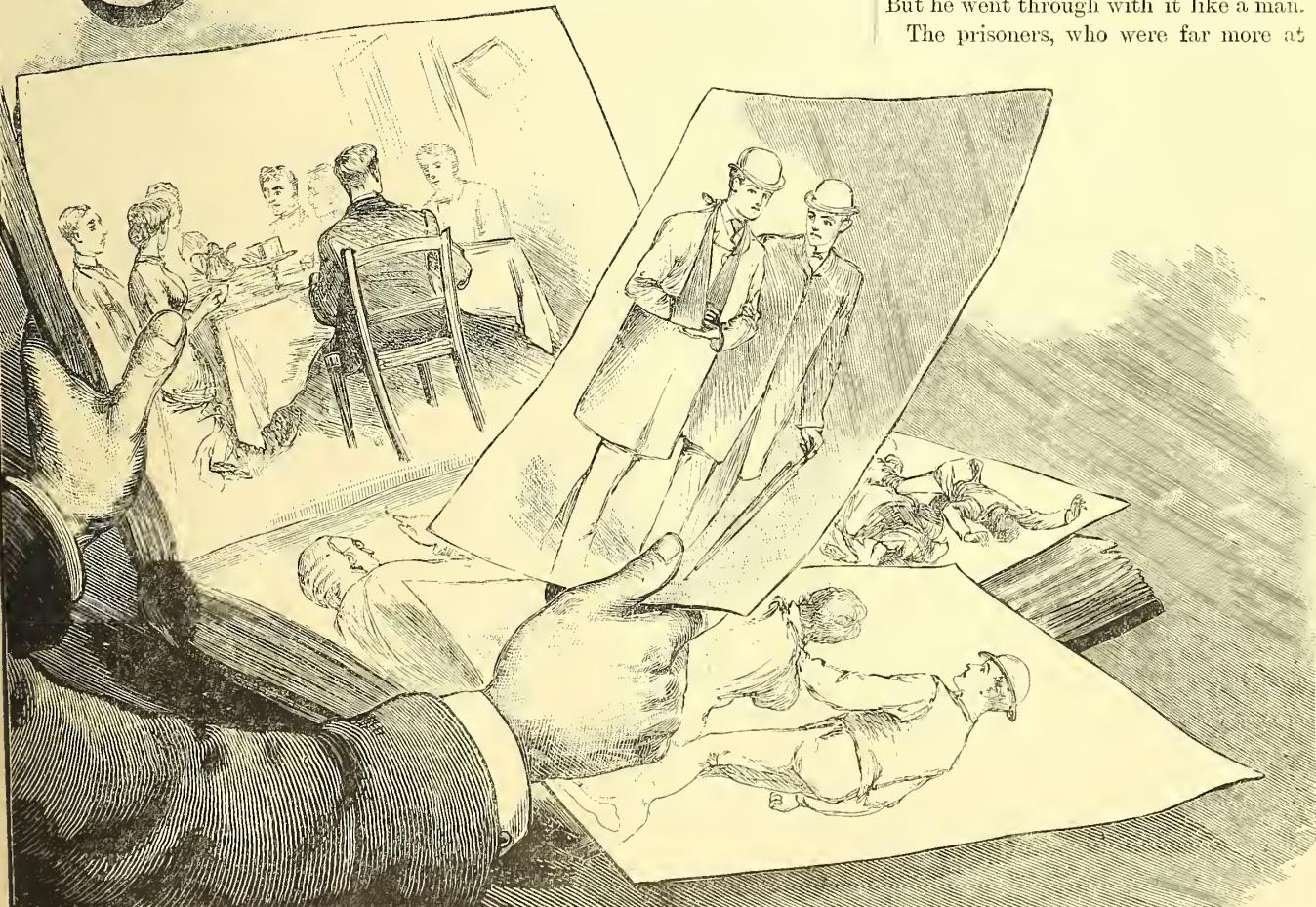
CHAPTER XXVI.—TURNING OVER LEAVES, NEW AND OLD.

A VERY few words more, reader, and my story is done.

The trial of Medlock and Shanklin took place in due time, and among the witnesses the most important, but the

most reluctant, was Reginald Cruden. It was like a hateful return to the old life to find himself face to face with those men, and to have to tell over again the story of their knavery and his own folly. But he went through with it like a man.

The prisoners, who were far more at



"Turning over leaves, new and old."

their ease than the witness, troubled him with no awkward cross-examination, and when presently the jury retired, he retired too, having neither the curiosity nor the vindictiveness to remain and hear their sentence.

On his way out a familiar voice accosted him.

"Cruden, old man, will you shake hands? I've been a cad to you, but I'm sorry for it now."

It was Blandford, looking weak and pale, with one arm still in a sling.

Reginald took his proffered hand eagerly and wrung it.

"I've been bitten over this affair, as you know," continued Blandford, "and I've paid up for my folly. I wish I could come out of it all with as easy a conscience as you do, that's all! Among them all I've lost a good deal more than money; but if you and Horrors will take me back in your set there'll be a chance for me yet. I'm going to London University, you know, so I shall be staying in town. Harker and I will probably be lodging together, and it won't be my fault if it's far away from your quarters."

And, arm-in-arm, the old schoolfellow walked, with their backs on the dark past and their faces turned hopefully to the future.

Had Reginald remained to hear the end of the trial he would have found himself the object of a demonstration he little counted on.

The jury having returned with their expected verdict, and sentence having been passed on the prisoners, the counsel for the prosecution got up and asked his lordship for leave to make one observation. He spoke in the name of the various victims of the sham Corporation when he stated that his clients desired to express their conviction that the former secretary of the Corporation, whose evidence that day had mainly contributed to the exposure of the fraud, was himself entirely clear of any imputation in connection with the conspiracy.

"I should not mention this, my lord," said the counsel, "had not a certain justice of the peace, in another place, at an earlier stage of this inquiry, used language—in my humble opinion harsh and unwarranted—calculated to cast a slur on that gentleman's character, if not to interfere seriously with his future prospects. I merely wish to say, my lord, that my clients, and those of us who have gone fully into the case, and may be expected to know as much about it even as a north-country alderman, are fully convinced that Mr. Cruden comes out of this case with an unsullied character, and we feel it our duty publicly to state our opinion to that effect."

The counsel sat down amid signs of approval from the Court, not unmixed with amusement at the expense of the north-country alderman, and the judge, calling for order, replied, "I make no objection whatever to the statement which has just fallen from the lips of the learned counsel; and as it commends itself entirely to my own judgment in the matter, I am glad to inform Mr. Cruden, if he be still in court, that he will quit it to-day clear of the slightest imputation on his character unbecoming of an upright but unfortunate gentleman."

Reginald was not in court, but he read

every word of it next day with grateful and overflowing heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months have passed. The winter has given way to spring, and No. 3, Dull Street is empty. Jemima Shuckleford still nurses her sorrow in secret, and it will be a year or two yet before the happy man is to turn up who shall reconcile her to life and disestablish the image of Reginald Cruden from her soft heart. Meanwhile she and her mother are constant visitors at the little house in Highbury where the Crudens now live, and as often as they go they find a welcome. Samuel writes home from the country that he is doing great things, and expects to become Lord Chancellor in a few years. Meanwhile he too contemplates matrimony with a widow and four children, who will probably leave him among them very little leisure for another experiment in the amateur detective business.

The Shuckleford ladies were invited, but unfortunately were unable to go, to a little quiet housewarming given by the Crudens on the occasion of their taking possession of the new house.

But though they could not go, Miss Crisp could, and, as a matter of course, Mr. Booms, in all the magnificence of last year's spring costume. And Waterford came too, and young Gedge, as did also the faithful Harker, and—with some little trepidation—the now sobered Blandford.

The company had quite enough to talk about without having to fall back on shouting proverbs or musical chairs. Indeed there were several little excitements in the wind which came out one by one, and made the evening a sort of epoch in the lives of most of those present.

For instance, young Gedge was there no longer as a common compositor. He had lately been made, youth as he was, overseer in the room of Durfy; and the dignity of his new office filled him with sobriety and good humour.

"It's no fault of mine," said he, when Mrs. Cruden congratulated him on his promotion. "If Cruden hadn't stood by me that time he first came to the 'Rocket,' I should have gone clean to the dogs. I mean it. I was going full tilt that way."

"But I went off and left you after all," said Reginald.

"I know you did; and I was sorry at the time you hadn't left that cab horse to finish his business the evening you picked me up. But Horace here and Mrs. Cruden—"

"Picked you up again," said Waterford. "Regular fellow for being picked up, you are. All comes of your habit of picking up types. One of nature's revenges—and the last to pick you up is the 'Rocket.' What an appetite she's got, to be sure!"

"I should think so from the way she swallows your and Horace's lucubrations every week," says Gedge, laughing. "Why, I actually know a fellow who knows a fellow who laughed at one of your jokes."

"Come, none of your 'chaff,'" said Horace, looking not at all displeased. "You never laughed at a joke, I know, because you never see one."

"No more I do. That's what I complain of," replied the incorrigible young overseer.

"Never mind, we shall have our revenge when he has to put our joint novel in print," said Waterford. "Ah, I thought you'd sit up there, my boy. Never mind, you'll know about it some day. The first chapter is half done already."

"Jolly work that must be," says Harker. "More fun than higher mathematics and Locke on the Understanding, eh, Bland?"

"Perhaps they would be glad to change places with us before they are through with it, though," observes Blandford.

"Never knew such a beggar for grinding as Bland is turning out," says Harker. "He takes the shine out of me; and I'm certain he'll knock me into a cocked hat at the matrie."

"You forget I've lost time to make up," replies Blandford, gravely; "and I'm not going to be content if I don't take honours."

"Don't knock yourself up, that's all," says Reginald, "especially now cricket's beginning. We ought to turn out a good eleven with four old Wilderhams to give it a backbone, eh?"

And at the signal the four chums somehow get together in a corner, and the talk flies off to the old school days, and the battles and triumphs of the famous Wilderham Close.

Meanwhile Booms and Miss Crisp whisper very confidentially together in another corner. What they talk about no one can guess. It may be collars, or it may be four-roomed cottages, or it may be only the weather. Whatever it is, Booms's doleful face relaxes presently into a solemn smile, and Miss Crisp goes over and sits by Mrs. Cruden, who puts her arm round the blushing girl and kisses her in a very motherly way on the forehead. It is a curious piece of business altogether, and it is just as well the four young men are too engrossed in football and cricket to notice it, and that Gedge and Waterford find their whole attention occupied by the contents of the little book-case in the corner to have eyes for anything else.

"Jolly lot of books you've got," says Waterford, when presently the little groups break up and the big circle forms again. "I always think they are such nice furniture in a room, don't you, Mrs. Cruden?"

"Yes, I do," says Mrs. Cruden; "especially when they are all old friends."

"Some of these seem older friends than others," says Waterford, pointing to a corner where several unbound tattered works break the ranks of green-cloth gilt-lettered volumes. Look at this weather-beaten little fellow, for instance, a bit of a 'Pilgrim's Progress.' That must be a very poor relation; surely you don't count him in?"

"Don't I?" says Reginald, taking the book in his hands, and speaking in a tone which makes every one look up at him. "This little book is worth more to me than all the rest put together."

And as he bends his head over the precious little relic, and turns its well-thumbed pages one by one, he forgets where he is, or who is looking on. And a tear steals into his eyes as his mind flies far away to a little green grave in the north country over which the soft breezes of spring play lovingly, and seem to whisper in a voice he knows and loves to remember—"Come there too, gov'nor."

(THE END.)

## FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

## A FOREST FIRE IN CANADA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., TORONTO.

IT often happens that from the carelessness of settlers or lumbermen in Canada forest fires break out and sweep over many miles. Perhaps a farmer is clearing his land by burning the trunks and stumps of felled trees, and leaves the log-heap partly burned out. But at night a rising wind may fan the embers to a flame and carry the sparks to a neighbouring fence or the adjacent forest, and before he is aware the whole country-side is ablaze. The same result may follow from hunters or lumbermen leaving their camp fires not completely extinguished.

This is especially apt to be the case in the "fall" of the year, when the whole country is dry as tinder from prolonged summer drought. Sometimes many farm-buildings, and even entire villages, have been thus destroyed, and even navigation on the St. Lawrence has been obstructed by the smoke of these forest fires.

In the year 1825 the greatest of these disasters on record befell the province of New Brunswick. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streams were shrunken to rivulets. On the 7th of October a storm of flame swept over the country for sixty miles—from Miramichi to the Bay of Chaleurs. A pitchy darkness covered the sky, lurid flames swept over the earth, consuming the forest, houses, barns, crops, and the towns of Newcastle and Douglas, with several ships upon the stocks. Resistance was in vain, and escape almost impossible. The roar of the wind and fire, the crackling and crashing of the pines, the bellowing of the terrified cattle, and the glare of the flames, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. When that fatal night had passed, the thriving towns, villages, and farms over an area of five thousand square miles were a charred and blackened desolation. A million dollars' worth of accumulated property was consumed, and the loss of standing timber was incalculable. One hundred and sixty persons perished in the flames or in their efforts to escape, and hundreds were maimed for life. The generous aid of the sister provinces and of Great Britain and the United States greatly mitigated the sufferings of the hapless inhabitants made homeless on the eve of a rigorous winter.

But such forest fires are quite exceptional in Canada; the writer, although a native of the country, has never seen but one—that which he endeavours to describe in the following sketch.

As he was sailing one day on one of the beautiful island-studded bays on the northern shore of Lake Huron—on this lake are no less than thirty thousand islands marked in

the Government charts, and many more unmarked—he became aware of a pungent odour in the air, and soon after of a dense smoke drifting from the land. He thought nothing of it, however; but next morning Mr. Perkins, the farmer with whom he lodged, remarked, "The fire's a-gettin' nearer; I wish the wind 'ud change—been burnin' in the woods north there better'n a week."

All day the smoke grew denser, darkening the sun and irritating the eyes. During the night the flames could be seen leaping from tree to tree in the forest that engirdled the little clearing, and running rapidly along the ground in the dry brushwood. The tall pines could be seen burning like gigantic torches in the darkness, and then toppling over with a crash, scattering the sparks in a brilliant shower far and wide, to extend the work of destruction. Great tongues of flame hissed and crackled like fiery serpents enfolding their prey.

No human effort could avail aught to withstand or avert this fiery plague. Only the good providence of God by sending rain or turning the wind could stay its progress. The next day was intensely hot. The earth seemed as iron and the heavens as brass.

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon  
Right up above the trees did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

It seemed like the terrors that followed the trumpet of the fifth angel in the Apocalypse: "There arose a smoke out of the pit like the smoke of a furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

On came the flames, roaring like a hurricane. The heat became unendurable, the smoke almost stifling. The cattle fled to the streams and stood in the deepest pools, sniffing the heated air. The water became gradually warm as it flowed over the heated rock and through the burning woods; and the fish that were in it floated on the surface in a dead or dying state. Fences were torn down, and broad spaces of earth were turned up by the plough, to break the progress of the deluge of fire, before which stacks of hay and straw were licked up like tinder.

Many of the villagers stored their little valuables, and as much of their grain as they could, in the underground "root-houses," and banked them up with earth. Many had abandoned everything and fled to the islands. Mr. Perkins, with most of the men, remained

to fight the flames till the last moment. When compelled to fly they sought the shore, where they had moored a boat as a means of escape at the last moment. But, oh horror! the lapping waves and the fierce wind created by the fire had loosened the boat, but insecurely fastened, and it was rapidly drifting away. All hope of escape seemed cut off. The men were about to plunge into the water, as preferring death by drowning to death by fire.

"Let us die like brave men, if die we must," said Mr. Perkins, "trusting in God. He will be with us as He was with His servants in the fiery furnace."

"Father," cried Tom Perkins, a boy of thirteen, "I know a cave where we can hide!"

"Quick, my son, show us the way!" was the eager reply.

"This way, up the stream a bit, near that cedar root. The bears used to live in it;" and he pointed out a concealed entrance, through which they crawled into a small grotto caused by a dislocation of the strata.

"God hath opened for us a cleft in the rock. He will keep us in the hollow of His hand," said Mr. Perkins, with feelings of deep gratitude.

On came the flames, roaring louder and louder. The crackling of faggots and falling of trees were like the rattle of musketry and firing of cannon in a battle. The smoke and heat penetrated the grotto. They were almost perishing with thirst.

"I hear the trickling of water," said Perkins. "I will try to find it. Lie low on your faces so as not to inhale the smoke. Here is the water," he cried as he found it; "now wet your handkerchiefs and tie them over your heads," he said, as he did the same himself; and they all found the greatest relief therefrom.

At last the fiery storm seemed to have passed away. They crawled forth from their refuge to view the desolation it had wrought. The ground was still hot and smoking; many of the trees were still burning, and everything was scathed and scarred and blackened with the flames. Perkins's house was burned, but his barn, which he prized more, was, with its contents, spared—saved by the adjacent clearing and fallow.

By a special providence, as it seemed to these simple-minded men, unversed in the sceptical objections to the efficacy of prayer, the wind had veered so as to blow the flames away from the village. This they devoutly attributed to their prayers in the cave. That night a copious rain fell, and further danger was averted.

## FURTHER HINTS ON SCREEN PAINTING.\*

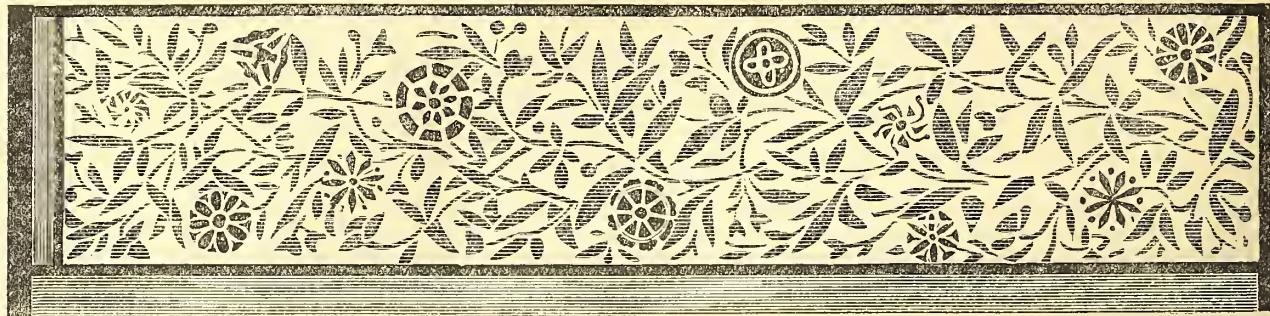
## BIRDS.

BY FRED MILLER.

THE illustrations accompanying this article contain some good suggestions for our amateur screen painters. Birds, especially storks, have long been favourite subjects for decoration, and with reason, for they afford much scope both as regards colour and skill in draughtsmanship.

Mr. Marks, the Royal Academician, has painted these birds many times, and he has invested them with a quaintness which is almost irresistible. He has made them quite human, so cleverly has he caught them in their various moods, and we should advise our readers before attempting to paint any birds to go and spend an hour or two in

\* See also Vol. v., pages 460, 764, etc.



the Zoo, carefully watching their movements and habits and making notes of their attitudes.

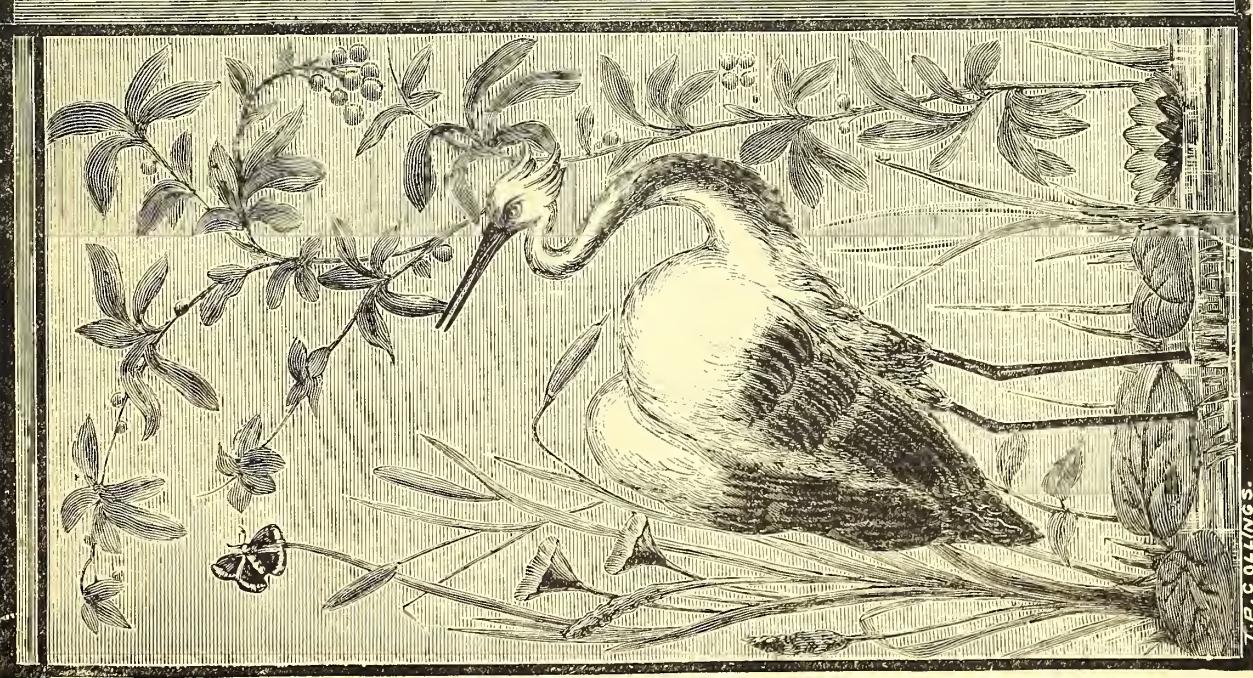
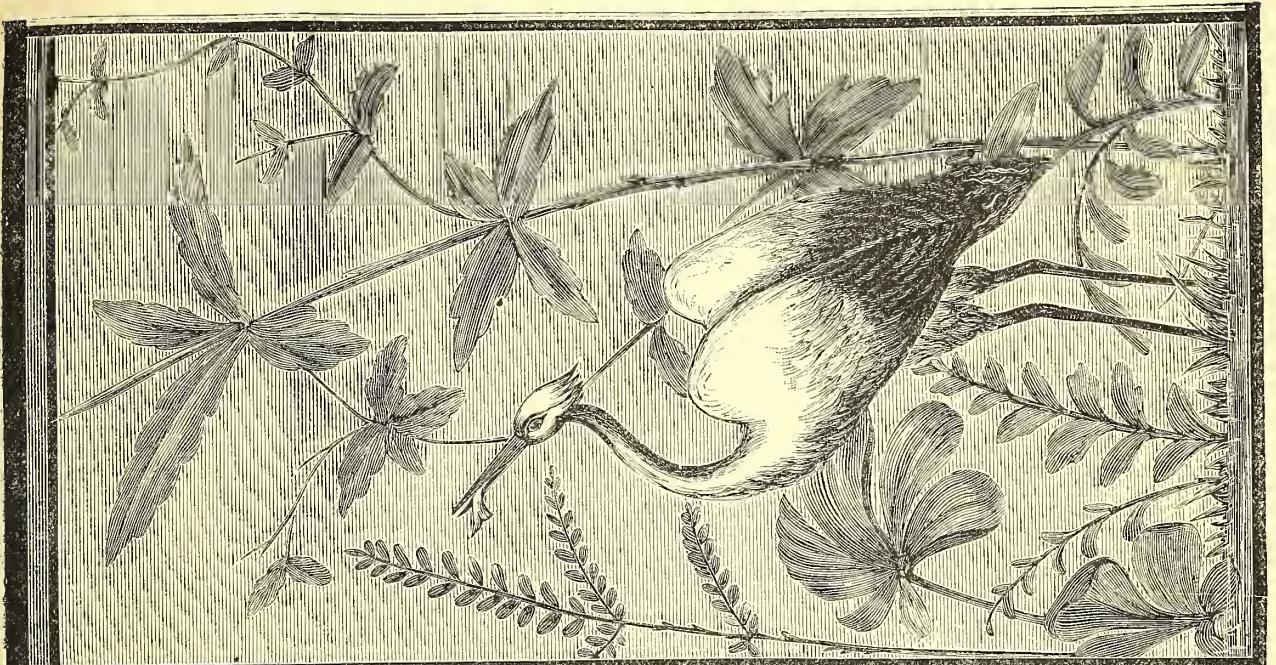
This is not as difficult a task as some may imagine, for these scavenger birds remain very stationary, and will keep in one attitude for some length of time, quite long

enough for any one to make a rough sketch. I have frequently drawn these birds at the Zoo, and I will just give my readers a few "wrinkles" which from experience I have found useful.

Do not be too hasty in putting anything on paper. Quietly wait and watch one par-

ticular bird until you have noted some characteristic action or expression, and having got this fixed in your mind, jot it down on paper as simply as you can without attempting any finish. Remember a few lines put in the right place will convey more than any number of lines put on without thought and





meaning. You may make several of these sketches before you put one in which really suggests the action of the bird, and it is better to keep starting fresh sketches than to waste time in botching up a poor one.

I have found that out of perhaps half a dozen there may be only one sketch which conveys the character of the bird, and yet this one may have taken less time to do than any one of the failures, because you put down at once what you saw without the need of patching or altering. When you have two or three good outline sketches of the entire bird you can begin to study the details of the form, for in the general sketch you only want to fix the attitude. Watch say the head, and make brief notes of this part of the bird as seen from various points of view, then the legs, wings, and other points. These rough pencil jottings are like your alphabet, and want putting together to render them intelligible. In making a finished drawing of a bird you take one of your general sketches for the position and action, supplying the details from your pencil notes. In this manner you build up your bird bit by bit.

Although we give in our illustrations the design for a screen, yet any of our readers desirous of carrying them out should not merely enlarge the cuts to the required dimensions without any reference to nature if it be at all possible to go to nature. A good illustrated natural history—say that of Rev. J. G. Wood—is a great help in drawing birds, and there are some good photographs published now of studies of animals, birds, etc., from nature, which are most useful to artists, professional or amateur. Illustrations from pictures by great artists are also very useful—such as “The Parliament of Storks,”

by H. S. Marks, R.A., as one can always learn how best to render nature by studying the methods adopted by the men of acknowledged excellence in their art.

The instantaneous photographs which are now sold in so many shops will prove of the greatest use to artists, and indeed we are beginning to learn for the first time what is really the position of the legs of a horse in action. Many of our readers have doubtless seen the series of photographs of the motions of a horse in trotting. Messrs. Marsh, of Henley, have published a capital series of photographs of swans on the Thames in every conceivable position, and a very fine series (photographed, I believe, by Mr. Dixon) of animals and birds in the Zoological Gardens is now to be obtained.

In carrying out the designs accompanying this article the first consideration is the colour of the ground. A pale-blue light towards the horizon, and gradually deepening towards the top, would be effective. Antwerp blue and white, with the least touch of pale chrome or cadmium to give it a slight greenish hue, will make a good harmonious colour, and you might increase the yellow and white for the lightest part of sky.

Clouds are indicated in two of the panels, but I should recommend them to be put in rather straighter and stiffer than is shown in the cuts, instead of attempting to make them blend into the sky. Screen panels are more effective when treated quaintly and conventionally than in a highly naturalistic manner, and the clouds, if taken across the panels in broad and narrow streaks, will give a character to your work which can be carried out by putting a slight outline round your birds and foliage, and not at-

tempting too much light and shade or distant effects.

The foliage introduced behind the birds is of a rather nondescript character, and some of our readers would perhaps prefer to study this part of their work direct from nature. The yellow flag would look well in some of the panels, and then you could introduce the bulrush, feather grass, flowering rush, meadowsweet, water-lily, arrow-head, and other aquatic plants as fancy dictates. Be careful not to get your greens too bright and strong, but try and make them harmonise with the colour of your ground. Warm tones should prevail, though you can occasionally introduce some light silver-grey tints, especially for the back of the leaves.

Cobalt, raw umber, and plenty of white, with a touch of pale chrome or pale cadmium, will make a good grey; indigo, with raw sienna and white, or with light or middle chrome, gives good greens, which can be subdued or warmed with a little burnt sienna. Indeed burnt sienna is invaluable in toning greens, and is one of the most useful colours in the box. Avoid emerald green and do not use Antwerp blue for making any but very pale grey greens. Do not attempt to put too much minute finish into your foliage, such as the markings and veins in the leaves.

Work so that your painting looks well at a little distance, and keep it as simple as possible. Do not attempt too much. It is better to be humble and succeed than ambitious and fail. Gold grounds look well when decorated, and there is a material sold called Lineustra Walton which can be had gilt about 7s. per yard, and just wide enough for a screen panel.

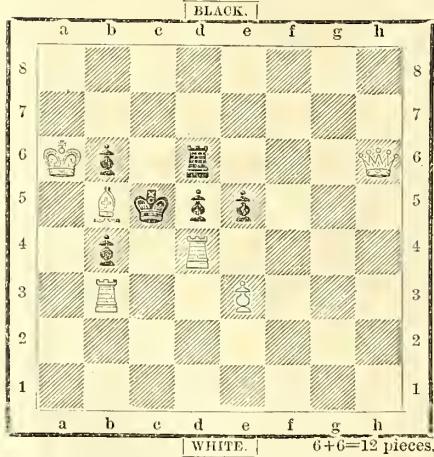
(THE END.)

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 735.)

### Problem No. 112.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

### QUEEN'S GAMEIT.

Played in April, 1885, between S. (White) and M. (Black).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—Q 4	P—Q 4
2. P—Q B 4	P—Q B 3
3. B—B 4	B—B 4
4. P×P	P×P
5. B×Kt	Q×B

- 6. Q—R 4 (ch.)      P—Q Kt 4
- 7. Q—Kt 3      P—K 3 (a)
- 8. P—K 3      P—Q R 3
- 9. Kt—Q B 3      Kt—B 3
- 10. R—B sq.      B—Q 3
- 11. Kt—B 3      Castles
- 12. B—K 2      B—K Kt 5
- 13. P—K R 3      B—R 4
- 14. P—Kt 4      B—Kt 3
- 15. P—R 3      R—B sq.
- 16. Castles      B—Kt 6 (b)
- 17. K—Kt 2      R×Kt
- 18. R×R (c)      Kt—K 5
- 19. R—B 2      B×P
- 20. Kt—K 5      B—Kt 6
- 21. Kt×B      R P×Kt
- 22. B—Q 3      B—K 8
- 23. R×B (d)      Q—Kt 6 (ch.)
- 24. K—B sq.      Q—B 6 (ch.)

And Black drew by perpetual check (e).

### NOTES.

(a) He ought to have played B×Kt; 8, R×B, Q—Kt 2, in order to prevent White playing 8, P—K 4, and winning the Kt's P.

(b) If 17, P×B, then Q×P (ch.); 18, K—R sq., Q×R P (ch.); 19, Kt—R 2, Q×K P; 20, Q—Q sq., Kt—K 5; 21, Kt×Kt, R×R; 22, Q×R, Q×Kt (ch.); 23, B—B 3, Q×Q P, etc.

(c) The Q might have taken, and then, after Kt—K 5, gone to K sq.

(d) Better to have taken the Kt.

(e) If 25, K—Kt sq., Q—Kt 6 (ch.); 26, R—Kt 2, Q×R at K 8 (ch.); 27, B—B sq., Kt—Q 7; 28, Q—Q 3, Kt—B 6 (ch.); 29, K—R sq., Q—R 5; 30, R—K 2, Q—Kt 6, and White must play R—Kt 2, whereupon Black mates in two more moves.

### AU REVOIR!

ONE more year gone! Years flew less fast  
In the good old days we've already passed;  
Old Time is running a furious race,  
And turns his glass at a rapid pace.

One more big volume to grace the shelf,  
The B. O. P. needs a niche to itself;  
The vols. mount yearly towards the top,  
They threaten to fill the whole room with  
“BOP.”

We have spent together another year,  
We have helped each other with words of  
cheer;  
As months roll by and the volume ends  
We're still, let us hope, the best of friends.

And now we must part; that we can't deny,  
But the case scarcely calls for the word  
“good-bye.”

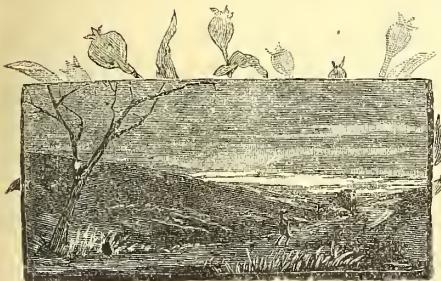
*Au revoir* is much better; we meet again  
When October commences her chilly reign.

## COLONEL PELLINORE'S GOLD.

BY E. W. THOMSON,

*Author of "Petherick's Peril," etc.*

## CHAPTER VI.



WHEN Bryan opened his eyes they rested on the rafters of his accustomed sleeping-room, in which, save for the crackling of a wood fire, perfect stillness reigned.

He tried to raise his head, but was surprised to find he had not the power. He could, however, turn it from side to side, and, doing so, found the room without another occupant. A sensation of blissful ease which comes to extreme weakness with returning consciousness was over him. Closing his eyes dreamily, he made no further attempt to move, but abandoned himself to languor.

Soon he heard the careful tread of some one coming into the room, and the colonel's gentle fingers were laid on his wrist and pulse. Bryan gave no sign of returned consciousness, and in a few moments his uncle drew a chair to the fireplace and sat down. Not many minutes elapsed before the firm step of Corporal Cram came along the hall-way, and Bryan knew that the faithful servitor, after standing at his side a moment, had gone over to near the colonel. At first the boy but faintly heard their whispered talk, which soon became more distinct.

"No, your honour, no; never begin doubting Mr. Bryan," said the corporal.

"I will not, I do not, I try not, corporal," answered the colonel. "But where can the money have gone?"

Bryan pricked up his ears, suddenly recollecting the events that had led to his wound.

"A keg of three thousand guineas never flew away through the keyhole," continued the colonel.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, your honour," responded the corporal, superstitiously.

"Nonsense!" answered Colonel Pellinore; "human hands carried away the gold. I cannot indeed reconcile Bryan's character with the opinion that he did it. But who else could have obtained the keys? who else could have entered without the dogs giving the



alarm? Then his unaccountable departure!"

"Oh! colonel, you honour! Oh! colonel dear, don't go for to distrust Mr. Bryan," groaned the corporal. "He's your flesh and blood, colonel, so he is."

"Agravaine was my flesh and blood," said the colonel, mournfully.

"But wasn't it proved that Mr. Bryan could have had nothing to do with the keg, your honour? Didn't the lieutenant follow the track of the cariole in the fresh snow till where he'd turned back, and there never was a sign of a stop, nor a foot getting out of the sleigh, nor any hint of him concealing anything? Haven't we searched high and low in every nook and cranny about the place? Oh, colonel dear, but it was proved impossible, and you and me knew it was impossible at the start for Mr. Bryan to do such a thing."

While this conversation went on Bryan's horror grew to an extreme; an intense fear of his uncle beset the boy, and hot anger against the guilt which had let him be suspected. He felt that he must defend his own honour at all hazards, here or elsewhere, however weak, and was about to speak when the colonel's next sentence made the words die on his lips.

"True, corporal, true; it was proved impossible. I rejoice in the proof; I rejoice that even Lieutenant Marhaus went away exculpating my nephew and asserting an inexplicable mystery. But what can have become of the money?"

"It's a dreadful puzzle, your honour, so it is," returned the corporal. "Unless Mr. Marhaus himself—"

"Impossible," said the colonel. "Not another word of that. By the way, the lieutenant should be back again in a day or two."

"I wouldn't wonder to see him to-day, sir," said the corporal. "It's just two weeks since he stretched out poor Mr. Bryan, bad luck to the sword!"

At that moment the dogs outside broke into a loud baying, as a galloping horse with bells rushed up the hill. A voice was heard calling too.

"It's Marhaus," cried the colonel.

They went hastily downstairs, leaving Bryan to an intense curiosity. For what seemed to him a very long time there was no noise. Then Bryan heard a great cheering, and soon afterwards the tread of feet on the verandah. Then the door opened, some weight was set down, and he heard a sound precisely similar to that of the keg rolled by the colonel on that memorable night. It ceased at the stair-foot. Then the party ascended, and entering the room where Bryan lay, placed a keg of gold on the floor!

Marhaus, seeing Bryan's eyes open, went straight to the bedside.

"I owe you a deep apology," he said. "We have found the lost keg!"

It was all a mystery to Bryan, and he did not answer.

"It was thus," said the lieutenant, turning to Colonel Pellinore. "I fell in

by accident with queer old half-cracked General Scarlett—old Dungeon Scarlett—at the mouth of the Rideau. He was fishing through the ice. You know he has built a house on the model of this somewhere back in the woods there. We fell into talk, and after a while, moved by a sudden suspicion of the truth, I told him of the strange disappearance of the coin. To my astonishment he burst into a loud fit of laughter after hearing the particulars.

"Go back," he said. "Go back instantly, and examine the wall of the magazine. The gold is in the hill behind it." Then he explained the contrivance that we have seen. I was rather angry, as you may imagine, in spite of the welcome discovery.

"What in the world was the recess for?" I asked.

"A dungeon!" said he, in a matter-of-course way.

"What did you want a dungeon for?" I inquired.

"What does any one want a dungeon for?" said he, and that was the only satisfaction I could get."

\* \* \* \*

Before Bryan was able to get about the whole story had been explained to him, but he never told what had taken him off that desperate morning. Indeed to his dying day, though he reaped great honour, he never forgave himself for that short distrust of his noble old uncle.

Bryan's first visit outdoors was to the magazine. Its back, as I have explained, was against a hill—and is yet, for that matter. This hill is excavated back of the magazine wall for some twenty feet, and to this cave a secret entrance from the little building had been prepared. It was a swinging door, as high as the wainscoting, and apparently part of it, hinged behind the bead that ran round the upper edge of the perpendicular boards, and by its own weight closing on a spring. This spring was connected with the middle board of the wainscoted door, and a smart blow on this board was enough to loosen the catch. No doubt the heavy keg quickly rolled had struck this board sharply, and, retaining momentum, had passed through and dropped into the cave, where it was found, the door closing as it fell back in its place.

You may see the contrivance to-day in perfect order, "for," says the existing Pellinore, "my great-grandfather, General Sir Bryan Pellinore, who fought with glory in every quarter of the old world, left strict injunctions in his will that his descendants should carefully preserve the old magazine. It was used for long years as a family mausoleum. Colonel Persant Pellinore rested therein for many a year, with Corporal Cram at his feet. And General Sir Bryan and his lifelong comrade, General Marhaus—they married the lovely sisters Fay, you know—were both, after all their loud days of terrible battle, laid there in peace and quiet too."

(THE END.)

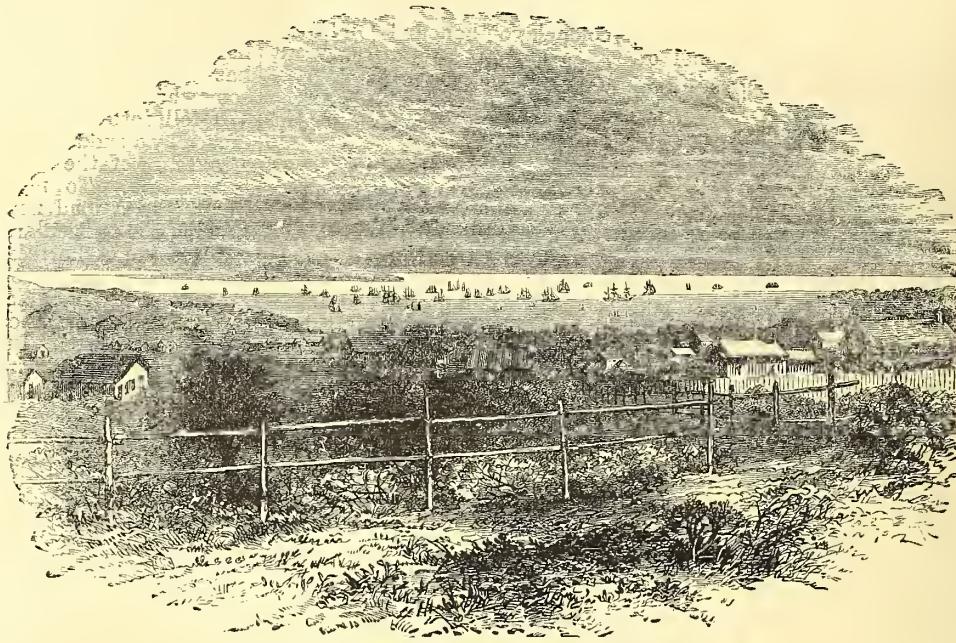
## HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

**A**MERICAN exploration has hitherto differed considerably from exploration in the other parts of the world. In America the advance of the white man has been led by

Louis on the 18th of June. Up to then the west had only been known through the reports of such men as Carson, who, as we have seen, had been many times on the

sun's rays rarely reached its depths; snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it; and every now and then came patches of ice, alternating with



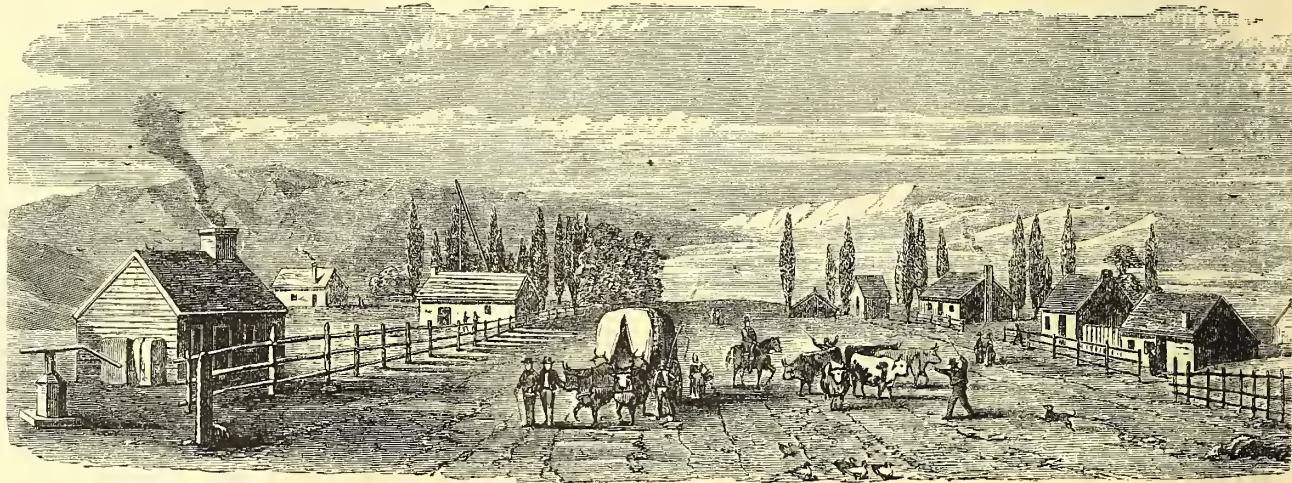
San Francisco, 1849.

the hunter and the trader, and the scientific explorer who takes such prominence in the older world makes few independent discoveries, and merely confirms and definitely

Pacific slope. Fremont's was the first scientific survey of the country, which for so long had been the happy hunting-ground of the redskin and the trapper, and though he was

the cold damp rocks and the spongy morasses.

Soon the explorers found themselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central



Salt Lake City, 1850.

localises what his humbler predecessors have fallen upon and reported. Fremont has been more fortunate than his fellows. He has made two or three original finds; and when he met Kit Carson on the Missouri steamer he was on his way to the west to immortalise himself by sealing the highest peak of the Rockies.

He was then a lieutenant in the United States Topographical Engineers, and having been born at Savannah, in Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813, was in his thirtieth year. He had left Washington on the 2nd of May, and started with his complete outfit from St.

not a backwoodsman in the usual acceptation of the term, yet he was a true hero of the backwoods, and his adventures, more especially as completing the story of the redoubtable Kit, can be conveniently dealt with here.

The discovery of Wind River Peak, as it was called—it is now known by the name of its discoverer—was the chief event of Fremont's first plunge into the wilderness. He started to reach the highest point of the ridge on the 15th of August. The road lay up a dark defile, with many a rough and slippery place to check the progress of the mules. The

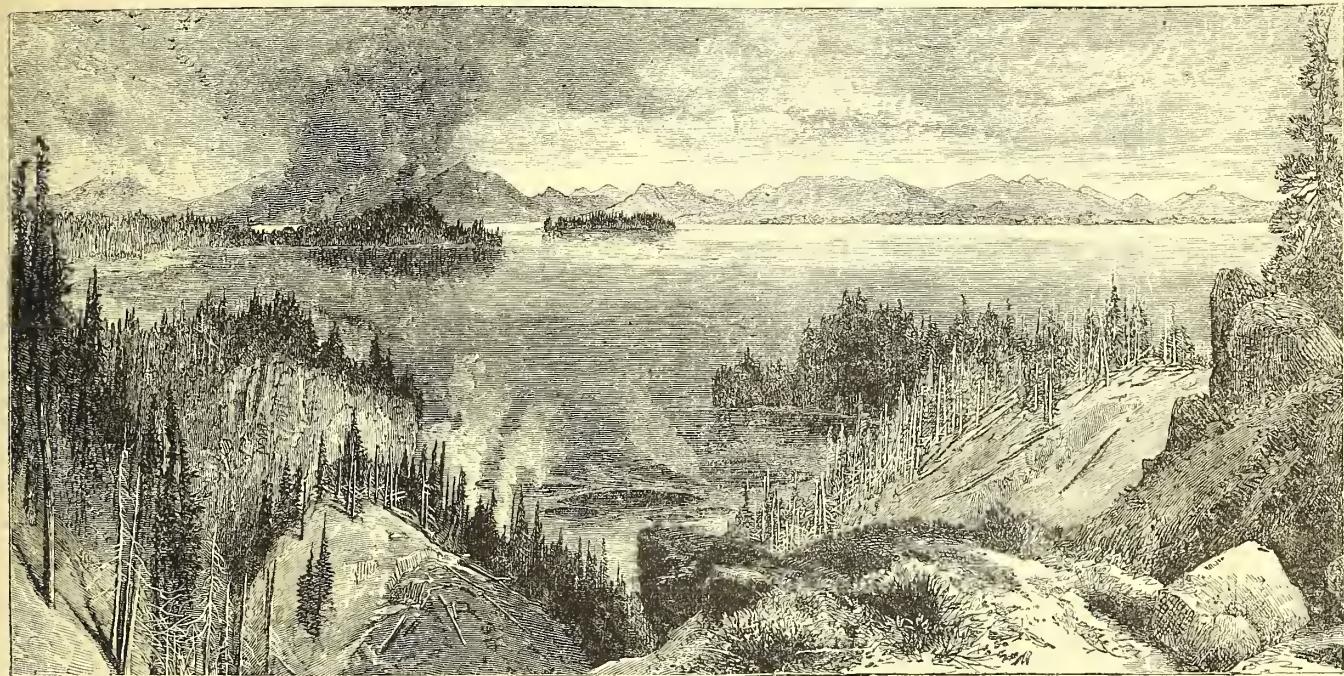
summits of the chain. Then at last it rose by their sides a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, ending three thousand feet above their heads in a long toothed line of jagged and broken cones. They rode on until they came almost immediately below the main peak, which they christened Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighbouring summits. As they rode on they came to three small lakes of bright green water, each of nearly a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep; and on a ledge about a hundred feet above the lakes the mules were left to graze, while the

party, divesting themselves of every needless encumbrance, began the ascent.

Leisurely they went up. At intervals they

of the Nebraska. Around the whole scene seemed to have been wrecked by some terrible convulsion, the backbone split into

chasms and fissures, between them thin lofty walls, with slender columns and pinnacles rising from the mantle of snow.



Yellowstone Lake.

reached places where springs were gushing from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes they came to the snow-line, and thenceforth their progress was uninterrupted, climbing along a sort of comb of the mountain which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and steepness had kept almost clean of snow. In a few minutes they reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty except that of passing round the face of a vertical cliff several hundred feet in depth. Putting hands and toes in the crevices between the blocks, Fremont succeeded in reaching the top. He sprang upon the summit where another step would have shot him into an immense snow-field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then with a gradual fall the field sloped off for about a mile until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. He stood on a narrow crest of about a yard in width.

He mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in one of the joints of the rock, unfurled the stars-and-stripes to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During the morning's ascent they had met no sign of animal life except one small sparrowlike bird. A stillness the most profound and a solitude that was terrible forced themselves constantly on their minds as the great features of the place. There on that summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, they thought themselves beyond the reach of anything breathing; but while they were sitting on the rock a solitary humble-bee came winging his flight from the eastern valley and settled on one of the men's knees!

They were 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. On one side they looked down on innumerable lakes and streams, the headwaters of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; on the other side was the Wind River valley, with the heads of the Yellowstone. Far to the north they could just discover the snow caps of the Three Tetons, where were the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia; and at the southern end of the ridge the peaks were visible, amid which there rise the springs



"One was just sinking when he was clutched."

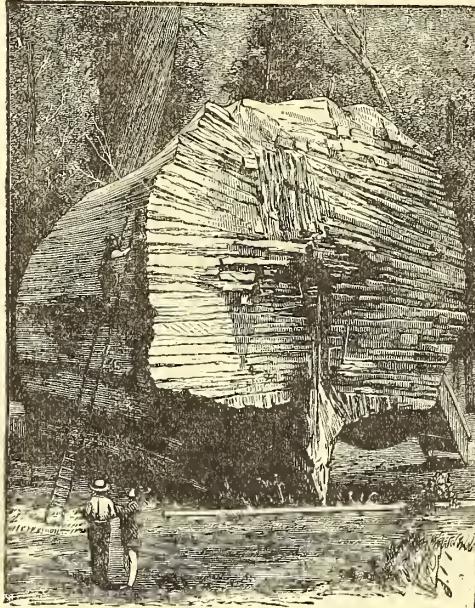
Nine days afterwards, when on their way back, they ran the canyons of the La Platte. They passed three cataracts in succession, and finally, with a shout of success, issued from the first tunnel into open day. In another hour they were in the next canyon,

was the reply of the voyageur. "Je m'en vais mourir avant que de te lâcher." For a hundred yards below the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales and blankets, and so strong was the stream that even the heavy instruments, the sextant,

it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out, 'Indians.' There were no orders given, things went on too fast, and the colonel had men with him that did not need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of the Delawares. I did not know who fired and who did not, but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Tlamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver, the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall they ran; but we lay every man with his rifle cocked until daylight expecting another attack. They had killed three of our men and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell."

It was while on this third expedition that Fremont accomplished his wonderful ride of nine hundred and sixty miles in seven days. The party that performed this feat were three in number—Fremont, his servant, Jacob Dodson, and his friend Don Jesus Pionda—each of them had three horses to start with, making nine in all. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required a good deal of attention to keep them straight on the track. When wanted for a change, say, at the distance of twenty miles, they were caught by the lasso, thrown either by the Don or Jacob. None of the horses were shod, and the usual gait was a sweeping gallop.

They started from Los Angeles on the 22nd of March, 1847, and the first day ran one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the San Fernando mountain and the defile of the



Auger Holes in Tree.

a winding chasm in the rock seven or eight miles in length, and in places five hundred feet in vertical height. They made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope about fifty feet long, and three of the men, clambering along among the rocks, let her down through the first pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel, and in the narrows it required much strength and skill to keep the boat from being stove. At one place she proved a little too broad, and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flew over her and swept away the sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. Fremont caught the sextant as it dashed by him, but the saddle-bags were lost. The second pass was worse than the other, and Fremont would have gone back, but to do so was impossible. Before him the cataract was a sheet of foam, and, shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which in some places seemed to meet overhead, the roar of the water was deafening. He pushed off again, but in a few yards the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope! Lajeunesse, the third man, hung on, and was jerked head foremost into the river from a rock twelve feet high. Down the boat shot like an arrow, Lajeunesse following in the rapid current, his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the white foam. At last an eddy was reached, the boat stopped, and Lajeunesse and his companions, who had come running along the rocks, were taken on board.

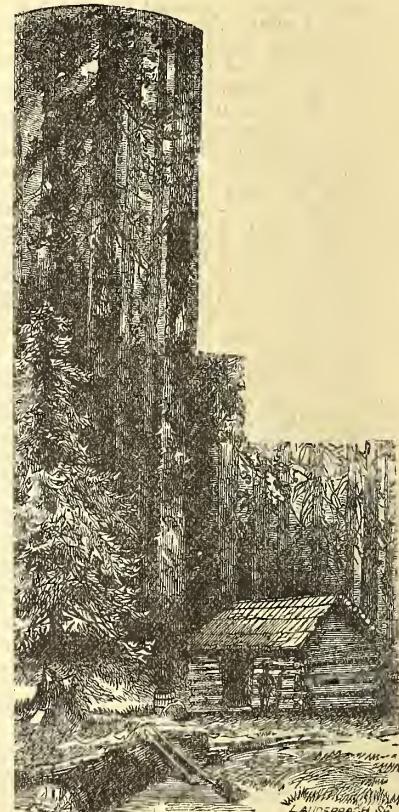
Then, cutting off all communication with the shore, the passage was resumed. They cleared rock after rock, and shot past fall after fall, the boat seeming to play with the cataract. The men grew flushed with success and familiar with the danger, and, yielding to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat song. Singing, or rather shouting, they dashed along, and were in the midst of a chorus when the boat struck a hidden rock at the foot of a fall and was whirled over in an instant.

All scrambled safely out, though three could not swim. One of these, Descoteaux, was just sinking when he was clutched by the neck by Lambert. "Lâche pas! Lâche pas! cher frère," said he. "Crains pas!"

circle, and long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. The boat was recovered, again launched, and the daring rush was resumed, and Goat Island eventually reached.

On Fremont appearing at Washington he received an enthusiastic welcome, and began preparing for his second expedition. This left Kansas on the 29th of May, 1843. Great Salt Lake was explored, the Rockies were crossed, and Sutter's ranche reached, as we have seen in our notes on Kit Carson, the path of the travellers forming an immense circuit of twelve degrees diameter north and south, and ten degrees east and west, making up some three thousand five hundred miles never out of sight of the snow.

The third expedition started in 1844 and ended in the annexation of California. Like its predecessors, it was no pleasure trip. Take Kit Carson's description of the night attack by the Tlamaths. "Mr. Gillespie had brought the colonel letters from home, the first he had had since leaving the States the year before, and he was up and kept a large fire burning until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had sixteen in the party, the colonel didn't like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were wakened at the same time by the lieks of the axe that killed our men. At first I didn't know it was that; but I called to Lajeunesse, who was at that side, 'What's the matter there? What's that fuss about?' He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow, and he never knew what killed him. His head had been cut in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded, but although he could do no execution he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and did not give up until he was shot full of arrows, three entering his heart. He died bravely. As soon as I had called out I saw



First Log-Hut, Mariposa Grove.

Rincon, and halting at Santa Barbara, the only fatigue complained of being in Jacob's right arm from throwing the lasso and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses on the

track. The next day they passed the mountain of St. Barbara, and reached San Luis Obispo. Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were left and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy joined the party to assist in managing the loose horses. The run stopped short at seventy miles. While the party was asleep the horses were almost stampeded by white bears, but the Spaniard scared off the bears, and the journey was resumed for eighty miles to Monterey. The return run was then commenced, during which one of the horses was ridden unchanged for ninety miles without showing distress, and Los Angeles was safely reached within the seven days out and home.

In 1848 Fremont went off on his fourth exploring expedition, and crossed the mountains

in the snow during a spell of severe cold. After undergoing great hardships he found his way to Taos, where he took up his quarters with Carson until he had recovered sufficiently to move on and complete the possession of his estate in the Mariposa valley, which has since become so well known. Fremont had bought it for three thousand dollars, and it is said that when he first passed over it he actually picked up the gold as it lay upon the surface of the soil.

After being commissioned to run the boundary-line between California and Mexico, he was elected to the Senate for the State in which he had chosen to settle, and returned to Washington to attend to his political duties. In 1853 he led his fifth and last expedition to find a new route across the

continent to the Pacific. This he succeeded in doing along the line of 38° north latitude. Here again he was favoured with a full share of adventure. On one occasion, when he was away from them, his men were caught in the midst of a prairie fire, and he and a few that were with him came galloping through the circle of flame to join and rescue them.

In 1856 Fremont was a candidate for the Presidency, and was beaten by Buchanan with 174 votes to 114. During the War of Secession he fought on the Federal side, but Stonewall Jackson proved too much for him, although he never suffered a decisive defeat. The drawn battle of Cross Keys on the 8th of June, 1862, was the largest affair in which he held independent command.

## CURIOS CRAFT.

### II.

(See also Vol. VI., B. O. P., page 108.)

BEGINNING at the top left-hand corner of the illustration on p. 828, we have the Egyptian *Dahabéh*, a vessel which has obtained an unenviable notoriety for dirtiness. It is chiefly used for the Nile passenger traffic, and it is no uncommon event for the experienced traveller, when hiring one of these craft, to make it a *sine quâ non* that it shall be sunk under the water for a couple of hours before starting, in order that the hull may be purified from the vermin with which it invariably is infested. A very fine model on a large scale may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

The mode of furling the large lateen sails is for the crew to shin up the mast in a twinkling, scramble along the lofty swinging yard like monkeys, and perform the operation with a neatness absolutely surprising in an Egyptian.

Immediately beneath is shown a curious demonstration of moveable ballast as it is to be seen amongst the Cochin Chinese. Sometimes the pole on which the extemporised counterpoise is placed will break, when there is nothing for the clumsy vessel but to turn bottom upwards. Some of their vessels, however, like the little craft below, sail exceedingly well, and are first-rate sea-boats.

The fishing-boat shown at the left-hand bottom corner of the page comes from Corea, the forbidden land of Eastern Asia, which until very recently was known only to the civilised world by name, and by a few meagre reports received from Japanese and Chinese sources. Our readers will perhaps recollect the confusion that arose when a treaty opening up certain ports to foreigners was, a short time since, forced upon the inhabitants. A revolt took place, the Queen was killed, and for a time general anarchy prevailed.

The fishing-boats of Corea are very clumsily built. They are put together with wooden nails, and are very deep, and in place of a deck a few beams are fixed from gunwale to gunwale. The build is very much after the Japanese model, minus its artistic qualities. It is open to the bottom, and the fish are thrown down as they are caught. Each vessel carries a crew of from thirty to sixty men.

Returning to the top of the page, we come to a canoe of the Upper Zambesi. Major Serpa Pinto, one of the most recent of African explorers, likens this vessel to a gigantic skate, wherein the native has to use all the balancing powers of a skater upon the ice to maintain a firm position. The boatmen always paddle standing, and the paddling in such boats is of course a true acrobatic performance.

The vessel depicted is a canoe which was scooped for the explorer from the long trunk of a *Mucusse* tree. It had the following extraordinary dimensions—Length, 33 feet; breadth amidships, 17 inches; depth, 16 inches! The giant of the forest from which it was carved is a tree of excessive hardness, possessing a specific gravity greater than water.

Whenever Pinto reached one of the numerous cataracts it was necessary to convey this vessel overland until the obstacle was surmounted, and for this purpose the services of the natives living on the bank were called into requisition. Poles were placed across the vessel and fastened to it by tendrils of neighbouring trees. The natives, to the number of twenty or thirty, then took the poles on each side, and with great labour got through the work.

Next to Australia, Borneo is the largest island in the world. Here we find the women treated with far greater respect than is usually the case amongst savage or semi-civilised nations, and boats are built specially for their use. In these boats the women do their marketing, and at Bruni there is a floating bazaar, where the boats are moored in tiers, forming regular lanes upon the river, the purchasers gliding about here and there in their canoes in search of the "boat-shops" containing the particular provisions of which they are in quest.

Next is the outrigger canoe of the war-like Marquesans, with its overhanging stern, on which the steersman stands when the sail is hoisted, and its projecting bow, which affords some sort of protection to the rowers when advancing to the attack of an enemy.

The Japanese, except so far as they have imitated Europeans in the construction of their vessels, are a long way behind most of the nations of the earth in their knowledge of naval architecture. Witness the curious row-boat with its crowd of oarsmen standing upright to work their strangely-bent oars. As they row they chant a monotonous song, every alternate man swinging his body in an opposite direction in perfect time, the one pushing, the other pulling.

Their sailing junks are no better than the row-boats, and have the same open sterns with strong bulkheads to prevent the ingress of the water. The rudder is also fixed and worked after a like awkward fashion. It is little wonder, however, that the Japanese have for centuries made no progress in their shipbuilding, for at any rate until very recently all vessels were required to be built to uniform rule as to shape, dimensions, rigging, and interior arrangement.

The natives of Ceylon have from time immemorial manufactured a peculiar kind of catamaran. One extraordinary feature of the vessel is that it is put together entirely without nails, and even the wash-boards which surmount the log which forms the body of the vessel, and which is hollowed out until it is nothing but a cylinder with a narrow strip of from eight to ten inches cut from end to end, are fastened to it with coir yarns, the seams being stopped with loose coir padding. They carry no ballast, and are almost as safe as a lifeboat.

The third column is headed with the *canoe* of the River Amazon, a singular construction. Both stem and stern are square, and the hull is covered with a heavy erection, which causes it to bear some resemblance to a Chinese junk. These vessels are never required to go against stream or to sail anywhere near the wind, and all that is expected of them is that they should float lazily along with the tide. This is fortunate, for they are so top-heavy that if any more intricate manœuvres were attempted when anything beyond a breath of wind was blowing they would inevitably capsize.

Animal life is plentiful enough on the

shores of the river, and the men make pets of the monkeys to be found there in any numbers. These are frequently to be seen disporting themselves upon the spars, etc., of the boat.

The jangada is a curious kind of raft, belonging chiefly to the coast about Pernambuco. It is usually built of from three to six solid logs bound together by two or more cross-pieces. There is a hole in the centre log in which is placed the mast, and at the foot is a small stool for the captain, as the water every now and again covers the deck. The steersman is furnished with a like seat. The only

other erection is a slight framework to preserve the bag of manioc, which forms the food of the crew, from the wet and to support the bottle of drinking water.

These vessels have the property of sailing very near the wind, and are able to go at the rate of ten miles an hour. All things—including passengers—which are proof against moisture are carried on these remarkable craft.

Then we have the elaborately carved and decorated war canoe of the New Zealanders. These are made from the huge trunk of the Kauri pine, and measure sometimes eighty feet in length. They are covered from stem

to stern with the wonderful and unique carving indulged in by the Maori race, and painted a bright vermilion and hung with bunches of feathers and dog's hair. When not wanted they are hauled up on to the shore and carefully thatched to preserve them from the weather.

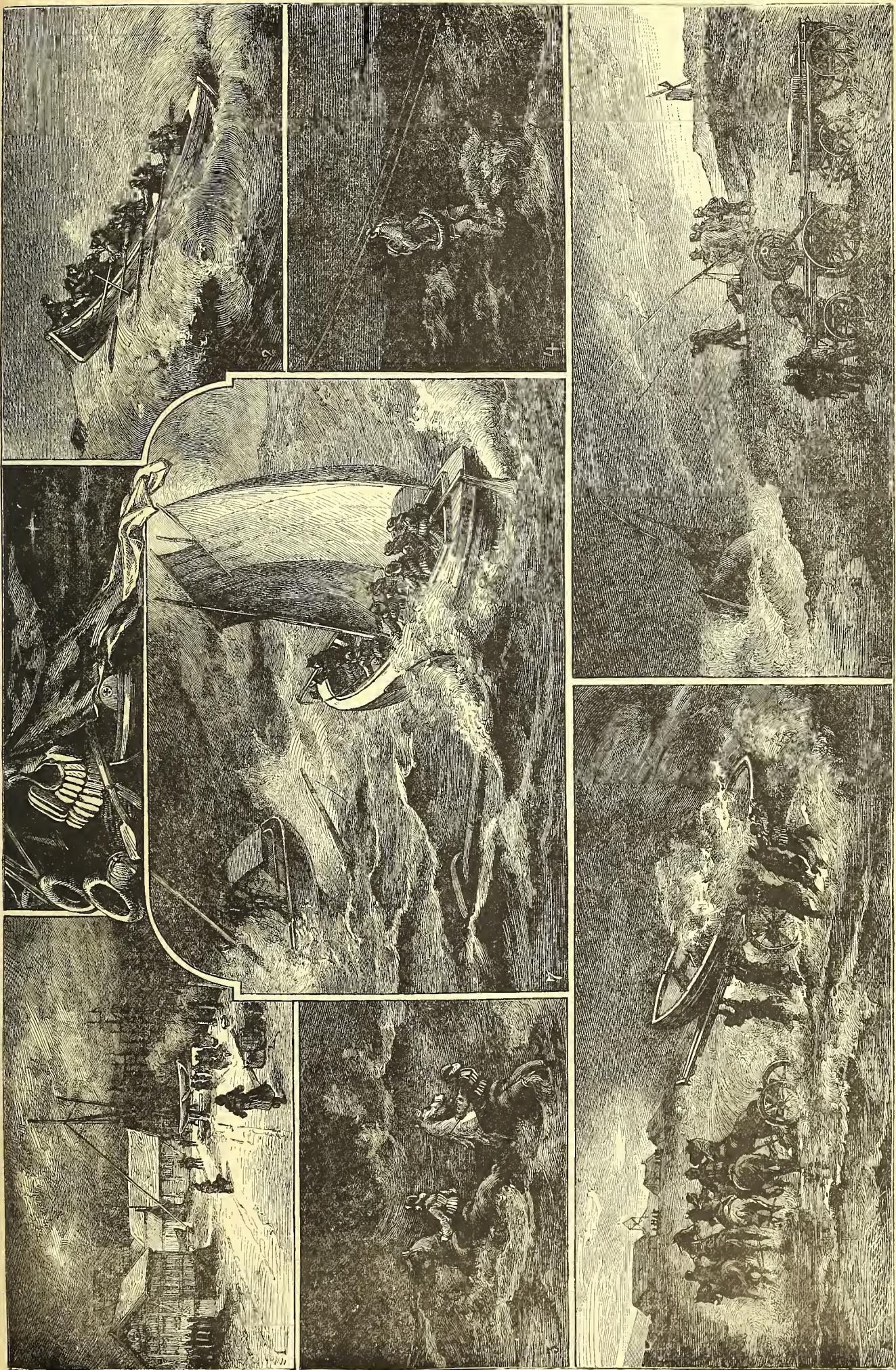
The last illustration is the strongly built bunder-boat of the harbours of Bengal and other parts of India. It is used for little else than harbour traffic—in fact, it derives its name from *bundur*, a harbour. Occasionally it carries a couple of masts, each furnished with a large lateen sail.



Curious Craft.

Battles with the Sea.

1. The Boat-house.
2. To the Rescue!
3. Trying to reach Castaways,
4. A Line of Hope.
5. Home again.
6. Rocket Apparatus.
7. Salvage.



## ENGLISH ARCHERY.

THE origin of the bow as an instrument of war is lost in obscurity. With all the ancient peoples, both civilised and barbaric, the bow was a favourite weapon, and skill in the use of it was regarded by the Scythians as a princely accomplishment. The Greeks and Romans employed archers to draw the enemy into action, and the exploits of the ancient Egyptians rivalled those of the archers of the middle ages.

There is no record of the use of the bow in France until the beginning of the eighth century, although we have evidence that in England both the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes employed it in the chase as well as in battles against the primitive inhabitants of England many years before the Conquest.

It was under the Norman rule that the practice of archery in this island was not only greatly improved, but generally diffused throughout the country, so that England soon became famous for its archery, and her archers took precedence of those of every other nation. To preserve this superiority by constant practice appears to have been the study of many of our monarchs, and numerous statutes for enforcing and regulating the use of the bow among the people were enacted from early times until after the invention of firearms. Many laws were also made for securing the presence in distant and obscure parts of the country of persons skilled in the manufacture of bows and all the apparatus appertaining to archery, for guarding against fraud by those artificers, and also for the procuring of a constant supply of bow-staves from abroad. These laws appear to have been absolutely necessary, for in the olden time the English chiefly depended for their success in battle upon the bravery and expertness of their archers, whose appearance in the field generally led to success. William the Conqueror is reputed to have been so admirable an archer that few could bend the bow he used, and his victory at Hastings was certainly due to the skill and intrepidity of his cross-bow men. Richard the First performed great exploits with his archers in the Holy Land, where, according to Gibbon, 300 archers and seventeen knights, headed by the king, sustained the charge of the whole Turkish and Saracen army. It was in his reign that the renowned Robin Hood flourished in Sherwood Forest. Edward the Second levied a company of "Northumbrian Archers" in the year 1314 for the invasion of Scotland.

The battles of Cressy and Poictiers were gained by the English archers in the years 1346 and 1356 respectively. Edward III. was extremely jealous of the honour of the bow, and anxious that its glory should be maintained. In the early part of his reign it was ordered that most of the sheriffs of England should each provide 500 white bows and 500 bundles of arrows for the then pending war with France. In the following year this order was reissued, with the difference that the sheriff of Gloucester should furnish 500 painted bows in addition. This king embodied a company of soldiers, whom he called the "Archers of the Guard." Edward III. also, in 1363, commanded the general practice of archery on holidays by the people in lieu of the ordinary rural pastimes, which were forbidden on pain of imprisonment. In this reign the price of bows was regulated by Government. A white bow was 1s., a painted bow 1s. 6d., a sheaf (twenty-four) of sharp arrows 1s. 2d., and a sheaf of blunt arrows 1s. Richard II., in 1392, directed that none of his servants should ever be unfurnished with bows and arrows, and that they should avail themselves of every opportunity of practising archery.

In the year 1402 the English archers won the battle of Homildon; and in 1403, at the battle of Shrewsbury, where Hotspur was

slain, the most terrible havoc was created by the archers on both sides. In the reign of Richard III. it was enacted that for every ton of Malmsey or Tyne wine brought into England, ten good bow-staves should also be imported, under penalty of 13s. 4d. for every deficient stave; and to encourage the import of bow-staves those above six feet and a half long were freed from duty.

In the manufacture of bows yew was generally preferred to all other woods; but to prevent a too rapid consumption of yew bowyers were ordered to make four wych-hazel, ash, or elm bows, to one of yew; and no person under seventeen years of age, except those possessed of portable property worth forty marks, or the sons of parents owning an estate of £10 per annum, was allowed to shoot with a yew bow, under penalty of 6s. 8d. for each offence.

That distant counties might be properly supplied with bows and arrows, the king claimed and exercised the prerogative of sending, if necessary, all arrow-head, bow-string, and bow-makers, not being freemen of the City of London, to any part of the realm that required the services of such artificers.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth it was enacted that all arrow-heads should be well brazed and hardened at the points with steel, and stamped with the name of the maker, under penalty of fine and imprisonment and forfeiture of the arrows, etc., in default; and by another statute passed in the same reign it was enacted that persons from places whence bow-staves were derived should import four bow-staves for every ton of merchandise taken on board, under penalty of 6s. 8d. for every bow-stave deficient. In this reign the highest price permitted for a yew bow was 3s. 4d. In the reign of Edward the Fourth it was enacted that every Englishman and every Irishman living with an Englishman should have an English bow of his own height; and also that in every township shooting butts should be set up, at which the inhabitants were commanded to practise on holidays, under the penalty of one halfpenny for each neglect. In the same reign the king, in preparing for a war with France, directed all sheriffs to procure a supply of bows and arrows for the service of the State. In 1405 it was made penal to use bad materials in the manufacture of bows and arrows. In 1417 the archers of the army of Henry the Fifth won the battle of Agincourt. This king directed the sheriffs of counties to take six wing feathers from every goose for the feathering of the arrows. In 1478 archery was encouraged in Ireland by statute. In the year 1421 James the First of Scotland, who was himself an excellent Bowman, revived the practice of archery among his subjects. Richard the Third lent 1,000 archers to the Duke of Bretagne. The same troops afterwards fought at the battle of Bosworth. In 1485 Henry the Seventh instituted the yeomen of the guard, who were all archers, and in the nineteenth year of his reign the use of the cross-bow was forbidden by Act of Parliament because the long-bow had been of so much greater benefit to the nation. In this reign archery occupied an important position in the fashionable pastimes of the kingdom, and upon the marriage of Henry with the Princess Elizabeth it formed a great feature among the nuptial festivities, the king himself joining in the shooting with heartiness and glee.

Several Acts were passed in the reign of Henry VIII. for the encouragement and promotion of archery; one ordered that butts should be erected and kept in repair in all townships, and that the inhabitants should practise shooting at them on holidays. The same Act directed that every able-bodied man, not being an ecclesiastic or judge, should practise shooting with the long-bow.

In this reign the practice of archery was strongly advocated from the pulpit by Bishop Latimer, and so jealous were the English of rival nations competing with them, that aliens were forbidden to use the long-bow. The English victory at the battle of Flodden Field was due to the skill and courage of the archers.

Archery continued to be an object of attention and solicitude with the Legislature during the reign of Elizabeth, and the price of bows was again regulated by statute; also, bowyers were commanded to keep in hand always a sufficient stock of bows. Charles I. issued commissions to prevent the enclosure of fields near London, so "as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting with bows and arrows," and also for the restoration of all shooting-marks that had been already removed. The Earl of Essex, at the beginning of the civil war, raised a company of archers for the defence of the king. In the time of Charles II. archery was a highly fashionable and popular recreation with all classes of society, and the "Merrie Monarch" used frequently to take part with the ladies and gentlemen of his court in toxophilite meetings. Queen Catherine also showed deep interest in the fascinating pastime, and in the year 1676 she presented a silver badge to the "Marshal of the Fraternity of Archers." Both the king and queen frequently reviewed the numerous associations of archers then existent. In the spring of 1682 a grand fête was given by the London Artillery Company at the Artillery Grounds, at which there were present upwards of a thousand archers; and it is said that the gala outshone anything of its kind that had previously been seen in England. But from that time until the beginning of the present century the attractions of archery appear to have been overlooked and its practice neglected.

Although the bow has long been disused as a military weapon, it has ever been cherished in Great Britain, and particularly among the upper classes of society, as an instrument of delightful and healthful recreation; and it would be impossible to overrate the physical and moral advantages accruing from the regular practice of archery—one of the few "outdoor amusements" that are as suitable for delicate ladies as for strong men. As an exercise for ladies, it brings all the muscles generally into healthful action, and is admirably suited to meet the requirements of the fair sex—general and equal, without being violent—calling the faculties both of mind and body into gentle and healthy play, yet oppressing none—withal most graceful and elegant.

Another era in the annals of the art may be dated from the year 1844, when a national meeting of the archers of Great Britain and Ireland was held at York, since which time archery has assumed much importance as a national pastime, and year after year the wider competition which such assemblages have secured has brought forward bowmen and bow-women, who by their persistent efforts in carrying off honours, and that by the most remarkable achievements, have carried the art as near as possible to perfection.

Under the auspices of the Grand National Society, archery has been conducted through all the stages of actual revival and establishment as a British pastime. It was only in the year 1845 that ladies began to compete publicly with men for the prizes offered by the above-mentioned society, but at some of the matches which have without interruption annually taken place since then as many as 150 archeresses have participated in match-shooting, whilst at least an equal number of gentlemen have competed with them—on some occasions with a guaranteed prize-list of about £400.

A. T. SIBBALD.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

A PET MONKEY.

H. L. sends us, from Leytonstone, the following story of a pet monkey. We know the writer, and can vouch for the truth of the narrative. The monkey has since died. "Being the fortunate(?) possessor of a monkey, and not for the first time, I know something of the right management of such a pet. I am, of course, careful that no flesh food should be given him, yet one morning I was surprised to find some small feathers scattered about the cage and on the wires. Upon making inquiries, I was told that nothing but fruit and bread and milk had been given him. As I was approaching his cage to make further observation I noticed that 'Jack' was scratching a hole under the bottom board of the back of his house. I approached cautiously, taking advantage of trees, bushes, etc., until I reached the side (which is boarded), through the cracks of which I could make my observations without being seen. And this is what I learnt. Firstly, Master Jack scraped a hole under the board, large enough to get one of his arms through; then he lay on the ground on his side and inserted one arm into the hole, holding in his hand a piece of sopped bread that he had saved from his breakfast. Next, by dexterously moving his arm about, he managed to shake some loose mould over his hand, so that his brown fingers were fairly hidden, only leaving the white bread above the ground. Then he kept perfectly still for some time, so long, indeed, that I began to grow tired of watching, and was about to retire when my attention was arrested by a plump young sparrow, who, by a series of hops, approached the bread, which formed a very conspicuous and also, no doubt, to the bird, a very tempting morsel. But, alas! to secure the bread the bird had to stand on Jack's fingers. It gave the final hop, and was just about to commence the feast, when snap! and the poor bird was a captive, caught by one of his legs. Jack quickly dragged it through the hole, and had begun to pluck it alive, when I, having seen quite enough, gave a cry and a clap, which so worked upon Jack's nerves that he sprang up in a fright, and in doing so let go the bird, which promptly flew through the wires and escaped, much to the disgust of Jack, who, having discovered my retreat, gave me a series of grimaces anything but complimentary."

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON  
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(Continued from page 814.)

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Correspondence.

W. R. THOMSON.—What is your authority for the statement that Wales gives up a county to England every hundred years? Which are the counties it has given up?

H. W. SMITH.—The proportions of the boat should depend on the work the boat is to do, the harbours she is to enter, the place she is to be moored. If you want a fast boat with outside ballast your design would have to be different from what it would be for a beamy boat of the old type. The best plan for you to adopt would be to expend twenty-five shillings less discount—on Mr. Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing," published at the "Field" office, Strand. You will therein find the lines and measurements given of nearly every sort of fore-and-aft boat afloat, in addition to full particulars of fitting, rigging, and sail-making. A cutter thirty feet by seven would prove a good, useful, seaworthy boat.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—1. It depends entirely on the umpire. There is no reason why the ball should not so pitch that you might be out leg-before from a bowler bowling round the wicket. 2. To be out "hit wicket" you must have hit the wicket in striking at the ball.

H. G. S.—Most of our large schools have now their magazines. In addition to these you have mentioned there are the Blundellian, the Cliftonian, the Epsomian, the Estdonian, the Glenalmond Chronicle, the Mill Hill Magazine, etc., etc.

J. GREENE (St. Kilda).—1. Faraday's "Chemical Manipulation," published in 1827; his "Experimental Researches in Electricity" in 1839, 1844, 1855; his "Experimental Researches in Chemistry and Physics" in 1859; and his "History of a Candle," "Non-Metallic Elements," etc. The best thing would be for you to get his life by Tyndall. The "Chemical Manipulation" has long been superseded by more modern works. Try Roscoe, Valentin, Fownes, Meldola, etc., etc. 2. The measurable angle of the parallax is so small that more accuracy is required than your plan would seem to offer. 3. It is quite true that diamonds have been made artificially, and that the only objection to them was that it cost more to make a diamond than to buy it. The successful experiment was performed by Mr. Henney at Glasgow about ten years ago. 4. A civil engineer has to pass through a course of apprenticeship and practical work at the bench, besides passing examinations.

J. H. REED.—There are no such examinations. There are now no cornets in the cavalry. For all the army examinations consult one of the guides, or apply to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, S.W.

LORD CECIL.—Apply for a prospectus, personally, to the Secretary, Birkbeck Institution, Bream's Buildings, Chaucery Lane. The classes begin in October.

PISCATOR.—Fishing is quite free at Putney and Ham-mersmith, but the fish are too clever to hold on. Better try above Teddington Lock.

YOUNG MECHANIC.—The knife is a Corsican dagger. The "Mori al—" is "Death to—," and the "Vendetta Corsa" is the Corsican style of feud, which can only be quenched in an enemy's blood, and so continues till the families are all killed off.

LITTLE DORRIT and LITTLE NELL.—Pylades was Agamemnon's nephew, Orestes was Agamemnon's son, and the cousins were great friends. Pylades married Orestes's sister Electra.

T. J. HAYES.—Get "Under the Red Ensign," or "Hints on Going to Sea," by Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., Assistant Secretary of the Board of Trade, price one shilling, of Messrs. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—The number of glasses is correct; what you have mistaken for a frame is the diaphragm. See our article on the telescope, or get a shilling book on optics, and, with the aid of the diagrams, work out the theory of the lenses for yourself.

A. C. P.—We know of no book that would teach you to be a poet; and, from the specimens you send, we should consider your efforts mere waste of time. Poets are born, not made; why, then, seek to be a poet with the aid of a shilling book?

X. Y. S.—1. There are many good openings in the colony for people with capital. See an account in Gordon and Gotch's "Australian Handbook." 2. There is a dépôt for the BOY'S OWN PAPER in Fiji at Levuka, and we have a considerable circulation in the islands.

T. D. ASHDOWN.—Our rule as to not touching on party politics precludes our complying with your request to define a Radical. We may, however, go as far as to suggest that a Radical would reform about the root while a Conservative would reform about the branches.

D. M. E.—Go in for gymnastics; play cricket and football, swim, run, climb, and row, and your pigeon-breast will soon open.

STANLEY O'GRAHAME.—1. All candidates for appointments under Government have to pass a medical examination. 2. The parts of Vol. V. are still in print. 3. The indexes are all in print. They cost a penny each, or three-halfpence post free.

H. W. S.—Throw-down crackers are fragments of crushed quartz screwed up with a particle of fulminate of silver in tissue-paper. Fulminate of silver is a very dangerous explosive, and has to be handled with the greatest caution, and kept in small quantities in pill-boxes wrapped carefully in paper. The slightest jar will set it off, and it is too violent for percussion caps.

AN OLD BOY.—If you were to pick the tow into fluff, and mix it with the boiled resin and oil, you would get a bauldier caulking material, in the event of the resin and oil alone being not quite thick enough. Tamarisk is a misprint for tamarack. If the seams are very true an extra coat of lead paint, with a finish of "indestructible paint," might answer the purpose.

AMATEUR ARTIST.—The illustrations are from woodcuts. The drawing could be either on the wood or on paper. If the drawing is on paper it is photographed on to the wood.

PRINTER.—Type bodies are all made the same length hence "type high."

W. AHRENDT.—Why not look in the index? The subject has been treated over and over again. Read the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in the third volume.

G. H.—The umpire was right, as you will see if you refer to the cricket laws. A man is not out hit wicket unless he hits the wicket when hitting at a ball bowled from the opposite wicket to that at which he is standing. He can not be given out for hitting his wicket during a run.

J. G. WILSON.—Apply to Messrs. Street and Co., advertising agents, Cornhill. They will give you the information as to the best paper in which to look for the advertisements.

JACK SMITH.—1. The seed for the plant that grows on the outside of the flower-pots is sold by Dick Radclyffe and Co. 2. Apply to Goy, Leadenhall Street. 3. The volumes are all kept in print. The price of the first volume is six shillings. 4. The best fish to keep in a globe are goldfish.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES.

We complete our seventh volume with this number, and next week commence a new volume with a very strong list of attractions. We would ask our readers kindly to make the best use of the *prospectus of the new volume which they will receive this week*, as now of course is the most suitable time in the whole year for new subscribers to begin.

The Title and Index to Vol. VII. are now ready, and may be had by order through any bookseller, price 1d. All who intend to bind their numbers or parts should at once obtain these.

The plates issued with the monthly parts during the year may now be obtained by weekly readers in a neat packet, price 1s. 8d. The Title and Index will be included in this packet; though, as already explained, they may be had separately by those who, as monthly subscribers, already possess the plates.

As we have more than once explicitly stated, we cannot undertake binding for our readers; thus they should find little difficulty in getting done at a fair charge by local bookbinders. We have, however, prepared handsome cases or covers, in which any bookbinder will insert the numbers or parts at a small cost. These cases cost 2s. each, and may be obtained through the booksellers in the usual way. In the post they are apt to get damaged.

\* \* We hope that all readers of this "Annual" will endeavour to do something, however small, to help on the "Boy's Own" Gordon Fund, of which full details have already been given in these pages.

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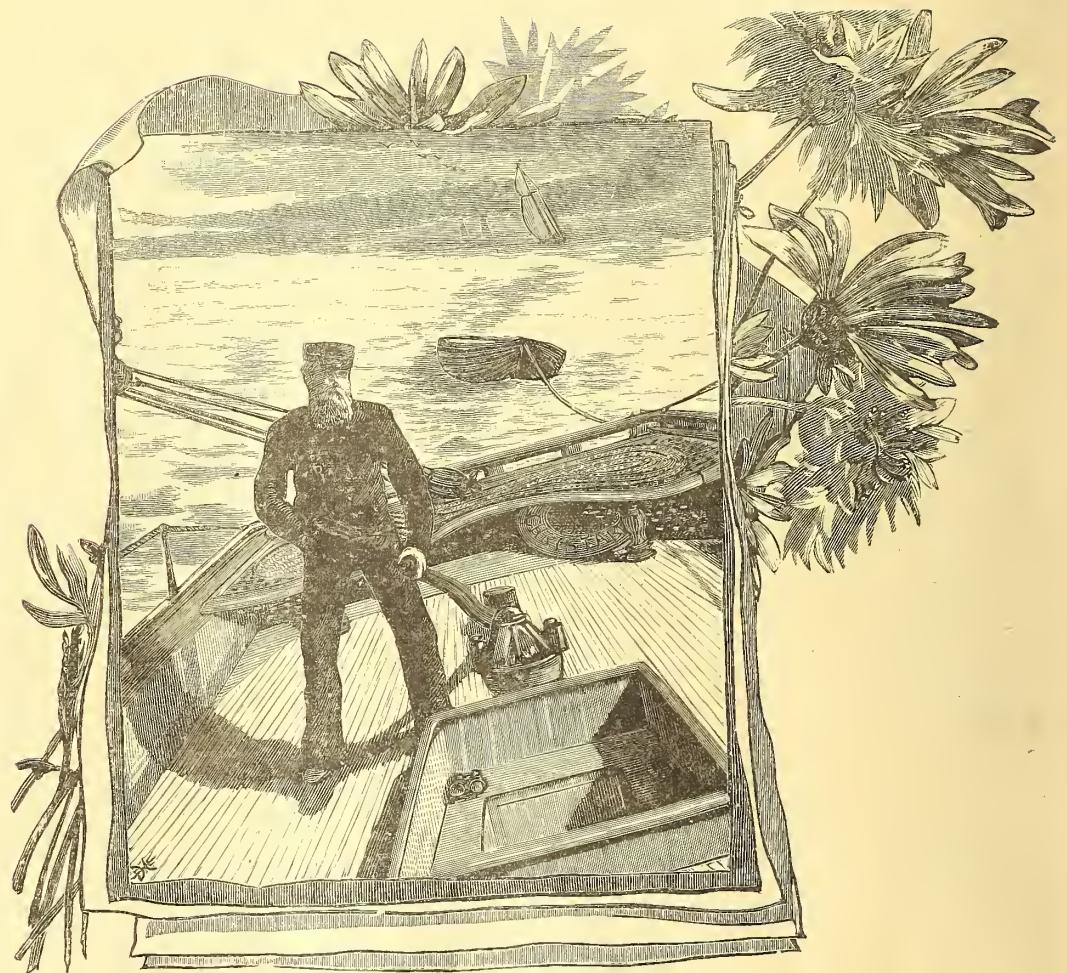
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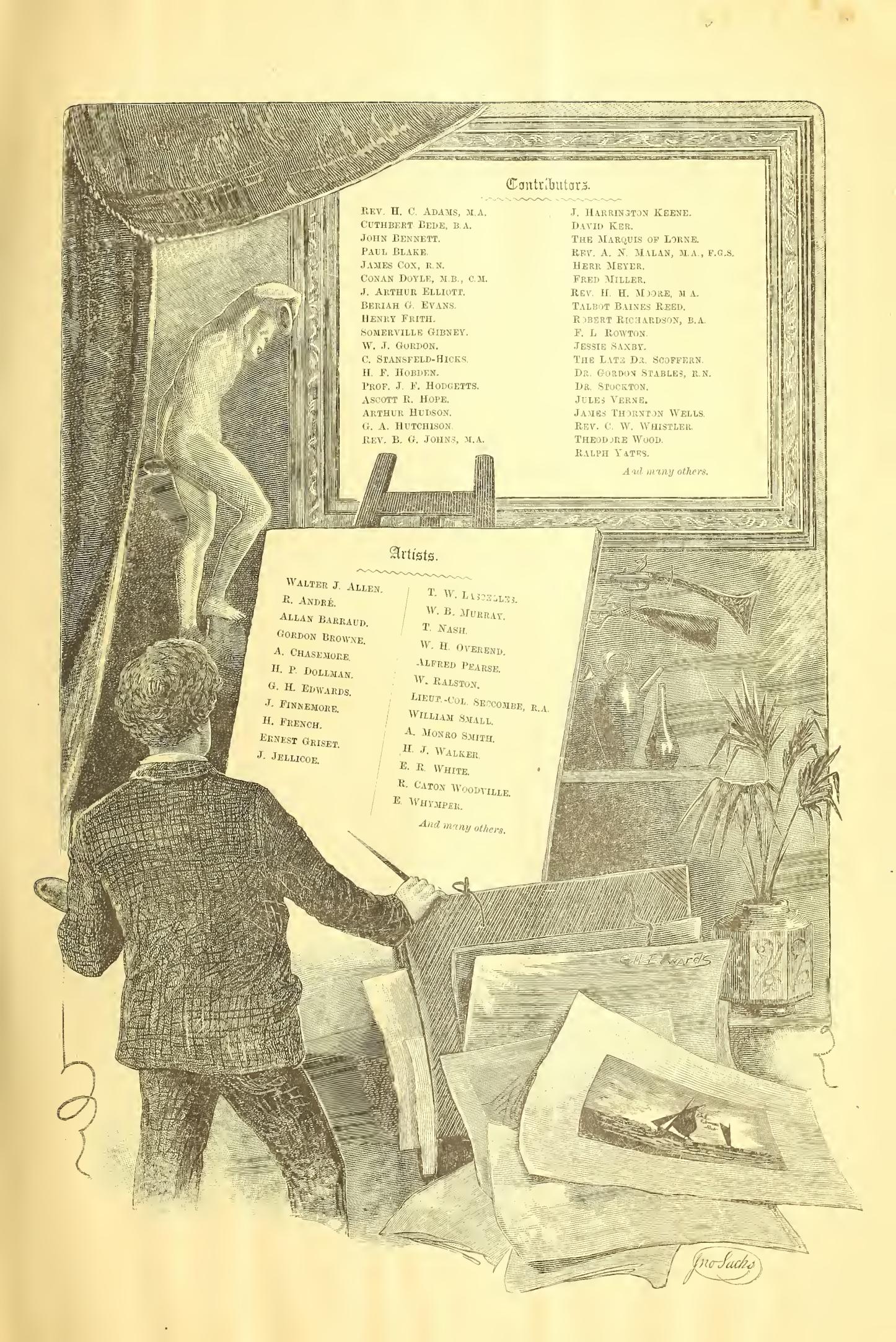


Quicquid agunt pueri nostri sarrago libelli.

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*And many others.*

*Ino-Sachs*



Footprints of Memory.



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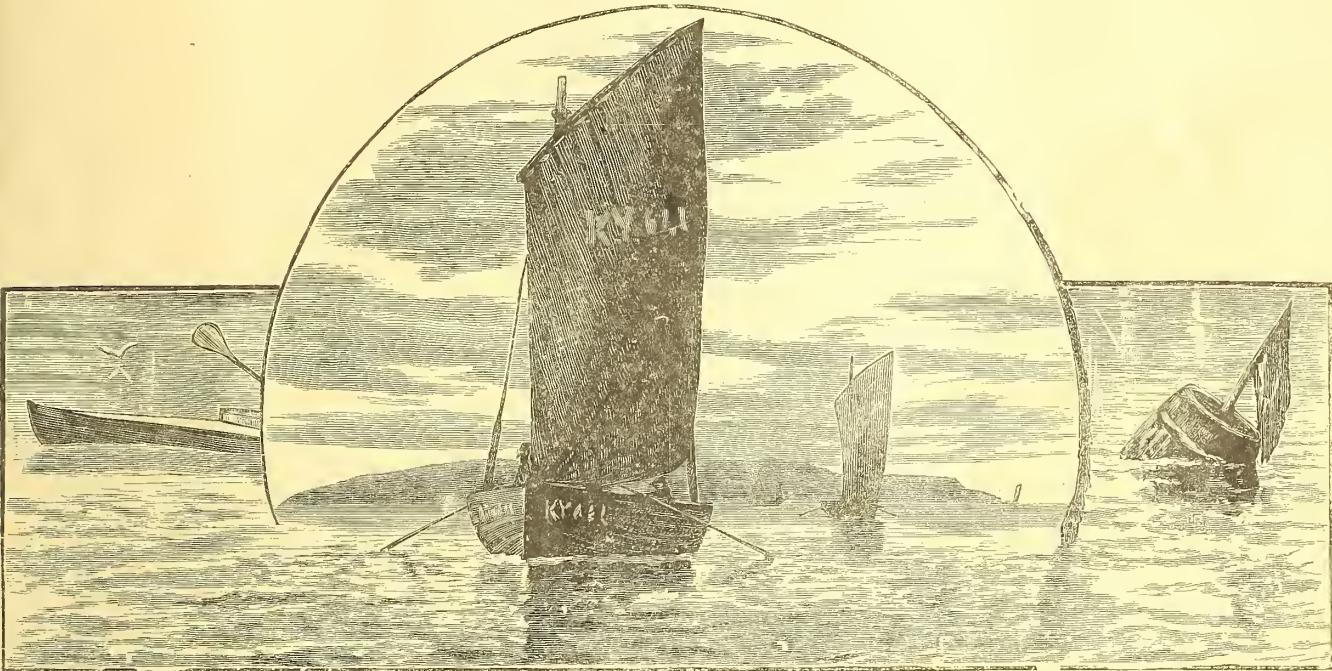
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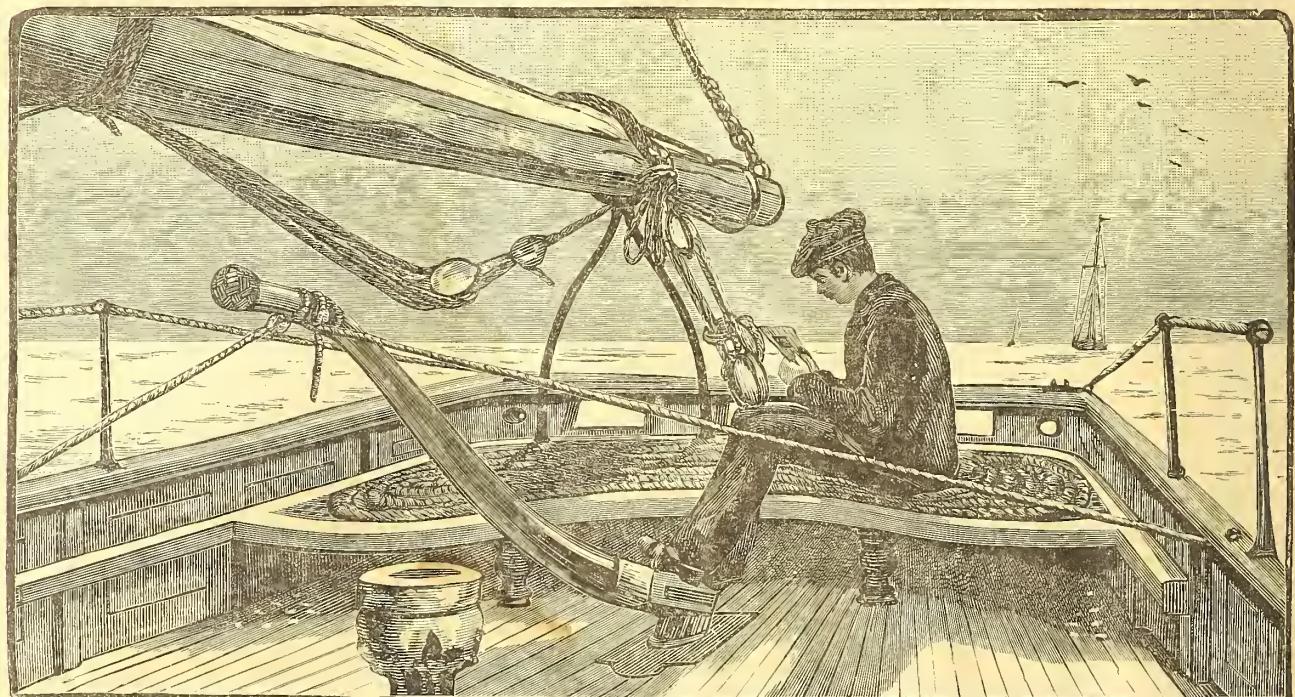
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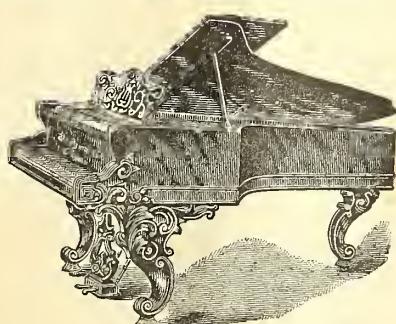
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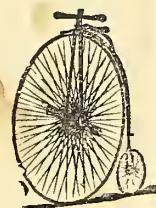
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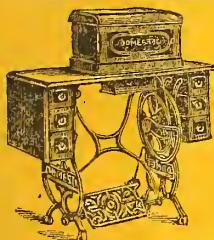
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**ANOTHER VICTORY for the COOK'S FRIEND**

IN ADDITION TO SILVER MEDALS AND HIGHEST AWARDS.

READ THIS.

## COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS

COOK'S FRIEND



PRINCESS



ROYAL



To arrive at the true value, or worth, of any Baking Powder two points should be inquired into. 1st. Healthfulness of ingredients. 2nd. Cost, taken in connection with Strength, or, capacity for evolving the same gas produced by ordinary yeast in bread-making; inquiring, for instance: How many cubic inches of gas will any named sum of money buy, if used to purchase a specified powder?

Applying these tests, the Cook's Friend will be found to stand at the head of the list. It is a pure Cream Tartar baking powder, and therefore perfectly wholesome under all circumstances. Its Strength has been proved by competent and disinterested authorities, and shown to be higher, in proportion to cost, than any other Baking Powder before the public that will stand the first named test.

These facts have placed the Cook's Friend foremost in the estimation of a discerning public and account for the immense demand with which it has been favored.

It is to be deprecated that a Baking Powder firm in Canada, following the example of one in the United States, whilst claiming a fancied superiority for their own products should have thought proper to publish partial, and therefore misleading, statements regarding other brands of goods, they have thus laid themselves open to correction. To form a correct opinion on any subject the whole truth regarding it should be known, and when a manufacturer of Baking Powder claims for his product "absolute purity" or superiority over other brands, simply because it is composed of only two ingredients, he betrays ignorance of the conditions a first-class Baking Powder should fulfil.

In addition to the gas producing ingredients a certain quantity of fine flour serves several very useful purposes. That it is not added for profit in the case of Cook's Friend is plain from the fact that purchasers of it get more value for their money than if invested in powders laying claim to so called "absolute purity." The Manufacturer of the Cook's Friend defies it to be shown that it contains aught impure or unhealthful, and challenges dispute of the correctness of the following tabular statement.

N.B.—The cost is the usual price charged to consumers, the gas producing power is taken from statements published by firms alluded to.

25 cents buys 15½ oz. Cook's Friend Baking Powder,	yielding 97.87 cub. in. per oz. or 60.75 in. gas. for each cent.
50 cents " 16 oz. Princess "	" 150.50 " " 48.16 in. "
60 cents " 16 oz. Royal "	" 127.05 " " 33.88 in. "

The comparative worths of these three powders are, therefore, represented correctly to the eye by lines, as in diagram at head of this, Cook's Friend being better value than Princess by over 26 per cent., and over Royal by almost 80 per cent.

COOK'S FRIEND IS SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE STOREKEEPERS.

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